

THE SIGN

A · NATIONAL · CATHOLIC · MAGAZINE



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FROM KRUGER TO KREUGER

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GRANNY GOES TO SPLASHTON

BY ENID DINNIS

GLENDALOUGH and the ROCK of CASHEL

BY PETER F. ANSON

THE LONGBEARD'S JEST

BY DANIEL B. PULSFORD

DECLARATIONS OF NULLITY

BY ADRIAN LYNCH

**THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC SCHOOL
OF SOCIAL SCIENCE**

BY P. W. BROWNE

Vol. II No. 12

JULY, 1932

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"THE CHARITY OF CHRIST"

IT is unfortunate that many Papal Encyclical receive far less attention than they deserve. There are various reasons for this. One is that they are usually of such length that the average reader is deterred from beginning them. Another is that they are usually presented in a compressed solid type that makes reading unattractive. The recent Encyclical on the "Charity of Christ" is so important that we have decided to reproduce the digest of it which begins on the opposite page. It is to be hoped that not only will our readers carefully peruse it, but also file it for future reference.



WE believe that no other utterance of Pope Pius XI has received such general praise. Thus comments *The Living Church*, organ of the "Catholic" party in the Episcopal Church:

The Pope, in his most recent encyclical, has wisely called those who own spiritual obedience to his Holy See to join in "an octave of reparation and of holy sadness," beginning with the feast of the Sacred Heart, in an endeavor to reassert the moral law of Christ as the basis for all human relations. Greed and an immoderate lust for money are declared to be at the root of the universal distress in which the peoples of the world find themselves, according to the encyclical, which further states: "No leader in public economy, no power of organization, will ever be able to bring social conditions to a peaceful solution unless first in the very field of economics there triumphs moral law based on God and conscience."

Here is one encyclical that all thinking Christians, of whatever name, can hail as correct, timely, and important. Beneath the rather stilted language of the Pope's letter (at least in its English translation) one can discern a true and full analysis of the distressing state of world affairs, with a suggestion of the only solution that seems to hold the key to the problem, corporate and individual penance and prayer.

We hope that in every land the prayers of devout Christians—both Catholic and Protestant—may be united in a plea for the permeation of the world by a more truly Christ-like spirit animating every sphere of life.



IT was somewhat of a surprise to find this comment in *The Christian Century* which has never been accused of too generous a love for the Church:

The Pope has appealed to the world. Not alone to the faithful, but to the whole world. Not alone to those who are proud of the Christian name, but "to all who still believe in God and adore him." It is, in his judgment, an hour of crisis, such as the world has not hitherto known. "For God or against God, this once more is the alternative that shall decide the destinies of all mankind, in politics, in finance, in morals, in the sciences and arts, in the state, in civil and domestic society, in the east and in the west, everywhere this question confronts us, as the deciding factor because of the consequences that flow from it." It is in such an hour that the Pope turns to all the world.

If the substance of the papal letter had been preached from a great Protestant pulpit, we should have said, "Thank God, here is a voice that is dealing with living issues!" Some of it is indeed addressed to Catholics only but the greater part of the letter is meant for Christendom, and all who belong to Christendom, whether in the Catholic church or in the reformed churches, should read and consider seriously this diagnosis of the world in which they must live together, and the way of recovery which the Pope sets forth....

It is an hour of crisis. There is much to be done, and the time for doing it may be short. But the spirit of man crying out in his misery, uprooted from his old familiar life, will not be delivered except by those who can use what were once called the apostolic weapons of prayer and tears. "Nothing remains for us, therefore, save to invite this poor world that has shed so much blood, has dug so many graves, has destroyed so many works, has deprived so many men of bread and labor—nothing else remains for us, we say, but to invite it in the loving words of the sacred liturgy: 'Be thou converted to the Lord thy God.'"

This would be true whoever said it, and we ask our readers in every way open to them to pass on this invitation.



IN *Time and Tide*, London, Mr. Aldous Huxley, grandson of the famous Thomas Henry, observes:

"The Pope's last Encyclical is a most refreshing document. In an age which looks up to the business man as its representative hero, it is an excellent thing that someone having authority and a wireless station should be prepared to insist, uncompromisingly, that . . . vast wealth can be amassed only by those who commit deadly sins. . . .

"There were, of course, plenty of business men before the Reformation, and they wielded without scruple the power which money gives. But these rich men were always regarded, by the official guardians of moral standards, as the devil's subject. It remained for Protestantism to naturalise them as God's.

"The papal fulminations against greed and avarice do good service in the cause of reason."



THOUGH not intended as such the words of Walter Lippman in the *Herald Tribune* of New York are a fitting commentary on the Pope's letter:

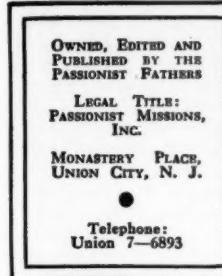
"During this decade those in high places have steadfastly preached to the people that it was their destiny to have two-car garages and eight-tube radio sets. That was the ideal they held out to the people, to be acquisitive, to seek feverishly to become richer and richer, to prostrate themselves before the Golden Calf. . . .

"If you teach a people for ten years that the character of the government is not greatly important, that political success is for those who equivocate and evade, and if you tell them that acquisitiveness is the ideal, that things are what matter, that Mammon is God, then you must not be astonished at the conclusion at Washington or the nonchalance of James J. Walker, or the vermin who in a hundred different ways exploited the Lindbergh baby. You cannot set up false gods to confuse the people and not pay the penalty. . . .

"Those in high places are more than administrators of government bureaus; they are the custodians of a nation's ideals, of the beliefs it cherishes, of its permanent hopes, of the faith which makes a nation out of a mere aggregation of individuals. . . .

"The best and bravest among us . . . are looking for new leaders . . . who will talk to the people, not about two-car garages and a bonus, but about their duty, and about the sacrifices they must make, and about the discipline they must impose upon themselves, and about their responsibility to the world and to posterity, about all those things which make a people self-respecting, serene and confident. May they not look in vain."

Father Harold Purcell, S.P.



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CURRENT FACT and COMMENT

*Excerpts from "Caritate Christi Impulsi" (Impelled by the Charity of Christ),
an Encyclical Letter of Our Holy Father Pope Pius XI*

Universality of the Economic Crisis

IN this troubled time the whole human race is so pressed by the scarcity of money and by the straits of the economic crisis that the more it struggles to get free, the more it feels itself inextricably fettered. And from this it comes that there is now

no nation, no state, no society, no family, that is not either itself oppressed, more or less gravely, by these calamities, or else seems likely to be dragged down headlong by the ruin of others. Nay more, those very men, very few indeed, who since they are endowed with immense riches, seemed to control the government of the world, those very few, moreover, who, being addicted to excessive gain, were and are in great part the cause of such great evils; those very men—we say—are often, with little honor, the first to be ruined, grasping the goods and the fortunes of very many unto their own destruction;

so that we may see how the judgment, spoken by the Holy Spirit concerning guilty individual men, is now verified in the whole world: "By what things a man sinneth, by the same also he is tormented" (*Wisdom xi. 17*). ■ ■ ■

LAMENTING this unhappy state of things from our innermost heart, We are compelled as by a certain necessity to express, according to our weakness, the same words that came from the love of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, crying out in like manner: "I have compassion on the multitude" (*Mark viii. 2*). But, indeed, the root itself from which this most unhappy state of things arises is yet more to be lamented; for if that judgment of the Holy Spirit, proclaimed by the Apostle St. Paul, "the desire of money is the root of all evils," was always in close agreement with the facts, this is more than ever true at the present time. For is not that avidity for perishable goods which was justly and rightly mocked, even by a heathen poet as the execrable hunger of gold, "*auri sacra fames*"; is not that sordid seeking for each one's own benefit, which is very often the only motive by which bonds between either individuals or societies are instituted; and, lastly, is not this cupidity, by whatsoever name or style it is called, the chief reason why we now see, to our sorrow, that mankind is brought to its present critical condition? For it is from this that come the first shoots of a mutual suspicion which saps the strength of any human commerce; hence come the sparks of an

envy which accounts the goods of others a loss to itself; hence comes that sordid and excessive self-love which orders and subordinates all things to its own advantage, and not only neglects but tramples upon the advantage of others; and lastly, hence come the iniquitous disturbance of affairs and the unequal division of possessions, as a result of which the wealth of nations is heaped up in the hands of a very few private men, who—as We warned you last year, in Our Encyclical Letter *Quadragesimo anno*—control the trade of the whole world at their will, thereby doing immense harm to the people. ■ ■ ■

Human Hatred vs. Divine Law

Now if this excessive love of self and of one's own, by an abuse of the legitimate care for our country and an undue exaltation of the feelings of piety towards our own people (which piety is not condemned but hallowed and strengthened by the right order of Christian charity) encroaches on the

mutual relations and the ties between peoples, there is hardly anything so abnormal that it will not be regarded as free from fault; so that the same deed which would be condemned by the judgment of all when it is done by private individuals, is held to be honest and worthy of praise when it is done for the love of the country. In this way, a hatred, which must needs be fatal to all, supplants the Divine law of brotherly love which bound all nations and peoples into one family under one Father Who is in Heaven; in the administration of public affairs the Divine laws, which are the standard of all civic life and culture, are trampled under foot; the firm foundations of right and faith, on which the commonwealth rests, are overturned; and, lastly, men corrupt and obliterate the principles handed down by their ancestors, according to which the worship of God and the strict observance of His law form the finest flower and the safest pillar of the state. Furthermore—and this may be called the most perilous of all these evils—the enemies of all order, whether they be called Communists or by some other name, exaggerating the very grave straits of the economic crisis, in this great perturbation of morals, with extreme audacity, direct all their efforts to one end, seeking to cast away every bridle from their necks, and breaking the bonds of all law both human and divine, wage an atrocious war against all religion and against God Himself; in this it is their purpose to uproot utterly all knowledge and sense of religion from the minds of men, even from the tenderest age, for they know well that if once

Greed as the Root Cause

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the Divine law and knowledge were blotted out from the minds of men there would now be nothing that they could not arrogate to themselves. And thus we now see with our own eyes—what we have not read of as happening anywhere before—impious men, agitated by unspeakable fury, shamelessly lifting up a banner against God and against all religion throughout the whole world.



IT is needful, therefore, that we should unflinchingly set up "a wall for the house of Israel" (*Ezechiel xiii. 5*), and that we too should join all our forces together into one solid band against these hostile ranks which are hostile both to God and to mankind. For in this fight

"A Wall for the House of Israel"

we are contending for the greatest question that can be proposed to human liberty: either for God or against God; here, again, is a debate in which the fate of the whole world is concerned; for in every matter, in politics, in economics, in morals, in discipline, in the arts, in the state, in civic and domestic society, in the East and in the West, everywhere we meet with this debate, and its consequences are a matter of supreme moment. And so it comes to pass that even the masters of that sect which foolishly says that the world is nothing but matter, and boasts that it has already shown for certain that there is no God—even these are constrained, again and again, to institute discussions about Him, though they thought they had done away with Him altogether.



WHEREFORE, We exhort all, private individuals as well as states, in the Lord, that now when such grave matters are agitated, critical questions concerning the welfare of all mankind, to lay aside that sordid and selfish regard for nothing but their own advantage,

To the Individual and the Nation

which blunts even the keenest minds, and cuts short even the noblest enterprises if they go the least bit beyond the narrow bounds of self-interest. Let all, then, join together, if need be even at the cost of serious loss, so that they may save themselves and all human society. In this union of minds and of forces, those who glory in the Christian name ought surely to take the foremost place, remembering the illustrious examples of the Apostolic age, when "the multitude of believers had but one heart and one soul" (*Acts iv. 32*), but besides these, all whoever sincerely acknowledge God and honor Him from their heart should lend their aid in order that mankind may be saved from the great peril impending over all. For since all human authority must needs rest on the recognition of God as on the firm foundation of any civil order, those who would not have all things overturned and all laws abrogated, must strive strenuously to prevent the enemies of religion from giving effect to the plans which they have so openly and so vehemently proclaimed.



MINDFUL, then, of our condition, that we are essentially limited and absolutely dependent on the Supreme Being, before everything else let us have recourse to prayer. We know through faith how great is the power of humble, trustful, persevering prayer. To no other pious work have ever been attached such ample, such universal, such solemn promises as to prayer: "Ask and it shall be given you, seek

The Need of Humble and Persevering Prayer

and it shall be given you, seek

and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you. For every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened" (*Math. vii. 7*). "Amen, amen, I say to you, if you ask the Father anything in my name He will give it you" (*Io. xvi. 23*).

And what object could be more worthy of our prayer, and more in keeping with the adorable person of Him who is the only "mediator of God and men, the Man Jesus Christ" (*I Tim. ii. 5*), than to beseech Him to preserve on earth faith in one God living and true? Such prayer bears already in itself a part of its answer; for in the very act of prayer a man unites himself with God and, so to speak, keeps alive on earth the idea of God. The man who prays, merely by his humble posture, professes before the world his faith in the Creator and Lord of all things; joined with others in prayer, he recognizes, that not only the individual, but human society as a whole has over it a supreme and absolute Lord.



IN like manner will the way be opened to the peace we long for, as St. Paul beautifully remarks in the passage where he joins the precept of prayer to holy desires for

For Peace Among Men

the peace and salvation of all men: "I desire, therefore, first of all, that supplications, prayers, intercessions and thanksgivings be

made for all men; for kings and all that are in high station, that we may lead a quiet and a peaceful life in all piety and chastity. For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God Our Savior, Who will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of truth" (*I Tim. ii. 1-4*). Let peace be implored for all men, but especially for those who in human society have the grave responsibilities of government; for how could they give peace to their peoples, if they have it not themselves? And it is prayer precisely that, according to the Apostle, will bring the gift of peace; prayer that is addressed to the Heavenly Father Who is the Father of all men; prayer that is the common expression of family feelings; of that great family which extends beyond the boundaries of any country and continent.

Men who in every nation pray to the same God for peace on earth will not kindle flames of discord among the peoples; men who turn in prayer to the Divine Majesty, will not set up in their own country a craving for domination; nor foster that inordinate love of country which of its own nation makes its own god; men who look to the "God of peace and of love" (*II Cor. xiii. 11*), who turn to Him through the mediation of Christ, Who is "our peace" (*Epiph. ii. 14*), will never rest until finally that peace which the world cannot give, comes down from the Giver of every good gift on "men of good will" (*Luke ii. 14*).



BUT to prayer we must also join penance, the spirit of penance, and the practice of Christian penance. Thus Our Divine Master teaches us, whose first preaching was precisely penance: "Jesus began to preach and to say, Do penance" (*Matth. iv. 17*).

The Practice of Christian Penance

The same is the teaching of all Christian tradition, of the whole history of the Church. In the great calamities, in the great tribulations of Christianity, when the need of God's help was most pressing, the faithful either spontaneously, or more often following the lead and exhortations of their holy Pastors, have always taken in hand the two most mighty weapons of spiritual life: prayer and penance. By that sacred instinct, by which unconsciously as it were the Christian people is guided when

not led astray by the sowers of tares, and which is none other than that "mind of Christ" (I Cor. ii. 16) of which the Apostle speaks, the faithful have always felt immediately in such cases the need of purifying their souls from sin with contrition of heart with the sacrament of reconciliation, and of appeasing divine Justice with external works of penance as well.

* * *

Certainly we know and deplore the fact that in our day the idea and the name of expiation and penance have with many lost in great part the power of rousing enthusiasm of heart and heroism of sacrifice. In other times they were able to inspire such feelings, for they appeared in the eyes of men of faith as sealed with a Divine mark in likeness of Christ, and His Saints: but nowadays there are some who would put aside external mortifications as things of the past; without mentioning the modern exponent of liberty, the "autonomous man" as he is called, who despises penance as bearing the mark of servitude. As a fact the notion of the need of penance and expiation is lost in proportion as belief in God is weakened, and the idea of an original sin and of a first rebellion of man against God becomes confused and disappears.

* * *

CERTAINLY one of the most dangerous errors of our age is the claim to separate morality from religion, thus removing all solid basis for any legislation. This intellectual error might perhaps have passed unnoticed and appeared less dangerous when it was confined to a few, and belief in God was

A Chief Error of Our Own Day

still the common heritage of mankind, and was tacitly presumed even in the case of those who no longer professed it openly. But today, when atheism is spreading through the masses of the people, the practical consequences of such an error become dreadfully tangible, and realities of the saddest kind make their appearance in the world. In place of moral laws, which disappear together with the loss of faith in God, brute force is imposed, trampling on every right. Old time fidelity and honesty of conduct and mutual intercourse extolled so much even by the orators and poets of paganism, now give place to speculations in one's own affairs as in those of others without reference to conscience. In fact, how can any contract be maintained, and what value can any treaty have, in which every guarantee of conscience is lacking? And how can there be talk of guarantees of conscience, when all faith in God and all fear of God has vanished? Take away this basis, and with it all moral law falls, and there is no remedy left to stop the gradual but inevitable destruction of peoples, families, the State, civilization itself.

* * *

Penance then is, as it were, a salutary weapon, placed in the hands of the valiant soldiers of Christ, Who wish to fight for the defence and restoration of the moral order in the universe. It is a weapon that strikes right at the root of all evil, that is at the lust of material wealth and the wanton pleasures of life. By means of voluntary sacrifices, by means of practical and even painful acts of self-denial, by means of various works of penance, the noble-hearted Christian subdues the base passions that tend to make him violate the moral order. But if zeal for the divine law and brotherly love are as great in him as they should be, then not only does he practise penance for himself and his own sins, but he takes upon himself the expiation of the sins of others, imitating the Saints who often heroically made themselves victims of repara-

tion for the sins of whole generations, imitating even the Divine Redeemer, who became the Lamb of God, "Who taketh away the sins of the world" (John i. 29).

■ ■ ■

PRAYER, then, and penance are the two potent inspirations sent to us at this time by God, that we may lead back to Him mankind that has gone astray and wanders about without a guide: they are the inspirations that will dispel and remedy the first and principal cause of every form of

disturbance and rebellion, the revolt of man against God. But the peoples themselves are called upon to make up their minds to a definite choice: either they entrust themselves to these benevolent and beneficent inspirations and are converted, humble and repentant, to the Lord and the Father of mercies, or they hand over themselves and what little remains of happiness on earth to the mercy of the enemy of God, to the spirit of vengeance and destruction.

* * *

Nothing remains for Us, therefore, but to invite this poor world that has shed so much blood, has dug so many graves, has destroyed so many works, has deprived so many men of bread and labor, nothing else remains for Us, We say, but to invite it in the loving words of the sacred Liturgy: "Be thou converted to the Lord thy God."

■ ■ ■

IS THERE not, perchance, venerable brethren, in this spirit of penance also a sweet mystery of peace? "There is no peace to the wicked," says the Holy Spirit, because they live in continuous struggle and conflict with the order established by nature and by its creator.

Only when this order is restored, when all peoples faithfully and spontaneously recognize and profess it, when the internal conditions of peoples and their outward relations with other nations are founded on this basis—then only will stable peace be possible on earth. But to create this atmosphere of lasting peace neither peace treaties nor the most solemn pacts nor international meetings nor conferences, not even the noblest and most disinterested efforts of any statesman, will be enough unless in the first place are recognized the sacred rights of natural and divine law. No leader in public economy, no power of organization, will ever be able to bring social conditions to a peaceful solution unless first in the very field of economics there triumphs moral law based on God and conscience.

* * *

This is the underlying value of every value in the political life as well as in the economic life of nations; this is the soundest "rate of exchange." If it is kept steady, all the rest will be stable, being guaranteed by the immutable and eternal law of God.

* * *

And even for men individually penance is the foundation and bearer of true peace, detaching them from earthly and perishable goods, lifting them up to goods that are eternal, giving them, even in the midst of privations and adversity, a peace that the world with all its wealth and pleasures cannot give.

* * *

One of the most pleasing and joyous songs ever heard in this vale of tears is without doubt the famous "Canticle of the Sun" of St. Francis. Now the man who composed it, who wrote and sang it, was one of the greatest penitents, the poor man of Assisi, who possessed absolutely nothing on earth and bore in his emaciated body the painful stigmata of his crucified Lord.

CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

CONSOLATION IN THE PIPE

THESE verses, headed "A Connacht Man's Philosophy," by Padraic Kelly, appeared in Irish Travels of Dublin:

I watch'd the rain come peltin' down
An' peltin' down for fun
For days and days the clouds stood up
An' blotted out the sun.
To Galway Fair because o' rain
I knew I couldn't go
I took a pull at my ould pipe
An' left the matter so.

For weeks an' weeks a blazin' ball
Went wheelin' round the sky;
It rose an' set, an' set an' rose
An' all the wells ran dry
What time the wells might fill again,
For one I didn't know—
I took a pull at my ould pipe
An' left the matter so.

I set me out to ax a wife
An' up the ould boreen
(I mind the day—the sky was blue
An' all the trees were green).
A red-haired woman crossed my path,
So back I turn'd nor slow,
I took a pull at my ould pipe
An' left the matter so.

When Dochter Pat the daacent man,
Comes round the little road
To grip my fist an' shake his head
I'm throwin' down my load.
I'm throwin' down my load, my boys,
But once before I go,
I'll take a pull at my ould pipe
An' leave the matter so.

A GHOST GUARDS THE HOST

THE following fact, according to The Catholic Laity, of Dublin, was vouched for by the late Dean Keating of Waterford, who was a friend of Bishop Burton of Clifton:

When a grown schoolboy, Burton went to spend a holiday with some friends who lived in an old mansion in the Midlands. Many English mansions figured in the events of the Penal Days. Some of them like Harrington Hall had secret hiding places for priests, and may be seen even today. This mansion had a wing reputed to be haunted. Of course, the young man was anxious to meet the ghost, and so asked to be permitted to try. His friends tried to persuade him to give up such an idea, but in vain. The lady of the house then fitted up a bed, etc., in the haunted room—a fine centuries-old apartment, with old-fashioned furniture, fireplace, etc.

When it was time to retire, Burton went to bed, there to await . . . he could not guess what! Near midnight he felt excited and creepy. Shortly afterwards he noticed a person in old-fashioned, priestly garb, approach the bed, and beckon him. At first he was frightened, but as the priest made for the door still beckoning him to follow, he got up and went after him. The ghost went down to the cellar on the basement, pointed to a certain flag, or flat stone, and then disappeared.

With difficulty the half-scared young man found his way back to bed.

Next morning he tried in vain to identify the stone, but failed.

That night he occupied the same bed. He provided a pick and shovel for digging operations.

About midnight the priest reappeared and led the youth again to the cellar. Burton drove a pick into the ground near the stone and retired.

Next morning, with the aid of some workmen, the stone was lifted. Below it was a stone stairs leading to a secret recess, which contained sacred vessels, vestments, etc., in disorder, as if put there hastily.

The neighboring priest was called to the house. He was given permission to remove the treasures to his church.

When the ciborium was opened it was found to contain the Blessed Sacrament apparently as fresh as when consecrated!

The Bishop was immediately informed. The wondrous Host was exposed for veneration, reparation, and thanksgiving, on the altar of the modest Catholic church.

No wonder the ghost-priest guarded the Treasure till an innocent reliable Catholic came who could be trusted with the secret.

(Although not mentioned, it is likely that the owners of the mansion at the time were Protestants, as is mostly the case with the other old Catholic mansions.)

PEACE IN MALTA

TO keep the record straight we must print Lord Strickland's apology for his unfortunate blundering in Malta. From The Universe of London:

With an apology by Lord Strickland to the Bishops of Malta and Gozo and its acceptance by the Holy Father, religious peace has been restored to Malta after years of strife between Church and State.

Lord Strickland's apology, which is published in a pastoral letter by Archbishop Caruana and Bishop Gonzi, reads:

"Lord Strickland, Count Della Catena, sincerely regrets that in Parliamentary debates in England and in Malta, and on other occasions, in defending himself against political opponents, he clashed with the Church and her authority, and used words that should be withdrawn and which he does in fact withdraw, and wherefore he humbly and unreservedly asks pardon."

"Further, he is anxious to declare emphatically that during his whole lifetime he has always been fully determined to be a faithful son of Holy Church in whose fold he desires ever to remain."

Archbishop Caruana on Saturday received Lord Strickland, other former Ministers and Sir Augusto Bartolo in what is described as "a long and cordial interview."

On the same day nominations for the general election were completed and polling was fixed for June 11, 12 and 13.

In place of their pastoral instruction to the laity not to vote for Lord Strickland, the Bishops have now informed the people that all Catholics are in duty bound to give their votes only to those candidates who may give adequate assurance that as far as lies in their power they will respect and protect the religious interests of the Catholic Maltese.

The Archbishop and the Bishop add in their joint pastoral:

"The Holy Father being always ready to welcome strayed children who show they are sincerely sorry, has accepted the apology of Lord Strickland. The occurrence

of this new fact takes away the reason for the continuation in being of the pastoral published by us on May 1, 1930, and particularly in so far as that pastoral has reference to Lord Strickland in person."

The settlement of the dispute came suddenly. Only a week before the Bishops had confirmed their pastoral letter of 1930 in which they forbade Catholics to vote for Lord Strickland. But negotiations for peace proceeded, and in a few days, after the Bishop of Gozo had visited the Vatican, the complete cessation of strife was announced.

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP OF THE PRESIDENTS

In this Presidential year the church membership of the thirty-one occupants of the White House may have some interest:

George Washington, 1789-1797.....	Episcopalian
John Adams, 1797-1801.....	Unitarian
Thomas Jefferson, 1801-1809.....	No membership
James Madison, 1809-1817.....	Episcopalian
James Monroe, 1817-1825.....	Episcopalian
John Quincy Adams, 1825-1829.....	Unitarian
Andrew Jackson, 1829-1837.....	Presbyterian
Martin Van Buren, 1837-1841.....	Dutch Reformed
William H. Harrison, 1841.....	Episcopalian
John Tyler, 1841-1845.....	Episcopalian
James Knox Polk, 1845-1849.....	Presbyterian
Zachary Taylor, 1849-1850.....	Episcopalian
Millard Fillmore, 1850-1854.....	Unitarian
Franklin Pierce, 1854-1857.....	Episcopalian
James Buchanan, 1857-1861.....	Presbyterian
Abraham Lincoln, 1861-1865.....	No membership
Andrew Johnson, 1865-1869.....	Methodist
Ulysses S. Grant, 1869-1877.....	Methodist
Rutherford B. Hayes, 1877-1881.....	Attended Methodist
James A. Garfield, 1881.....	Disciples of Christ
Chester A. Arthur, 1881-1885.....	Episcopalian
Grover Cleveland, 1885-1889.....	Presbyterian
Benjamin Harrison, 1889-1893.....	Presbyterian
Grover Cleveland, 1893, 1897.....	Presbyterian
William McKinley, 1897-1901.....	Methodist
Theodore Roosevelt, 1901-1909.....	Dutch Reformed
William Howard Taft, 1909-1913.....	Unitarian
Woodrow Wilson, 1913-1921.....	Presbyterian
Warren G. Harding, 1921-1923.....	Baptist
Calvin Coolidge, 1923-1929.....	Congregationalist
Herbert Hoover, 1929-.....	Quaker

MIDWAY BETWEEN U. S. A. AND CANADA

How the Ambassador Bridge is "mixed up in a romance" is told by the Free Press of Detroit:

Two years ago, Mary Oster, nineteen years old now, came to Detroit from Stratton, Ontario. She entered this country as a visitor, entitled to a three months' stay, but became confused about her status and took up a permanent residence.

Last September, during the American Legion Convention, she was employed to do clerical work, by Francis Bowler, an engineer for the Board of Assessors and junior vice chairman of the Wayne County Council of the Legion.

Mr. Bowler liked her work so well that he made her his permanent secretary. Romance immediately burst into bloom, and a few months later they became engaged, took out a marriage license and set the ceremony for August.

But the Immigration Department came abreast of Miss Oster, and on May 1 she was deported. She wanted to return, but was told that the only way she could manage it would be to marry an American.

She happened to know an American, a Mr. Bowler. He consented. But still there were difficulties. It was May 18, and she wanted to get the wedding over. They had a license, but she couldn't enter the United States to make use of it.

The bridge solved the problem. Mr. Bowler motored to the center of the span from the American side. Miss Oster did likewise from the Canadian. Justice of the Peace Clyde Fulton, of Highland Park, read the marriage ceremony.

WHAT RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY MAY INVOLVE

That Catholics alone may not ultimately be the only sufferers from religious bigotry is happily set forth by Truth and Light of Chicago:

Most of us here in the United States are rather proud of the fact that we enjoy complete religious liberty. If we belong to a Church, it is because we choose to do so. The matter is one of choice rather than compulsion.

But in spite of this fact a great many of us are indifferent to the principle involved. We enjoy religious freedom, and we do not worry about the other fellow.

However, there is a grave menace to the principle of religious liberty involved in the anti-Catholic crusade. This menace concerns not only Catholics, but every citizen of the Republic.

No single religious group is strong enough numerically to preserve their religious liberty against the will of the rest of the nation.

Your religious liberty rests not upon your power to enforce it, but upon the will of the majority who profess another faith than yours.

Catholics comprise the largest religious group in America and yet they are outnumbered six to one.

Whether you are Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentle, deist or atheist, your right to your opinion on matters of religion rests upon the same principle that guarantees a similar right to every other citizen.

So long as the vast majority of people uphold the principles of religious liberty, in theory and practice, you will not be penalized for your religious views.

If any movement is successful in the attempt to abridge the rights of any group of our citizens, then the great principle of religious liberty will no longer protect you.

It is for this reason that the Catholic should protect the Protestant from attacks on his religious freedom, and that the Protestant should line up with the Catholic when his rights are assailed.

While the editors of *Truth and Light* are not Catholics, they realize that they can best defend their own religious liberty by defending the religious liberty of Catholics. Should bigots succeed in their efforts to penalize Catholics by denial of their civil rights on account of their faith, the principle of religious liberty will be destroyed and we will turn backward to the policy that prevailed during that dark period when one's religious liberty was no stronger than his ability to wield a sword.

The success of the anti-Catholic crusade in depriving Catholics of their civil or political rights on account of religion would be the most evil blow that could be struck at the American Republic, and not a single citizen would escape paying a dire penalty for it, be he Protestant or Catholic.

WHO MADE MR. ROCKEFELLER WET?

The passing of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., from the Dry to the Wet side of the liquor question prompts that staunch supporter of Prohibition, The Christian Century, to ask and answer a question:

Mr. Rockefeller goes all the way into the wet camp. He becomes a disciple of Nicholas Murray Butler, who demands outright repeal of the eighteenth amendment and withdrawal of all federal authority over the liquor traffic as such....

What has made Mr. Rockefeller wet? Of course, the wet propaganda, through its press and its vast claims of the failure of prohibition and its preposterous optimism as to the moral betterment that will ensue when once liquor is legalized again! Mr. Rockefeller's mind is the

victim of all this distorted and exaggerated and wanton argument. But how comes it that such argument could get to such a man as Mr. Rockefeller? Why has such argument not been effectively met and exposed and cancelled by those who could do so? The answer is a man's name.

That man is Herbert Hoover.

Mr. Hoover made Mr. Rockefeller wet.

Mr. Hoover has been the leader of the drys. They elected him President. They trusted him. He used words about prohibition which sounded as if he were a dry, but which skirted the issue so cleverly as to commit him to nothing but law enforcement, to which his oath bound him. Since the day he became President he has uttered no syllable of leader-like or responsible interpretation. His reputation as a dry became a sacred myth and held the personnel of the dry organization under its spell. The myth was sustained by Mr. Hoover's silence. He has remained silent to this day. But meantime Mr. Hoover has had a monopoly of the dry constituency. The liquor issue was Mr. Hoover's issue. No one could take it from him. He was the leader. The rewards of leadership were not available for any other statesman so far as this issue was concerned. Therefore, no other leadership emerged. Prohibition's eggs were all in Mr. Hoover's basket.

Behind his silence and evasion the wets have been able to carry on their campaign. On the wet side the prizes of leadership were open and attainable. Therefore leadership was forthcoming. And as a result they finally reached Mr. Rockefeller. Mr. Rockefeller's defection is a symbol of the weakening of the dry morale. The dry's morale weakened because they had no leaders. They had no leaders because it was Mr. Hoover's issue. And Mr. Hoover failed to lead.

A DOMINICAN HOLDS "SEANCE"

HOW Father Albert Knapp, O.P., well-known member of the Magic Circle, mystified an audience for over two hours is told by The Universe:

His repertoire ranged from table lifting and card tricks to the reproduction of "spirits."

In the stygian darkness Fr. Knapp's "spooks" flitted about the stage, eerie white, nebulous forms, crooning and wailing.

They were for all the world like the traditional phantoms of fiction, and one would not have been surprised to see a ghost in clanking chains or Sir Walter Raleigh walking about with his head under his arm.

Fr. Knapp started the performance by asking his medium, a tall young lady in the guise of a Japanese, to hold to her brow envelopes containing slips of paper on which were questions written by members of the audience.

This she did standing in the centre of the aisle of the hall while Fr. Knapp sat at a table in the centre of the stage. Fr. Knapp then read aloud appropriate answers to all the questions selected at random from a basket.

In the next trick a cardboard "spirit" hand moved about a blackboard, on which was written the alphabet, and spelt out names given by members of the audience.

The "spirits" then wrote on paper, and the "medium," blindfolded, told the number of pips on a number of cards selected by one of the crowd.

Returning from an outside passage, in which she stood under the guard of two volunteer witnesses, the young "Japanese lady" stated correctly the number of coins in a purse—not a sound was made by conjuror or audience when she re-entered the room.

Then came the most baffling trick of the evening. Four volunteers from the audience tied the "medium's" hands behind her back and to a chair with strips of calico and sealed the knots, and placed a ring between her teeth.

Screens were placed about her so that it was obvious she could have no help from any other person, and then the screens were whisked away and the "medium" was seen

sitting bound—with the knots still sealed—and the ring on one of her fingers.

Through the "medium," the spirits, working feverishly behind the screen—feverishly, for each trick took less than a minute—poured milk from a jug into a glass, lit a candle, stuck knives into a numbered board on numbers called by the audience, played a tin whistle and banged a cymbal.

In his address before the performance Fr. Knapp said: "Spiritualism is one of the most important questions of modern times, and sets before souls painful problems. Its adepts are counted in thousands—and I might almost say in millions—in every country of the world.

"Its success proves at least one thing—the need for the soul of belief in the beyond, in another world, in survivorship, or, to use the real word, in immortality.

"Unhappily men and women without conscience make use of this need to deceive and seduce souls—and to make money.

"Sorrowful relations seize with avidity the slightest word which may indicate, even from afar, that the spirit—or rather the soul they seek—is in communication with them.

"The phenomena which take place at seances are simply conjuring tricks. Some of these tricks are very crude, some are very clever, but, I repeat it: they are tricks. We conjurors know them and can reproduce them.

"Today all seances are more or less alike. At many of them, alas, they try to make of Spiritualism a religion. Hymns are sung and prayers are said. What a sacrilege!

"All great conjurors will tell you with Houdini that they have never seen anything supernatural in the spirit seances, 'nor anything that could convince them that it is possible to communicate with the dead.'"

AS IT SEEMS TO THEM

Gosh, even the atom is busted.—*Springfield Union*.

It is about time somebody put the awe back in law.—*Virginian-Pilot*.

Why is it that the man who informs you how international debts can be paid is the same fellow who owes you \$7.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter*.

Maybe us Democrats have got some pork in the barrel, but the squeal all comes from the White House.—*Dallas News*.

Thirteen years after the winning of the war to make the world safe and solvent, the command is: "Present Alms!"—*Virginian-Pilot*.

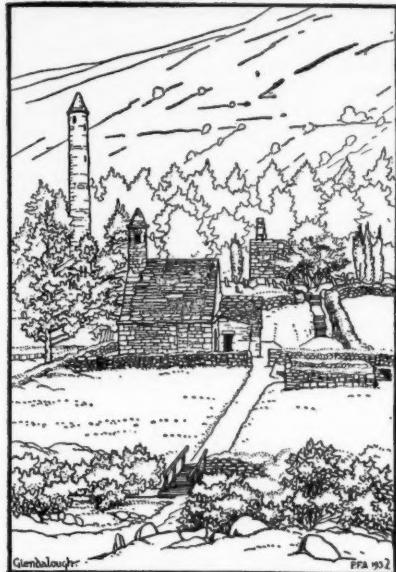
Congress appropriates millions from an empty treasury and then denounces the bears for selling stock they do not own.—*Jacksonville Journal*.

Soviet Russia, where stern treatment is accorded the slipshod workman, is giving baseball a trial, and we expect to hear any time that 800 short-stops a week are being executed.—*Detroit News*.

The principal trouble in the business world right now is too many receivers and not enough receipts.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

A man in a Boston court spoke a language none of thirty interpreters could understand. We'll bet it was Negro dialect as written by Yankee authors.—*Mobile Register*.

The average American, it is estimated, works sixty-one days in each year for the tax collector. The other 304 days he works for the instalment collector.—*Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal*.



Round Tower. St. Kevin's Bed

Glendalough and the Rock of Cashel



Text and Etchings

By

Peter F. Anson



St. Savior's, Glendalough

HERE are few more popular excursions from Dublin than Glendalough, the "Valley of the Two Lakes," which lies about thirty miles or so to the south of the city in the heart of the Wicklow mountains.

And rightly so, for a visit to Glendalough enables one to reconstruct in imagination something of the daily life of the Celtic monks of over a thousand years ago, although, as a matter of fact, it is not the historical associations, but the natural beauty of the place which is the attraction to the average visitor.

The Glen is a deep and narrow valley shut in on three sides by steep mountains. The drive from Dublin by road is in itself a pleasure, especially on a bright sunny day, when the colors of the landscape baffle description. You speed through Bray,

on through the Rocky Valley, with the volcano-like cone of the Sugar Loaf mountain on your left, then over a wide, boggy moorland with the rolling lines of the Wicklow mountains on the right, past the Dublin waterworks, until you arrive at the beginning of Glendalough.

HERE the scenery changes character; moorlands giving place to green woods and pastures, with the mountains closing in on either side of the road. A mile or so beyond and you stop at the ruined gateway, the former entrance to the ecclesiastical "city" of Glendalough.

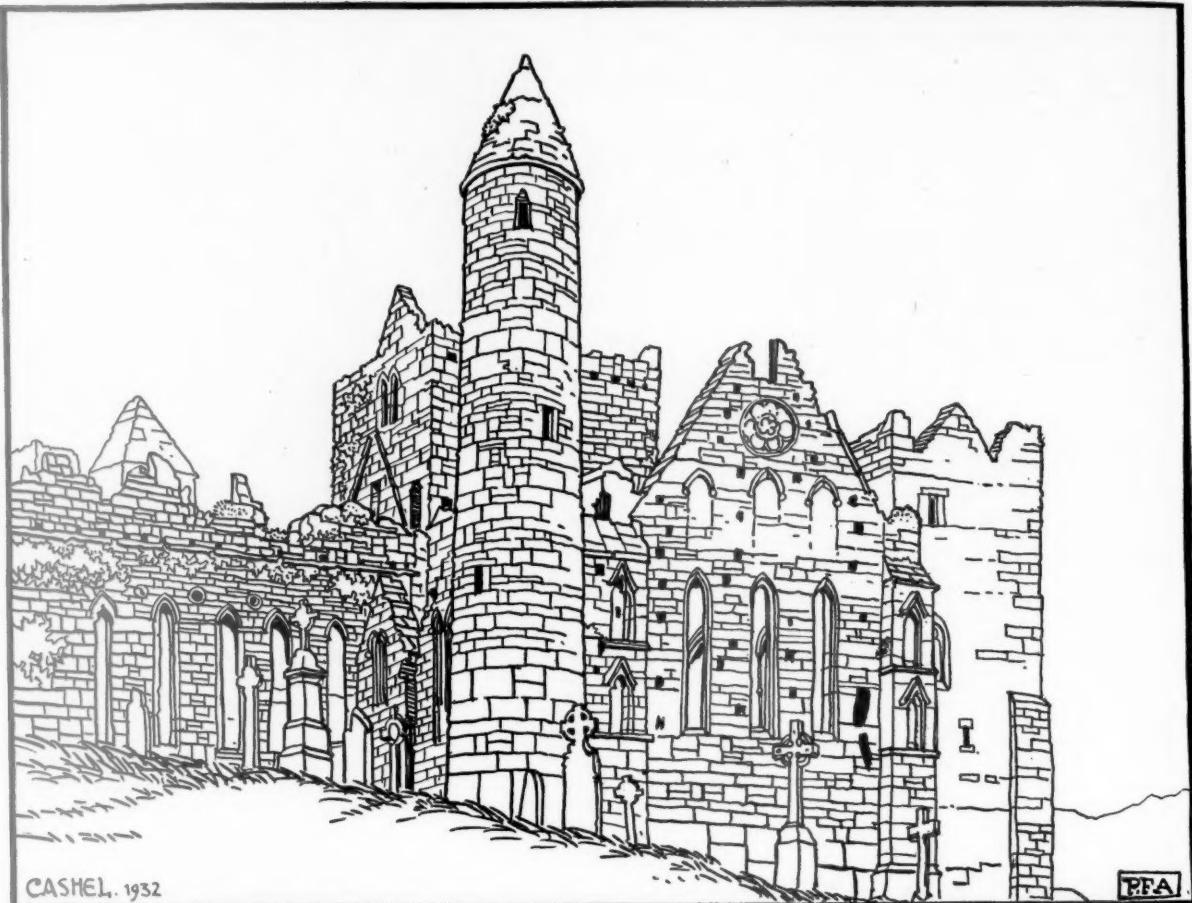
The history of this place of holy memories goes back to the sixth century when Kevin, or Coemge, a Prince of the house of Leinster, decided to retire from his father's court

and devote himself to a life of prayer and penance. He withdrew to the solitude of this lonely and then uninhabited glen, where, according to an old legend, he found shelter in a narrow cave on the south shore of the Upper Lake. It is inaccessible except by boat, for a precipitous wall of rock hangs above it. After a time his retreat was discovered; the fame of the hermit spread abroad, and crowds came to visit him.

A CELL was built for him in a more accessible spot, not far from the ruined cathedral near the Lower Lake, also an oratory. Before long Kevin was surrounded by a band of like-minded disciples who built themselves huts or cells close to their master, so that they might benefit by his counsels and direction. Thus



Cashel 1932. A distant view from the northwest



CASHEL. 1932

Cashel from the north. The Round Tower and Cathedral

arose the one time famous monastery and see of Glendalough, which flourished for over six hundred years until the bishopric was finally merged into that of Dublin and the constant ravages by the Danes and other invaders, made it more prudent for the remaining monks to settle nearer towns or cities.

AND so the seven churches and all the monastic buildings were allowed to fall into ruin, and it is nothing but ruins that you will find at Glendalough today.

Thackeray in his *Sketch Book* gives the following delightful description of the place:

"I don't know if there is any tune about Glendalough, but if there be, it must be the most delicate, fantastic, fairy melody that ever was played. Only fancy can describe the charms of that delightful place. Directly you see it, it smiles at you as innocently and friendly as a little child; and, once seen, it becomes your friend for ever, and you are always happy when you think of it. Here is a little lake, and little fords across it, surrounded by little mountains,

fantastic little odd chapels and graveyards, or again little odd brakes and shrubberies, where small rivers are crossing over little rocks, plashing and jumping, and singing as loud as they can. Thomas Moore has written rather an awful description of it, and it indeed appeared big to him and to the fairies who must have inhabited the place in old days—that's clear, for who could be accommodated in it except little people?

THREE are seven churches whereof the clergy must have been the smallest persons and have had the smallest benefices and the littlest congregations ever known. As for the cathedral, what a bishoplet it must have been that resided there! The place would hardly hold the Bishop of London or Mr. Sydney Smith; two full sized clergymen of these days would sure to quarrel there for want of room—or for any other reason. There must have been a dean no bigger than Mr. Moore before mentioned, and a chapter no bigger than a chapter in *Tristam Shandy*, which does not contain a single word, and mere pop-guns of canons, and a

beadle about as tall as Crofton Croker to whip little boys who were playing at taw (with peas) in the yard. They say there was a university too, in the place, with I don't know how many thousand scholars; but, for accounts of this there is an excellent guide on the spot, who, for a shilling or two, will tell you all he knows, and a great deal more too."

ONE may well smile at Thackeray's amusing description of Glendalough and its little churches and "little people," but it is true enough. What must strike every visitor, especially if he knows nothing of the religious life and practices of the Celtic church, is the small scale of all these now ruined places of worship. Nothing more different could well be imagined than the great abbey churches of medieval Europe with their vast barrack-like monasteries, or for that matter the typical monastery one finds today in America. So far as one can judge from contemporary evidence, the Irish monastery of a thousand years ago must have consisted of a vast collection of wooden or stone huts, surrounding a few

small chapels such as are left to us here at Glendalough.

The so-called cathedral is no more than eighty-five feet long by twenty-nine feet wide. Close by is St. Kevin's Cross. It is a large granite monolith, a great attraction to trippers who try to get their fingers to touch when embracing it, believing that their wishes will be granted if they can manage this feat, none too easy unless one has long arms! Within the cathedral cemetery is a lofty round tower, about one hundred feet high, and not far off are the ruins of Our Lady's Church, said to be the original oratory built for St. Kevin.

BUT quite the most interesting of all the seven churches is the building known quite erroneously as "St. Kevin's Kitchen," with its high pitched roof and bell tower. It remains intact, and enables one to visualize what all the other churches must have looked like before they were allowed to fall into ruins.

Rhefert Church, which lies in a most picturesque position on the shore of the Upper Lake, was formerly the burial place of the O'Toole chieftains. You will notice some of

the old Celtic crosses and incised tombs which add so much to the charm of these moss-grown ruins.

OTHER churches up and down the valley are dedicated to the Holy Trinity and St. Savior. The latter is highly decorated with stone carvings, is probably much later in date than the rest of the Glendalough ruins. Yet another chapel exists on the far side of the Upper Lake, known as *Temple-na-Skellig*, or the Church of the Rocks, and here St. Kevin is said to have retired during Lent. Not far off is the cave known as "St. Kevin's Bed," sung of by Thomas Moore in one of his *Irish Melodies*.

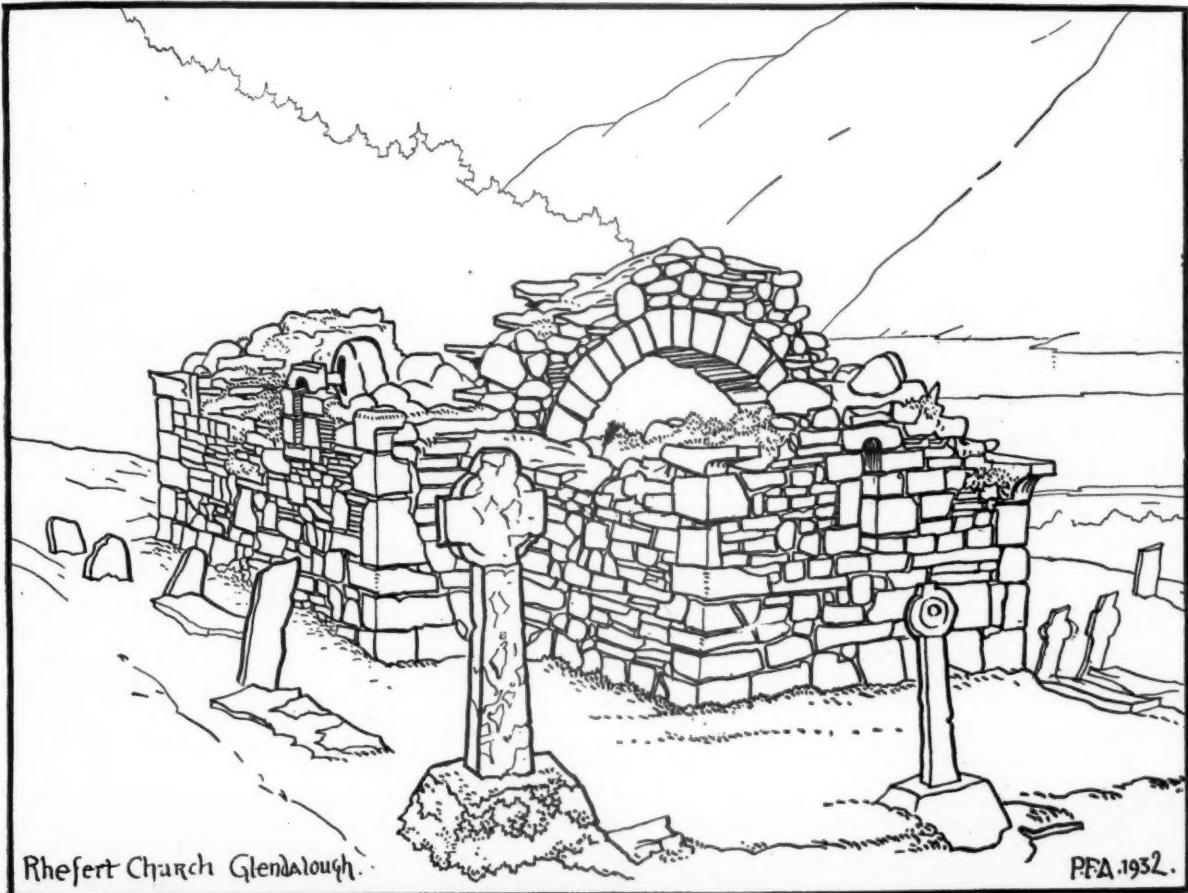
But Glendalough deserves more than a hurried visit of an hour or two in order to fully appreciate its charms. Go and spend a few days at the Lake Hotel, and get old John Richardson, who has known the Glen from boyhood, to talk to you of its legendary history. Row out on the lake or climb the mountains far up beyond the desolate ruins of some abandoned mines where you will be a solitary as ever St. Kevin himself was. That is the way in which to get to know Glendalough. And if

you have learned to understand its charm you will be ever wanting to return there again, sooner or later.

CAHEL is one of those places which have to be actually present before one can properly appreciate them. I suppose I must have been familiar with the general appearance of that strange hummock of rock for well over twenty years. For as a student of architecture it had once been my job to make a drawing of the romanesque details of Cormac's chapel for some examination or other.

Thus when I found myself en route for Cashel a few weeks ago I knew what to look out for as we drew near to the city. I was motoring from Waterford on one of those unforgettable April days such as seem unique to Ireland—a day of smiles and tears, of showers and sunshine, of blue sky and grey clouds, vivid green grass, hedges gay with yellow primroses and golden "whins" in full bloom, and little houses gleaming white, with patches of bright yellow new thatch on their roofs.

We had sped through Carrick on Suir and Clonmel with their grim-



The Ruins of Rhefert Church in Glendalough

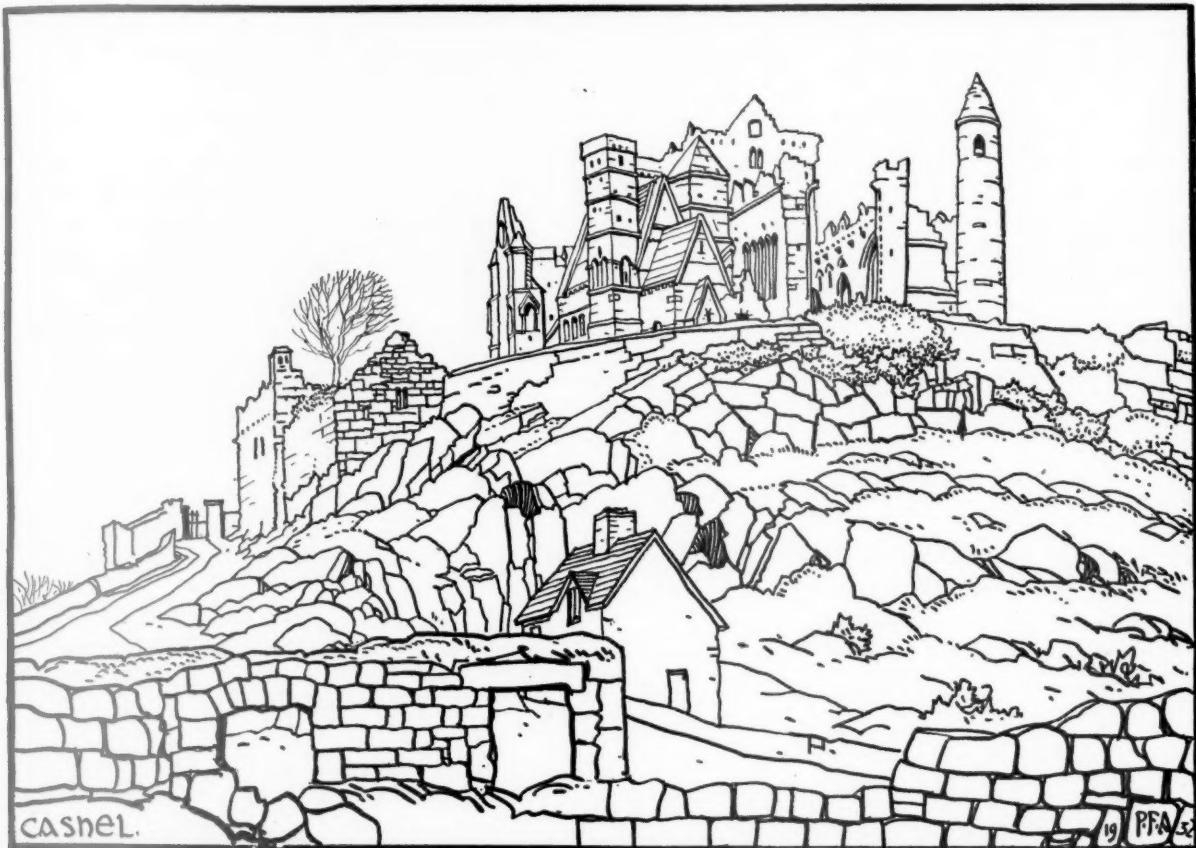
ruined barracks, relics of a now finished epoch in Irish history, and were in the open country again. Suddenly right ahead of us, some miles to the north rose up a solitary mass of grey rock surmounted by a group of grey buildings which seemed to have been hewn out of the rock itself by some prehistoric sculptor. A passing shower had drenched their surface, and the sunshine now turned the rain drops into diamonds, the effect being increased by a dark background of inky blue clouds.

an extraordinary impression of strength and power.

POPULAR tradition has it that the Rock of Cashel was dumped down in the middle of the smiling pasture lands of Tipperary (where it seems quite out of place) by the Devil himself, who took a piece out of the mountains, which lie to the north. And you are still shown the gap he left, which is known as the Devil's Bit! Whatever may be the origin of the Rock of Cashel, natural or super-

rock is much older than this, for St. Patrick himself was here seven hundred years earlier. According to the doubtful legend it was at Cashel that the Saint converted the king to Christianity by pointing to the shamrock as the emblem of the Most Holy Trinity.

In the three sketches which illustrate this article you will notice a curious round tower. It is said to date from the time of Cormac Mac-Cullenan, a famous bishop and scholar, who compiled the now lost



The Rock of Cashel, Cormac's Chapel, Cathedral and Tower

Such was my first glimpse of the rock of Cashel; something almost fairylike and immaterial, and I insisted that we should stop for a few moments so that I could take in the beauty of this scene which was so typical of Ireland.

We then entered the so-called "City" of Cashel, which, to tell the truth, is very much like any other small Irish town—a pleasant homely place, the open hearted hospitality of whose inhabitants makes up for other features which may be lacking. Its grey stone, slate-roofed houses cluster untidily at the foot of the rock, which, if not very high, gives

natural, it provided a magnificent and almost impregnable fortress from the earliest ages of Irish history.

In the tenth century when Ireland was being ravaged by the Danes, Mahon, King of Thomond, whose territories lay to the west in what is now County Clare, together with his brother Brian Boru, secured possession of Cashel after the battle of Solohead, and became rulers of Munster.

In the year of Our Lord 1101, Murrough O'Brien presented the rock to "the religious of Ireland in general" and this led to the foundation of the Archiepiscopal See of Cashel.

But the ecclesiastical history of the

Domesday Book of Munster, known as the "Psalter of Cashel."

Even more interesting is the work of another Cormac, a twelfth century bishop, to whom we owe what is perhaps the most perfect specimen of Irish Romanesque architecture which has survived the fury of an alien Protestant persecution. This is Cormac's Chapel.

You will notice the chapel in one of the drawings with its two square towers and high pitched roof. The walls are covered with elaborate carved decoration and it would be hard to find anything more lovely than this little building which was

consecrated in 1134. Within the chapel was formerly a stone coffin which, when opened, revealed the famous crozier whose crook is formed of a serpent surrounding a figure spearing a dragon, and which is now one of the treasures of the National Museum in Dublin.

The ruined cathedral, built some forty years later than Cormac's chapel, is quite different in style. It is what is commonly known as "Early English" in all its details and general plan. It was burnt down in the reign of Henry VII and again in 1647. It continued to be used for Protestant worship until 1744 when the reigning archbishop got Parliament to pass a decree that when "cathedral churches are so incommodiously situated that they cannot be resorted

to for Divine service, it should be allowed to remove the site to some convenient parish church."

Tradition has it that the prelate in question liked to drive to church with archiepiscopal state in his carriage and pair, and the steep ascent to the rock made this progress impossible! At any rate as soon as the Bill was passed the Government sent a regiment of soldiers to pull off the roof of the old cathedral, which was then allowed to fall into ruin. In this state it has remained ever since.

One would need a large volume in which to describe all the interesting features of Cashel, but perhaps what appeals to the average visitor, more than the ruins, is the marvellous view from the summit of the rock. To the south west lie the rolling lines of the

Galtee Mountains: to the west the great Plain of Tipperary, to the north Slieve Felim and Keeper Mountain, with the Devil's Bit further away.

To the east lie the Coomeraghs, and Sleevnamon, while, almost due south, can be made out the Knockmealdown Mountains, which hide from view the famous Abbey of Mount Melleray.

These are the distant boundaries of the view. In between are rich green pasture lands, dotted with white-washed barns and cottages, and patches of woodland; as fair a picture as one can see anywhere in Ireland and which no stranger can afford to miss, for it seems to sum up all that is best and most typical of Irish landscape—the Ireland that one recalls in imagination when one is far away from its shores.

MACHINE AGE JUSTICE

By

George S. Brady

"**T**HE true administration of justice is the firmest pillar of good government" stood out before me in huge letters cut into the stone as I paused to rest in one of the tiny parks of the great city. The haughty beacon blazed its message from the façade of the Court to inspire admiration and respect in the passing multitudes, and looked down with challenge on the gloomy walls of the Tombs, New York City.

Stately cars halted before the broad expanse of stone steps, and finely robed magistrates swept proudly under the arch—the emblems of a social system that breathed organization and righteousness. The balmy breeze of the sunny spring fanned me comfortingly, and I felt a quickening of pulse at the majestic grandeur.

Beside me a man drooped on the bench. A stolid dullness of despair was in his eyes, a look of hunger in his cheeks. An aged, ragged woman paused and braced herself against the fence, in her mien the pitiful woefulness of the stray dog that had lost her whelps. All about in the shadow of the proud Temple of Justice lay the expanse of the East Side—meeting place of the millions of all nations who had fled from injustices, misrule, and poverty. All about lay grim wretchedness, unemployment, dejection, and squalor, parents of crime. Everywhere in the gloomy streets rang the frail voices of children at play, fruits of matings incapable of attaining the homes they craved; children innocent of the prides and greeds that their future must face, growing to the manhood and the womanhood of the new

generation surrounded by ignorance, need and temptations.

I crossed the square, where in an alley an impassioned orator harangued a crowd. Silent, brooding listlessness greeted the burning words of the speaker. The dull faces seemed to plead an infinite longing for peace of mind, work to do, for love, and for home. I passed the towering bastions of the prison. The great door was ajar. Through it passed a prisoner, guarded closely by sternly belted and armed men. Compassion brought my heart with a leap to my throat. The guarded one was a gaunt stripling boy. I wanted to put my hand on his curly matted head, as across my mind flashed the words of the Prince of Justice: "Suffer little children to come unto me, for in their innocence they are like unto the kingdom of heaven." But his face was set and hard. I crouched back under the arch as I seemed to hear a booming voice fill my mind: "Wo unto them that scandalize children."

BACK on the steps of the majestic temple I sought to regain my faith in the mighty system. I gazed across the blocks to Broadway, where stretched, mile after mile, those displays of comfort-providing and labor-saving devices of the machine age, built with the sweat of the masses but not for the masses to attain.

Hundreds of automobiles whirled

down to luxurious offices where great barons of wealth would gamble, dissipate and fight like ravenous wolves over the blood of the businesses of the machine age. Hundreds of other automobiles whirled to luxurious shops uptown where gay ladies would trot their bred dogs, while each bought gifts for the pampered only child that her social goddess deigned to bear.

THE sun of spring shone brightly still, but I saw that it reached only faintly to the children of the alleys. I could sense behind the proud façade the stern men of Justice bandying, quibbling, and the dissenting, contradictory decisions being added hourly to the burden of laws that hung like a mighty weight about the necks of the masses. My exultation would not return. Questioning doubt haunted me: "What is Justice? What mortal man dare judge Justice? What pity has man for man?" Over and over my mind repeated the words:

"Wo unto you lawyers, for ye load men with burdens grievous to be borne. . . . Wo to you lawyers, for you have taken away the keys of knowledge."

I shuddered as I seemed to see the filth in the streets like splotches of dead blood. Over the square the great passing multitudes seemed gathered in a horde to look up. Above I seemed to see men of a new generation laboring on the stone, cutting into it in letters greater and deeper:

Summa justicia, summa injuria.
"Stringent justice is the greatest wrong."



By
Hilaire
Belloc

STEPHEN GARDINER

The Twelfth of Twelve Studies of Outstanding Characters in the English Reformation

THE figure of Stephen Gardiner is not among the very great figures of the English Reformation, or at any rate not quite in the first flight. On this account it has been in great part neglected, and quite unduly neglected, because, although he did not mould events nor decide the general course of the movement, there is one reason for which all those who desire to understand the great disaster should make themselves well acquainted with this man. This reason is that he was the typical Englishman of the day.

If you follow the fortunes of Stephen Gardiner's soul, the fluctuation of his opinion, his utter devotion to national feeling, his original error on this account, his gradual awakening to the peril in which religion lay—his whole career, especially on its spiritual internal side—then you understand the England of the time.

The True Englishman

HENRY THE KING, impulsive and very vain, was certainly not a typical Englishman. Even Mary Tudor, with her half Spanish blood and her isolated mind, could not be called typical of the country; Cranmer was not, for he was too much of an artist and much too much of a time-server and a coward to be typical of any ordinary healthy normal citizen of any time or place. Elizabeth was still less typical of England, for both by her talents and by her diseases of body and soul she was an abnormality.

But Gardiner is the true Englishman of the time in body and mind and everything else. And that is his importance; understanding him, you understand the English Reformation, or rather you understand the kind of average citizen upon whom the catastrophe fell. It is, therefore,

a great loss to history that even highly educated men have heard so little of him. For a hundred men who have heard of Henry, for fifty who have heard of Cranmer, perhaps one could tell you who Stephen Gardiner was.

Stephen Gardiner was born of that solid middle-class parentage which

political capacity, but by that time he was the regular Tudor civil servant of the day. He was a good ecclesiastic, but certainly at that time was putting his political office at least upon an equality with, and probably superior to, his ecclesiastical. So far the man is simply one of a number of others, one of the regular Tudor official lot rewarded with various ecclesiastical preferences by the Kings whom they served.

He was a big strong man, with a square-jawed, heavy face, enlivened, however, by quick, large and brilliant dark eyes. He was fairly learned; he was a very able controversialist; he was a good speaker and a man full of health and energy.

His Rise to Position

THE divorce business broke out just when he was established in this important official career, and the Government at once used him for their purpose. He had come from Wolsey's household (he had been, as I have said, Wolsey's secretary) and when Wolsey fell he became secreta-

ry to Henry; which meant, of course, that all important official documents passed through his hands, and that his judgment was in most things taken and considered. Into the affair of the divorce he threw himself heartily, acting wholly and simply as the servant of his sovereign. Of the bullying to which the unfortunate Pope was subjected the most extravagant and violent passages came from Gardiner himself. It was he at Rome who most directly threatened Clement with the danger of schism if he would not grant the divorce. He was wrapped up in the affair altogether without hesitation and without compromise, and the Court regarded him as so much their principal agent (and likely to be their

provided so many officials for the Tudor dynasty, especially those clerical officials who were its chief supports. We are not quite fixed on the date of his birth, but it came somewhere latish in the 1480's, so that he was a little older than King Henry and some five to ten years younger than the Blessed Thomas More, the Lord Chancellor.

He went through the usual course of those middle-class lads who were destined for the Church—a career which in those days led to the highest political positions in men of temporal ability. He took his Doctorate of Law at Cambridge, and then became Wolsey's secretary. He was a man of about forty before he appeared in any very considerable po-

most successful one in the business) that he was given the great Bishopric of Winchester as early as 1531, that is, long before the great business was decided and while it was in full swing.

The Bishop of Winchester in those days was one of the richest men in the kingdom; the office carried with it great political power as well. It had been the chief standby of Wolsey himself, and Gardiner, on obtaining it, became a very great man in English social and political life by mere rank, apart from what his talents and services had already proved him to be.

Gardiner Hesitates

But here we may note a curious point. When it came to the danger of schism Gardiner had about him a touch of hesitation. It was only a touch, but it is significant of what was to come. He was still wholeheartedly in favor of that absolute kingly government and of that strong national feeling which went with it; he was still as much opposed as ever to the political Papal claims over temporal sovereigns, and especially over his own sovereign; and when the decision had to be taken he was ready to accept the supremacy of Henry over the Church in England, and even to defend it, as we shall see.

I pointed out in the case of the Blessed Thomas More, that to be so farsighted as to discern what the schism would ultimately mean was granted to very few. The average Englishman was with the King against the Pope in that particular quarrel—hoping vaguely perhaps that it would soon be patched up as so many others had been, but not connecting it in any way with doctrine. Therefore Gardiner, in every sense the average Englishman, followed the same road.

Yet he did show a slight hesitation when the exact formula by which the King's supremacy should be first hinted at was introduced into the debates of the clergy. It should always be remembered in this connection that the Royal Supremacy was not, in the first steps towards it, represented as schismatical, the full schism was only arrived at by degrees and after a series of steps, each of which, save the last, might be twisted or argued into orthodoxy.

Some have said that this hesitation of Gardiner's, slight as it was, caused him to be passed over when Wareham died and thus made him miss the Primacy, the Archbishopric of Canterbury; but this is a false judgment. Not Gardiner but Cranmer was marked out to be the next Archbishop because he was Anne Boleyn's man, her Chaplain, and because he was rapacious and would do anything he was told, as the fu-

ture was to show. Those who think that there was any chance for Gardiner misunderstand the position altogether, and particularly misunderstand the fact that it was Anne and not Henry who was running the whole affair.

Anyhow, Stephen Gardiner remained very prominent, the great Bishop of Winchester, full of wealth and power. He accepted the Supremacy; what is more, a year after the full schism had appeared—that is, in 1535—he engaged his responsibility up to the hilt by writing a tract in favor of a schismatic policy, the famous tract *De Vera Obedientia* ("Concerning True Obedience").

There is a characteristic letter of his to Bucer, the Continental Reformer, in which he gives us an example of the excellence of the Royal Supremacy compared with the Papal Supremacy on account of the better discipline it enforced throughout the Church in England. The King, he says, can strictly enforce the observation of celibacy, for instance, and can sharply correct the manners of his own clergy; while the Pope, under the circumstances of the time, where the Churches had become so largely national, was lacking in effective power.

In a word, Gardiner, in spite of that first half hesitation, was then (1534) wholeheartedly for Henry's position, for the Royal Supremacy in things spiritual as well as temporal and, therefore, in practice, for the schism. And so he remained for years. He was a man of over sixty before he learnt the lesson which all ultimately learnt, that there can be no Catholicism without the Pope.

To the modern mind that, of course, is a truism; indeed, today with so many people outside the Church apeing Catholicism and so many more interesting themselves in this or that aspect of Catholicism, it is a matter of course that the ultimate test of Catholicism is the acceptance of the Pope's authority. But we must always remember in reading of this period of the English Reformation this main point a neglect of which makes it incomprehensible: that the Papal claims were debated and had been debated for generations within the Catholic Church itself before the breakup of Christendom in the great disaster of the sixteenth century.

Disunion and Union

WHAT with the political entanglements of temporal power, the Pope's political action as a mere Italian Prince, the very large sums taken by the Papacy in direct taxation from all countries, and the worldly character of too many Popes of the day—some of them an open scandal—it needed the experience of disunion to prove the necessity of union, and to

prove in especial that the test of unity was obedience to the See of Peter.

When Bayard made his famous remark, "One can be a good Catholic without the Pope," he was saying what millions of men had said before consequences had taught them the contrary, and before the experience of what disunion would lead to had frightened them into full orthodoxy.

Still a Catholic

MEANWHILE Stephen Gardiner, like Henry himself, was intensely Catholic in doctrine and practice, as opposed to the Lutheran and still more as opposed to the Calvinist. And this endeared him to Henry, though Henry dreaded the strength and activity of his character. Gardiner always stood for the defence of the old national traditions in religion, of the Mass of course, but also of the full doctrine of the Real Presence, and so down to the minor devotions of Catholic practice.

When the violent discussions broke out among Henry's Bishops, some of whom—led by Cranmer and under the protection of Cromwell—became more and more anti-Catholic in tone, Gardiner put all his weight into the scale to oppose the break-up. He was largely responsible for and, perhaps, in part framed the famous Six Articles which during all the last years of Henry's reign enforced Catholic doctrine and practice under heavy penalties of the clerical law.

On this account it was that when Henry died, in 1547, and that unscrupulous gang, first under Somerset and then under Northumberland, fell like harpies onto the remaining property of the Church, and, to fill their pockets, thoroughly supported the religious revolutionaries, Gardiner was clearly a public danger to them; for he was the spokesman of what the mass of Englishmen felt.

They imprisoned him and they deprived him of his bishopric; and so he remained persecuted and a victim of the effort to impose a new religion by terror upon the English. He was naturally the hero of all that great bulk of the nation which detested the new revolutionary doctrines and which rose in armed rebellion throughout the land against the newfangled Protestant service. Gardiner's name became the symbol of the older and better state of things the return of which men so ardently desired.

We have seen how when the diseased little Edward was dead Mary took Gardiner out of the Tower and raised him to the highest political position in England, making him her Chancellor—that is, much more even than what we should call today Prime Minister. And Gardiner now bore witness to the fullness of his faith. There was no process of re-

cantation, still less any trace of political motive.

That which he had never thought possible, the presence of an anti-Catholic government in England—the destruction of the Mass—the unscrupulous despoiling of Guild property—the oversetting of all Shrines—the wanton destruction of Churches—had proved to him what the fruits of disunion might be. But for the schism, which he had approved, such things could not have come to pass; and now he was determined to undo the schism and worked with all his might for the restoration of England to the unity of Christendom, which he had the great privilege to see accomplished before he died. As he died he gave the famous cry, *Negavi cum Petro, exi vi cum Petro, sed non flevi cum Petro*: "I denied as Peter did, I went out as Peter did, but I have not wept as Peter did."

He was fortunate indeed to live to such a moment; and fortunate, I think, also in dying before he could see all the good work swept away.

For he passed on the twelfth of November, 1555, overshadowed indeed by some dread of the future but not witnessing the breakdown which followed three years later on Mary's death. What overshadowed him was his fear of the results of the Spanish marriage. He had been again typically English in his stout resistance to that policy. It was he who had urged upon the Queen the advisability of marrying one of her own English nobles, and if Courtenay had had a better character he would have carried his point.

This opposition to Mary's Spanish marriage put him in a minority in the Council and he had to give way. Indeed the marriage with Philip was solemnized in his own Cathedral and by Gardiner himself.

A Catholic Protagonist

HERE is one last point to be made with regard to him, and that is his attitude towards the prosecutions of the revolutionaries for heresy rather than for treason. Because he was Chancellor, because he was Mary's right-hand man and the most prominent of the Catholic protagonists, the symbol of tradition in the national religion, he was until recently almost universally accused by our official historians of particular harshness and even cruelty in the treatment of the heretics after the new policy began.

Now what was his real attitude towards it? We have no need for reluctance in the matter. The government had a perfect right to treat a small rebel minority, which was working for the destruction of religion and of the Monarch as well, as public enemies; it was rather a matter of policy than of morals whether the rebels should be treated as heretics or as traitors. But was

Gardiner as a fact prominent in the prosecutions? Was he a leading spirit in them? It may be doubted or even denied.

As Chancellor it was of course his business to preside over the affair; but it is to be remarked that he took pains to save men from the consequences of their error, that he personally helped some of those most in danger to escape from the country, and in his own great diocese there were no executions. That was due in part, of course, to the fact that the poison had not reached the western country parts over which that diocese extended; it was only virulent in London, one or two seaport towns and certain sections of East Anglia and the Home Counties.

But still, from all that we know of the nature of the man and of his policy in other things, we may fairly conclude that if he had had a free hand he would have been in favor of Philip of Spain's policy and not of that of the Council. He would, I think, had he had a free hand, have made a few examples by prosecuting for treason; but he would have prevented the wholesale prosecutions for heresy.

Such I say should be, I think, our general conclusion. But we must

not run to the extreme of saying that he was an *overt* opponent of the policy; of prosecuting and executing for heresy, he certainly was not that. When it was once undertaken he carried it out, and nothing by way of public pronouncement fell from him to show that he objected. He did not for instance openly oppose it as he had openly opposed the Spanish marriage.

Such was Stephen Gardiner; a character which is becoming better known with every piece of research and one which more than any other helps us to grasp, when we are fully acquainted with it, the character of the time in which he lived, and especially the attitude of the normal Englishman in those difficult and confused days.

There was no one to succeed him; there was no other typical national figure to symbolize the reluctance and the distaste everywhere profoundly felt for the new and fanatical movement against the ancient national traditions of England. Had there been one such, one of similar authority and with as great a past, in the first years of Elizabeth's reign, Cecil would perhaps not have undertaken with the same success the evil work he did.

The Stop-Gap

By M. B.

(To one temporarily lapsed from the Faith—for whom please pray.)

THOUGH desecrated, yet not prayerless lies
The altar of your soul. Your cry of need,
Although your lips be dumb, from mine shall rise:
My tears within your tearless eyes shall plead.
I praise in you the God Whom you despise.

I hide within your heart, nor will molest
Your mirthless revels or unrestful sleep.
I keep guard for the Master dispossessed,
So haply from your thriftless hands to keep
Some of the treasures that He loved the best.

Shall He not hear when from your heart I cry?
But when He comes, unworthy of that day—
The robe, the ring, the feasting—then shall I,
Kissing your threshold, make no longer stay;
And you will never know the stowaway,
Your heart's unbidden guest of days gone by.

FROM KRUGER

By
G. K. Chesterton

to KREUGER

MR. KRUGER was the President of a small agricultural commonwealth of South African Dutch whose independence the English had guaranteed by treaty, and respected until they found that it contained a gold mine. This was the simple fact, and everybody knew it; but the excuse was that the strangers visiting this republic, largely foreign Jews, were not provided with ballot papers. From this it was inferred that Mr. Kruger and his farmers intended to conquer the British Empire; and steps were taken to anticipate such an attempt.

but these were but a weak and weedy growth compared with the terrific whiskers of the Kruger; nor can we always re-imagine the most joyous nightmares of the nursery.

MR. KRUGER was in fact the President of a small agricultural commonwealth of South African Dutch whose independence the English had guaranteed by treaty, and respected until they found that it contained a gold mine. This was the simple fact, and everybody knew it; but the excuse was that the strangers visiting this republic, largely foreign Jews, were not provided with ballot papers. From this it was inferred that Mr. Kruger and his farmers intended to conquer the British Empire; and steps were taken to anticipate such an attempt.

But the farmers were sufficiently fitted for guerrilla warfare, and the financial wire-pullers were sufficiently unfitted for any warfare, to prolong the war in an unexpected fashion and bring unnecessary and often undeserved discredit on British military prestige. For the rest, the principal joke against Mr. Kruger was that he had a beard under his chin, such as illustrated tracts attach to the Good English Working Man, and that he read the Bible. But seeing that the Bible was recognized as "the secret of England's greatness," it seems odd that Mr. Kruger did not either become an Englishman or conquer the English; and perhaps

MY memories, which have not yet degenerated into memoirs, may be said broadly (in political matters) to range over a period marked out, or enclosed, by two names; two quaintly similar names.

They are, I blush and grieve to say, both of them foreign. But at least they are Nordic; oh yes, quite too perfectly Nordic. Considering that the English are nothing if not Nordic, it seems odd that their most deadly enemies should so often have been Nordic too; from the Danes in Wessex to the Dutch in South Africa, not to mention the Deutschers in East Africa—and Western Europe.

Anyhow, these two names are obviously the same name; in two forms which are both as Teutonic as Grimm's Law or the theories of Max Muller. And my active political experience begins with Kruger and ends with Kreuger. A good many other things, I am glad to say, will probably end with Kreuger.

The first name, of course, recalls the triumphant Imperialism of the great Boer War, by which the English captured Pretoria and lost South Africa. There is now no doubt, I take it, in any realistic mind, that the English have lost South Africa. Any effort of purely English culture or policy would now be instantly over-ruled by any combination of the Dutch whom the English fought and the German Jews whom they fought for.

The war itself, however, was in some aspects curious and unique. It was not only a Jingo war, but espe-

cially a journalistic war, and Harmsworth boasted of having started the South African war, at least more truly than he boasted of having ended the European one. Both wars had to present some sort of Guy or Bogey to be burnt with the fireworks or to frighten the children; and its ugliness had no necessary relation to anything real, not even to the real ugliness of the original person after whom it was named.

BUT those who only remember the hanging of The Kaiser can form no conception of the burning, broiling and boiling of The Kruger. Kruger was more frightful than Kaiser any day, even the day of the Lusitania; the Dutch doll was not only uglier but actually bigger than the German one. Caricaturists did their best with the mustaches of the Kaiser,

MR. KREUGER was one of the four or five secret kings now ruling the earth; but he had been a secret. The name of one rusty old farmer was written in fireworks on the sky; the name of the master of all the fires, the monopolist of the whole world's matches, was hardly mentioned in the corner of a newspaper. We never heard of him till he was dead; we never heard the truth about him till he was ruined. He was not even admired until it was time for him to be despised. Nobody knew he was a millionaire until he was a bankrupt; nobody knew he was a swindler until he was a suicide; nobody knew in what world he had been everything, until for all this world he was nothing.

the latter was the true motive of this crafty trick.

Now, I do not worship whiskers or beards under the chin; nor do I worship the Bible as read by Dutch Calvinists or British Imperialists. There was much in the Boers with which I was quite out of sympathy; but I thought they were right and I said so.

Above all, my very first instinct told me that the world would be wiser to take the advice of the stupid farmer than of a clever financier. For the farmer does farm; whereas the financier does not finance. As a rule, he only induces farmers and similar people to finance him. But the point is that he is admired as a clever financier because he does this without emptying his own pocket; whereas the farmer is not admired for not farming his own land.

Now when the farmers were sacrificed to the financiers, in the South African War, it was the first political event about which I was really old enough to take sides; and it was also the supreme triumphant moment of unchecked and unchallenged financial control. In the intervening years

of my life the story has worked itself out from Kruger to Kreuger. It began with the financier killing farmers for a gold mine, and it ended with the financier killing himself to announce the ruin of gold.

There are some other rather curious things about that comparison. I have remarked that the caricature of Mr. Kruger was a colossus, a thousand times larger than life. The President was a very private and even prosaic person, with his dowdy clothes and antiquated top hat; he might have been any Methodist farmer anywhere.

He can have had no more notion of overthrowing the British Empire than of annexing the Solar System. But his image in the market-place was monstrous; as of a dragon devouring the earth. Everybody talked about Kruger, or rather about Kreuger. But nobody talked about Kreuger. That is, nobody talked about him so long as he was there to be talked about. It was only by ceasing to exist that he suddenly came into existence. And when by dying he at last managed to be born, and to be known as a man to men, it was

discovered that he had been an economic giant bestriding the whole of the earth.

He was one of the four or five secret kings now ruling the earth, but he had been a secret. The name of one rusty old farmer was written in fireworks on the sky; the name of the master of all the fires, the monopolist of the whole world's matches, was hardly mentioned in the corner of a newspaper. We never heard of him till he was dead; we never heard the truth about him till he was ruined. He was not even admired until it was time for him to be despised. Nobody knew he was a millionaire until he was a bankrupt; nobody knew he was a swindler until he was a suicide; nobody knew in what world he had been everything, until for all this world he was nothing.

If we put those two cases side by side, we shall have some notion of how much we are allowed to know of the realities of our time. But I fancy the fall of the financier is more final than the fall of the farmer; and that after bankruptcy, as well as after war, men will go back to the farm.

MAD DOG *By Aileen M. Clegg*

THE artist's wife walked through the village.

She was English. The village . . . the mountains that hemmed it in . . . were French.

The artist's wife did not approve of it. Her husband thought it picturesque, but she saw it only as untidy, dirty, evil-smelling, utterly unhygienic. The sight of the church tower over the steep pent roofs particularly irritated her. It stood for ignorance, superstition—all the old intolerant blindness of the Middle Ages. (It will readily be realized that the artist's wife knew only so much of the Middle Ages as is to be gathered from anti-Catholic novels.)

The Curé was sitting in his doorway.

He lived alone in a three-roomed cottage. He grew his own vegetables, he reared a few hens and rabbits, he cleaned his house, he washed and mended his clothes, he cooked his meals. When the service of his church and parish and his absorbing domestic cares permitted, he made wood-carvings and extraordinarily ingenious pieces of furniture which he sometimes had the luck to sell to summer visitors. The proceeds went

to his Bishop's fund for training young men for the priesthood.

The artist's wife . . . herself appareled in the latest fashion from Liberty . . . the word "appareled" is a just one . . . surveyed with disrespect the greenish-brown soutane the Curé was wearing. It was not merely discolored with the intemperance of the weather, it was also frayed and patched. The lady compared it unfavorably with the perfect cut and cloth of the clothes affected . . . again the word is a just one . . . by her minister at home. She held that a clergyman should always look a gentleman. (A gentleman who was not an advertisement for his tailor was as unthinkable to her as a week with no Wednesday in it.)

So she walked past Monsieur l'Abbé Trouhard with the stiffest of inclinations of her head, tossed it a little by the open door of the church and then went on to the Hospice to see an acquaintance who was lodging there.

She, Mrs. Seemsby-Gore, would never have called had it not been for a friend who had insisted on it and who, at the same time, had made it clear that the social standing of the lady lodger was above reproach. She

happened, indeed, to be a member of one of the oldest English Catholic families . . . one of those families who from time immemorial have prided themselves on refusing titles. So she had called and they had got on quite well together, in spite of the fact that the first meeting had given her a shock.

THE Catholic gentlewoman whose genealogical tree was so long that to all intents and purposes it was rooted in Father Adam seemed to be as lacking in dignity as poor Monsieur le Curé. She was short, she was plump, she wore spectacles on the end of her nose and her clothes may have been good but they by no means suited her. Most astonishing fact of all, her manner was diffident. She listened to everything one told her sympathetically, hardly ever gave an opinion unless directly asked for it, and had a most disconcerting habit of changing the subject when one had just begun to find it interesting. For instance, talk of people and even of places bored her. All her interests seemed to be abstract.

Now Mrs. Seemsby-Gore could no more think in abstract terms than she could walk on water. She stood for fact. Her mind, such as it was,

worked empirically. However, as Miss Frome was the only other cultivated person in the village at the moment, Mrs. Seemby-Gore told herself that they ought to make the most of one another's society.

MRS. SEEMSBY-GORE always rang at the door of the Hospice with a thrill of excitement. She would see at close quarters, she would converse with, a Roman Catholic nun . . . perhaps some poor timid creature who had been longing for years to escape but who, too weak of will—how else could she ever have got into such slavery?—had never quite managed to do it. She was taken aback this time when the door was flung open by a staggeringly military-looking woman, in a nun's habit, certainly, but with a moustache, and the upstanding carriage and figure of a grenadier.

"Is Miss Frome at home?"

Mrs. Seemby-Gore's voice was hesitating and not sadly compassionate as she had intended it to be.

"At home!" a bass voice answered her abruptly. And then the grenadier in woman's shape, in nun's garments, smiled suddenly, comprehensively, maternally.

"If you'll come into the parlor I'll tell her you're here. Mrs. Seemby-Gore, isn't it?"

She was led, now pathetically acquiescent, to a white-washed cell containing a table . . . round, unsteady, polished . . . a chair . . . rush-seated, with arms . . . two more, also rush-seated but armless . . . a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes on a wool mat on a bracket, a blotter without blotting paper, a pen that couldn't be expected to write, a dried-up inkpot, a volume treating of shrines of Our Lady in the Pyrenees, and, on the wall, a plaster and wood crucifix.

AS MRS. SEEMSBY-GORE was examining these things and wondering at their lack of insidiousness, Miss Frome came in, booted and hatted for a walk.

"Oh! Mrs. Seemby-Gore! How nice of you to come to see me!" she welcomed her. "I was just starting to make a call at the other end of the village. Would you care to go with me?"

"It's extremely kind—if you don't think I'll be in the way."

Mrs. Seemby-Gore was gathering up her gloves with alacrity. She didn't feel herself at all in the convent parlor. It was far too searching in atmosphere, too direct, too rarefied, too lacking in that perfume of cheap sentiment in which she breathed most freely. She followed Miss Frome to the gate and preceded her through the door.

"We take the turning to the left beyond the big crucifix," Miss Frome was telling her, "and then along the

mule track and over the bridge. The farm we're going to overlooks the river on the other side."

By this time they were abreast with Monsier le Curé who had dropped woodcarving in favor of his Office. He was walking up and down the shady strip on the far side of the road.

"What's he doing? Why does he say his prayers in public like that?" demanded Mrs. Seemby-Gore of her companion.

"Oh! He has so many Hours to say every day . . . Matins, Lauds, Prime, Terce and so on. Every priest does, and some lay people too. I've been thinking," pursued little Miss Frome with her head thrown back, her eyes turned to the mountain tops over the houses . . .

(At this point Mrs. Seemby-Gore said to herself feverishly. "She's going to try to convert me now. I'm sure she is. But I won't be converted." And she promptly put up an invisible but, she felt, invincible resistance to any unscrupulous efforts in that direction.)

". . . how Gregorian are those mountains and hills!"

Miss Frome was looking at her with a face full of childlike expectation of sympathy with her idea.

Mrs. Seemby-Gore's resistance to conversion exploded like a pricked air-balloon and at the same time there exploded with it a fraction of her perpetual self-satisfaction. Wasn't Miss Frome going to try to convert her then? Wasn't she important enough to be converted? How were things Gregorian?

But Miss Frome's eyes were on the mountains again.

"See how austere they are!" she was saying, "how detached, how noble, how rhythmical! Mark the singing line that springs heavenwards from earth, that reaches peak after peak of adoration and sinks sighing to earth again. As Plain Chant expresses our finest aspirations towards the Godhead, so these mountains express our love of God in its austerest beauty. Think of those far solitudes, of that pure snow, of those icy rocks transfigured, made glorious by the sun's caresses. . . ."

"The woman's mad!" said Mrs. Seemby-Gore to herself firmly. She pulled out her cigarette case and interrupted the rhapsody.

"Do you smoke?"

MISS FROME nodded without hesitating in her incomprehensible discourse but she ignored the proffered case.

"The whole life of Pyrenean peasants might be expressed in terms of Plain Chant," she went on, by this time rapt to several heavens of idea. "Palestrina, perhaps, on Feast days. . . ."

She continued thus discoursing, elaborating her notion, and Mrs. Seemby-Gore gave up any attempt at understanding, till they came to the singing torrent where they stood for a moment to watch masses of green and silver water swirl round obstructing boulders or slide smoothly down long slopes of shining rock. Then, on the further side of the bowed old bridge, they took a footpath leading across a field. The ground here sloped upwards to a point where the bastions of the mountains rose steeply from the plain. The path was bordered on the left by poplars between whose trunks the view towards the receding village was kaleidoscopically lost and found again. Between two trees Mrs. Seemby-Gore caught a glimpse of her husband's white sketching umbrella. She waved towards it vigorously but no responding signal came. He was too intent on his work.

"How quiet it is here!" she then proclaimed. "I'd never dare come here alone!"

She sounded so depressed that Miss Frome stared at her.

"But in the wilderness people have been known to find God," she reassured her.

THE other lady stared at her in her turn. Then her embarrassment found relief in flippancy:

"But there is, instead, only a novel."

She pointed with her parasol towards a wretched building on a platform of rock at the mountain's base.

"He may walk there too," replied Miss Frome simply.

A nearer view of the place was not more comforting than a far one. When Mrs. Seemby-Gore perceived that they were taking a track that could only have the cottage for goal she laid an imperative hand on her friend's arm.

"My dear Miss Frome," she protested, "you mustn't dream of going there. I simply won't hear of it."

Miss Frome stood still. She peered up into Mrs. Seemby-Gore's face out of her shortsighted, pale blue eyes. Then she patted her hand comfortably, as one who pacifies a frightened child.

"There! There!" she murmured.

Then, more practically:

"I've been here lots of times before, you must remember. I know them well and they know me."

A FRAGMENT of long forgotten Scripture trailed through Mrs. Seemby-Gore's indignation.

"I know Mine and Mine know Me," it went, and it repeated itself incongruously several times. "I know Mine and Mine know Me! I know Mine and Mine know Me!"

Her hand slipped from Miss Frome's arm. She sat down on the grass at the edge of the field. The shadow

of a poplar pointed like a stubby finger towards her, reproachfully, she thought, as though she were in disgrace.

"Alright," she said. "I'll wait here for you. But don't be long or I'll be anxious. You might catch anything in that dreadful place."

BUT Miss Frome wasn't listening. She was already at the gate.

A murmur of voices rose from the cottage. A bee buzzed round Mrs. Seembsy-Gore's head. The flowers nodded in the grass. The afternoon sun poured down its benediction on hill and field. But Mrs. Seembsy-Gore saw none of it, for she knew, subconsciously, that all that beauty was reproaching her, that it was trying to tell her something and that she would not hear. She prodded with her parasol at the weeds in the path at her feet and the point of the ferrule broke off so that she nearly fell.

At that she got up in a sudden burst of bad temper and looked impatiently towards the cottage. An apple tree laden with fruit bowed over it and among the fallen apples at its foot was a heap of colored rags. The voices continued their murmuring conversation within. As their even tone was re-assuring she ventured at last to approach the gate to that very sorry garden. It was then that she perceived that what she had taken for a bundle of rags was a boy of some eight or nine years old who was nursing a sleeping child. The boy was deformed. His head was ill-shaped. It seemed to have no back to it. The ears, too, were curious. Then, in horror, she saw his hands. Besides the thumb they had only one finger on each.

Mrs. Seembsy-Gore felt sick.

THEN she looked again and as she did so the boy turned up his face to look at her. He appeared to be a semi-idiot but he smiled confidently at her, put his finger on his lips as a warning to her not to wake the baby, dropped his cheek down on its fuzzy head, smiled again and began rocking it gently. His attitude as he crouched there with the child in his arms was exactly that of a print of a Mantegna Madonna hanging on the staircase at home. Mr. Seembsy-Gore had hung it there himself. Because it was a Mantegna, of course. Not because it was a Madonna. The resemblance, the tenderness common to that old print and the scene before her, stirred Mrs. Seembsy-Gore to strong feeling that was not all indignation. She shook herself angrily however.

"Don't be a fool!" she told herself. "It's a horrible sight! That young baby left in the care of an imbecile!"

She deliberately worked herself up to be angrier still. To avoid the risk

of repudiating the convictions of a lifetime all in a few seconds, of putting sentiment before common sense, she turned round and began stalking back, majestically alone, towards the village.

Soon she heard rapid footsteps behind her and then, further behind still, a faint patterning as of bare feet on the road. She turned again to wait for Miss Frome to come up with her. The idiot boy was following in soft pursuit, his eyes on Miss Frome's extraordinary hat with as awed and loving an expression as if it had been a halo.

"What's the child doing here?" demanded Mrs. Seembsy-Gore shortly.

"Jeannet, d'you mean? Oh! he's a darling! I love to have him trotting along behind me like that. He's like a watch dog. I always feel safe if he's about."

"Safe! Heaven save us! When he's a bit older he'll murder you. I know the type . . . Degenerate product of degenerate stock!"

"No! Not degenerate! Certainly not!" protested Miss Frome with more warmth than she had yet displayed about anything. "His mother's dying of consumption, it's true, and his father's not very strong in his head, perhaps, but they're good people and they love one another dearly and do their best. I don't know what more you can ask of them."

"Consumptive one side! Idiot the other!", snorted Mrs. Seembsy-Gore. "Now there's a typical case!"

"Of what?" suggested Miss Frome.

"Why of the sort of people who ought never to be allowed to marry, of course! Any decently run State would see to it they didn't! Future citizens indeed . . ."

Miss Frome completed her sentence for her.

"Of the Kingdom of Heaven," she said.

"I don't know anything about the Kingdom of Heaven. I'm talking common sense," was the retort.

Miss Frome let it go at that.

THEY continued to walk side by side but they were silent. A gulf had opened between them—a gulf, Mrs. Seembsy-Gore told herself, impossible to bridge. These Roman Catholics were so ridiculously high-falutin' in their notions. They never came to earth in an argument, never would yield an inch. You never knew when you'd bark your mental shins against some rock of implacable teaching. She, Mrs. Seembsy-Gore, preferred peace at any price. She'd hold her tongue and take no more risks. However, it didn't look as if she'd get it, for as they entered the village street again cries of alarm assailed them and they were nearly knocked down by a group of women who came charging out of it.

Miss Frome caught at the arm of the nearest.

"What is it, Marie? What's happened? What's the matter?"

She was an old woman and she hesitated there for a moment. At last she found her shadowy voice.

"Mad dog, Miss! Mad dog! And it's coming this way!"

Her daughter wrenched her away from Miss Frome's grasp and fairly bolted with her for their cottage.

"Don't you think she looked rather like a terrified hen?" asked Miss Frome, but she got no answer. When she looked for one, she discovered that Mrs. Seembsy-Gore was nowhere in the landscape. She might have melted into the air.

Now the men were in the fields and Miss Frome knew it. *Monsier le Curé* might possibly have a gun but it wasn't very likely. She would help herself to one from the nearest cottage.

But as she, too, ran, the dog came into the village at the higher end.

Whether the wretched animal was really mad or not, no one ever discovered. All that may be stated with certainty is that it looked both miserable and terrible. Its hair was clotted and flecked with foam, its paws bled, its tongue hung from its slavering mouth, its eyes were wild. It came on steadily enough but not very rapidly, for it was evidently growing exhausted. And Miss Frome was long in finding her gun.

At last she had it—gun from one cottage chimney-piece, cartridges from another. Praying that she might not yet be too late, she came out again into the village street at the best of her speed. As she did so, she saw that the dog was escaping. It was just disappearing where the road bent at right angles beyond the last houses.

"It'll get away yet," she groaned. And then, being a woman . . . "Perhaps I'll only wound it!"

PRAYING for a steady nerve and a sporting chance, she dashed after it. When she, too, rounded the corner, she found it was being held for her. The idiot boy had his hands tight in that appalling hair.

"Away! Away, Jeannot! Get away from it!" she called to him.

But the boy either didn't hear or didn't understand and still held on.

"Away! Away, Jeannot!" she cried now, in a frenzy. "Jeannot, I can't shoot him till you let him go!"

The child's wrists were bleeding but he still held on.

"Away! Away, Jeannot!" she cried continually, while she circled that magnificent struggle. "Jeannot! Jeannot!" she called and her voice came sobbingly. "Jeannot, my child! For Mary's sake let go!"

At that the child raised his face

and his grasp of the dog loosened. The moment it did so the beast sprang at his thigh. Miss Frome took a wild risk and shot at it. It shuddered, rolled sideways and its teeth relaxed their hold. But as it died, Jeannot collapsed on top of it.

Miss Frome picked him up and started to carry him to the Hospice. She wanted horribly to weep but she told herself tears were a luxury. She had gone perhaps half the way and, stumbling, was urging herself on to complete the distance, when *Monsieur le Curé* met her.

"Mine, I think," he said, bending

down to take her burden. "The English lady has just told me about it. I found her hiding behind my door."

As he hurried up the cobbled street and Miss Frome panted on after him, he stooped once to kiss and bless the child. Then, at the gate, as she got before him to open it—

"First aid first. The nuns are experts. And then in a car to the Pasteur Institute at Bordeaux. Who could drive you?"

Miss Frome smiled a trifle maliciously.

"Mrs. Seembsby-Gore," she an-

swered. "I'll see to it, *Monsieur le Curé*."

It was on the way to Bordeaux, during the long hours at her wheel, that Mrs. Seembsby-Gore made a fruitful meditation. The grace of God worked through those flying roads. Every finger post pointed to her soul's misery. God gave her seeing eyes and a contrite heart. It was to Miss Frome that, during the weeks they waited at Bordeaux, she owed her instruction. But it was to Jeannot, she told him, as she drove him back to his mountains, that, by Divine grace, she owed her Catholic soul.

David Laments Absalom

By Katherine Burton

FAIREST he was of all my noble house,
His childhood one sweet miracle of grace;
His dark eyes danced in joyous eagerness
From out the perfect flower of his face.
The midnight glory of his tumbled hair
Even in shadow caught a touch of sun—
Proud was I when he stood beside my throne,
My Absalom, my son.

I bade them spare the young man Absalom.
I charged the captains he should not be slain.
But they feared for the menace to my throne,
And I—I only felt a father's pain.
He had a way of coming close to me,
Putting his radiant head upon my arm—
A trusting gesture, as if knowing I
Who loved him would not do him any harm.
Across the field I saw the runners haste—
And then what mattered kingdoms lost or won?
After they brought to me the bitter news
Of Absalom, my son.

They told me that my enemy had fallen.
I only heard them say my son was dead.
I only saw down avenues of pain,
Lost, lost forever, one dear sunny head.
Had I been there I should have loosed his locks,
Gently, so gently from the treacherous tree;
Looked deep into his eyes with loving eyes,
And at the last perhaps had made him see
I was his father, not his enemy.
But now it is too late, the ill is done—
Ashes his hair, his lips, ashes my heart
For Absalom, my son.

How can I sit within the gate today,
Judging the people, when my heart is stone?
How can I smile as doth befit a king
When inwardly my soul makes bitter moan?
He whom they slew was not my enemy,
But still my child,—a spoiled hot tempered boy,
A boy who wanted everything he saw,
To whom a kingdom was a longed for toy.
It was his father, not his king he wronged,
And kings dare not forgive where fathers may;
So, while my people hail a country safe,
God's mercy, God's forgiveness here I pray
For Absalom, my son.

The National Catholic School of Social Service

By P. W. Browne, Ph.D.

IT IS an historic fact that from the beginning of its existence the Catholic Church has devised and fostered methods to meet all manner of social needs. If proof be needed we refer to the Acts of the Apostles (ix, 38), where we read the story of the charitable deeds of Dorcas, whom St. Peter raised from the dead, and the record of numerous saintly women who at different times during the early ages gave concrete expression to the social polity of the Church. In later days the evidence is more, even more abundant, and we need but recall the many acts of charity of such Saints as Charles Borromeo, Thomas of Villanova, Camillus of Lellis and Vincent de Paul.

The entire life of St. Vincent de Paul was devoted to the care of the unfortunate and the alleviation of human suffering. Perhaps his most remarkable work in the field of humanitarian achievement was the institution of the Daughters of Charity or, as we know them best, the Sisters of Charity. Today this great organization is spread throughout the Christian world and is to be found even in pagan lands, ministering with great devotion and heroism to the benighted and the afflicted.

Many years before Florence Nightingale brought solace to the wounded

and abandoned at Balaklava and Scutari, during the Crimean War, the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul had rendered signal service on the battlefield; and it is recorded that Miss Nightingale had received her training in nursing with the Daughters of Charity in Paris.

HERE it may be noted that abject poverty and its concomitant evils are not of yesterday's growth: they are largely the outcome of the religious upheaval of the sixteenth century. Such conditions as confront us at the present day were unknown in pre-Reformation days. Guilds provided employment for the artisan, and monastic institutions afforded an asylum to the destitute and the afflicted. Before "The Great Pillage" begun by Henry VIII there were numerous guilds in England, and monasteries studded the land from John o' Groats to Land's End. As we write the gaunt spectre of want and destitution stalks through every city and hamlet within its borders.

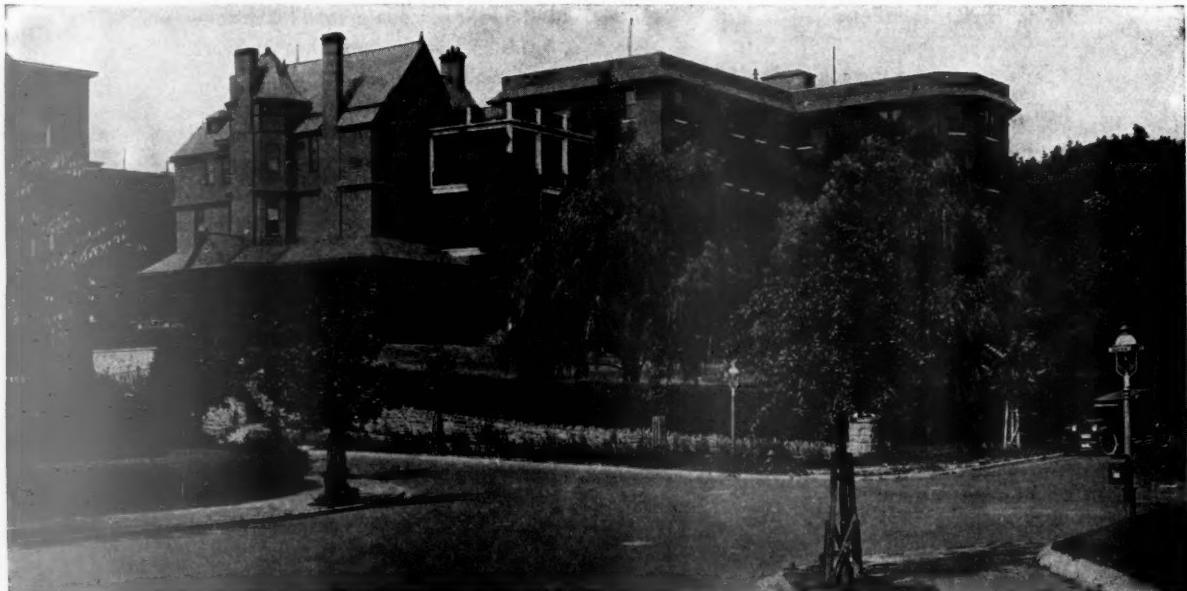
To meet conditions that arose in France after the Revolution a Catholic lay organization came into being to meet the needs of the poor and provide a remedy for the social evils which followed the great upheaval, and the master-mind which con-

ceived the project was Antoine-Frédéric Ozanam, a brilliant law-student and, later, a distinguished professor at the Sorbonne, in Paris, who founded the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

The establishment of the Society was due partly to the desire of its founder to furnish a practical refutation of the reproaches directed against Christianity by the followers of Saint-Simon, Fourier and other radical political-economists who were wont to say: "We admit the past grandeur of Christianity, but the tree is dead and bears no fruit." To this taunt Ozanam and his associates replied by forming themselves, in 1833, into the "Conference of Charity," later adopting the name of Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

TWELVE years after the inauguration of the Society it was introduced into the United States, and to St. Louis, Mo., must be accorded the distinction of establishing, in 1845, the first Conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in this country.

As far as the writer is aware non-Catholics in America came later into the field of organized charity. In the 70's of the last century a Society, modeled after a charity organization then functioning in England, was established at Germantown, in Penn-



Headquarters of the National Catholic School of Social Service, Washington, D. C.

sylvania, and thereupon followed "certain tentative and unsatisfactory experiments in clearinghouse registration of relief work. . . . The first real Charity Organization Society was established at Buffalo, in December, 1877. . . . Boston, Philadelphia and New Haven established similar societies in 1878, and Cincinnati, Brooklyn and Indianapolis followed in 1879. The society in New York was not organized until 1879" (Warner, *American Charities*, p. 443).

AN "Institute of Social Service" was organized in New York in 1898 by Josiah Strong and William H. Tolman, of which the purposes were: to gather facts bearing on social conditions; to interpret them by learning their causes and to disseminate the resulting knowledge for educational purposes. This organization had great vogue, and it received awards from various countries—from Paris (1900), St. Louis, Mo. (1904), Liège (1904) and from Milan (1906).

Coincident with the establishment of the Institute the first formal and technical instruction for social workers began in New York, and it was briefly announced as a "Summer School in Philanthropic Work." Courses given in the School lasted six weeks, and then was added a winter course of six months. In the following year the classes attending the course were organized as the "New York School of Philanthropy." By the close of 1908 four such schools had been established. Several years later an Educational Association of Training Schools for Social Service was begun, with a small membership. In the interim several colleges and universities had introduced courses in social work, and then there followed the Association of Professional Schools of Social Work. An expanded curriculum was the result, and many schools offered a course in social service with a view "to provide knowledge and more specialized skill in the prevention and the curing of social evils."

Recently there has been a great development in the number of such schools, and at the present time of the twenty-two schools which are members of the Association of Professional Schools of Social Work nine are classed as doing graduate work only, while eleven give both graduate and undergraduate training for social service.

To meet the social problems that come within the sphere of Catholic Action there now exists at Washington, D. C., the National Catholic School of Social Service, whose development has translated into reality the vision of those who projected it; and the work which it is doing proves incontestably that "it has a place in the normal development of Catholic life, in our educational system and in

the efforts of the Church to serve the social interests of the country."

It emphasizes the dictum that well trained social workers are rendering great service in "informing public opinion, in interpreting to legislators the tasks that must be performed through social legislation, in developing literature and in imparting new energy to the cultural forces of life."

Catholic faith is its informing spirit, and its objective is to give the best academic and practical training according to Catholic principles, so that its students may obtain the best that Catholic training affords and thus carry with them into their chosen field the message that Christ announced more than nineteen centuries ago: "I have compassion on the multitude" (*Mark viii*, 2).

The venture is a response to the oft-repeated commands of the Popes in recent years. Pope Pius X says in a *Motu Proprio* of December 18, 1903, that "it behooves Catholics to apply themselves assiduously to the study of the social problem," and his illustrious predecessor, Pope Leo XIII, says in the great Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*: "Catholics must take the initiative in all true social progress; to show themselves the steadfast and enlightened counselors of the weak and defenseless; to be champions of the eternal principles of justice and Christian civilization."

THE aim of the School, says its Director, Dr. Haas, is "to make productive scholars and, what is far more important, successful workers, vindicating in their dealing with unfortunates, individually and collectively, the wisdom of the Eternal God." He adds: "The School is the embodiment of an idea. Aspirations of justice may not remain mere aspirations. The tenets 'All men are equal,' 'Opportunity must be kept open to all,' 'Family life is most important' must receive more than lip service. They must be demonstrated to men and women as livable realities."

The National Catholic School of Social Service is an outgrowth of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, which owes its inception to the broad vision of the late Cardinal Gibbons and the indomitable spirit of the Rev. Dr. William J. Kerby, Head of the Department of Sociology at the Catholic University of America.

During a session of the Conference held in Washington during 1918 Bishop Thomas J. Shahan, then Rector of the University, said: "The National Conference of Catholic Charities has definitely closed the old parochial system of isolation and has opened an era governed by our new national outlook and the inspirations that come from it. It has tended greatly to correct extremes of conservatism

and radicalism by setting forth clearly and temperately the Catholic spirit and traditions of relief work, and by endeavoring to absorb all that is wholesome and approved in modern philanthropy. It has provided a place where the charity of Christ may meet scholarship and experience, and it traces the pathway along which all three may walk hand in hand for the better day for which we hope."

In 1918 the National Catholic War Council (later reorganized as the National Catholic Welfare Conference), in order to meet the need for social workers, instituted at Clifton, in Washington, a non-resident Catholic Service School at which the courses originally were given for six weeks; later the time of training was extended to three months and then to six months. Between the years 1918 and 1921 two hundred and ninety students received training at the School and entered the field of social service overseas and at home.

After the War the National Catholic Welfare Conference, through one of its subsidiaries—the National Council of Catholic Women—amplified the work done at Clifton and established a resident School of Social Service. In the autumn of 1921 organization was completed and academic work began, under the enthusiastic direction of a competent and devoted staff. Despite this, however, its early days were not rosy. Says Dr. Haas, its present Director:

"The idealism and sacrifice of many persons—Dr. John Burke, Dr. Kerby, Dr. Neill, Dr. Nicholson, Bishop Alter, Miss Regan, the officers and members of the National Council of Catholic Women—brought the School into being and during the trying years of its infancy actually kept it alive. Even at this early date their faith in the power of charity and justice has been justified handsomely."

Before the school had begun fears were entertained in certain quarters that it would be impossible to establish and equip a School of Social Service that would meet the academic standards of modern science, but the National Council of Catholic Women bravely met the challenge, and the School became a reality. The splendid site and well-equipped buildings, located in one of the most attractive residential sections of the National Capital, were purchased by the Council for \$350,000, of which the sum of \$200,000 has already been paid.

UP to the present the School has relied on contributions from individuals and organizations. Among the contributions may be mentioned a subsidy from the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Foundation of \$15,000, which has been given annually for the past three years. Apart from its pecuniary value this subsidy means a recognition of the real significance of the work done by the School.

In addition to these contributions several scholarships have been donated by individuals and organizations, making possible the enrollment of students who otherwise would find it difficult (if not impossible) to secure adequate training in social service.

Much, however, is still needed to enable the School to achieve its purpose, and an endowment fund is a prime requisite. This prospect has the cordial endorsement of the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. In a letter to the officers and directors of the National Council of Catholic Women the members of the Committee say, under date April 15, 1926:

"... The further commendable endeavor to provide for the National School of Social Service, which you have purchased and maintained without financial help from us, a sum of money that would free it from all debt, assist in the maintenance of the school and enable you to give financial aid to deserving Catholic young women eager to be trained in social service work receives our hearty approval and support. It is gratifying also to know of the widespread cooperation of our Catholic women's organizations in this work.

"The standards set by the School, the Catholic training which it gives, the residential life of the students, the thoroughly Catholic atmosphere are most encouraging in this day when there is so much need of Christian training that will keep pace with every academic advance."

THE academic status of the School is best evidenced perhaps by its affiliation with the Catholic University of America, whereby students of the School may pursue studies leading to major degrees, by fulfilling the requirements of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences set forth by the Graduate Council. When affiliation was effected Bishop Shahan, then Rector of the University, said:

"The Catholic University of America in affiliating the National Catholic School of Social Service . . . gladly took this opportunity to serve the interests of Church and country in the great field of Catholic Charity.

"The fundamental alliance of scholarship with social service gives promise of deeper insight into the causes of poverty, of more accurate interpretation of factors in it and of greater efficiency in serving the ideals of Christian justice. Medicine, psychology, economics, sociology, political science, ethics and history display in their new vigor and more searching insight a tendency to touch life immediately and to improve conditions in accordance with our accepted ideals. It becomes increasingly evident that mental training, a wide range of information and

careful methods are of paramount importance in developing the trustworthy leadership that social service now demands.

"The quality and range of Catholic activity in the field of Social Service are most imposing. The Catholic University is happy in the prospect of serving these interests by contributing in fullest measure to the training of qualified leaders among the Catholic lay-women and sisters, who are urged by a spiritual impulse toward the service of the under-privileged classes.

"The Catholic University is pleased by the results already accomplished by the National Catholic School of Social Service, and it commands to the sympathetic interest of our Catholic people the appeal of the School for prompt sympathy and generous support."

The National Catholic School of Social Service is in no sense parochial in its outlook. It aims to serve the interests of Catholic Social Service in a large way, to foster a national outlook on our social problems and on methods of dealing with them and to prepare trained workers whose services may be available wherever they are needed.

It endeavors to set forth the Catholic philosophy of life as related to Social Service and to interpret the spirit and needs of Christian charity in the field of relief. It endeavors to interpret the spiritual as well as the social content of modern problems and of constructive effort in the cause of justice.

Catholics do not seem to realize how tremendously important this School is; and they do not appreciate what its alumnae are qualified to perform. Writing of the school and its graduates, Dr. John A. Ryan, our distinguished economist, says: "They will create a socialized conscience by

bringing home to Catholics the extent to which social distress is due to social causes, and by making many Catholics aware of their own responsibility for the social causes. Because of their industrial position or because of their civic prominence Catholics are frequently responsible for much social evil that is done and much social good that is left undone. The trained Catholic worker is in an especially favorable position to make known to such prominent persons the facts about the social causes of distress. Moreover, the graduates of the School can contribute not a little toward making the general social conscience harmonize with Catholic principles. Through their contact with other social workers, particularly in local, state and national conferences, properly trained Catholic social workers can do much to check the spread and influence of erroneous social theories."

ALUMNAE of the National Catholic School of Social Service, though it is yet in the nascent stage, are, apparently, in great demand; and all of them are engaged in work that reflects creditably upon their *alma mater*. They are to be found in practically every section of the United States. Some of them are in Europe—in Belgium, France and Poland. Others have reached even the distant Orient and Australia.

When the School opened in 1921 it had twenty-four students; for the present scholastic year the enrollment has reached sixty, representing thirteen American States—Ohio, New York, Wisconsin, Missouri, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Kentucky, Washington, D. C.—and seven foreign countries—Canada, China, Germany, Hungary, Guatemala, the Philippines and Porto Rico.

Tabernacle

By Kenneth Leslie

WHERE did the love of Jesus go
After He left us here below?
Into the hearts that hated Him,
Into the spears that baited Him,
Into the scorn of the Pharisee,
Into the cross of Calvary,
Straight to the citadel of fear,
Blunting the point of the Roman spear,
Rusting the sword in its noisy sheath,
Lacing with thorns the Augustan wreath,
Through eyes of Stephen to soul of Saul,
Weaving and snaring and wounding all!

DECLARATIONS OF NULLITY

No. 12 in the Canon Law of Marriage

By

Adrian Lynch, C.P.

What is meant by a declaration of nullity?

A declaration of nullity is a decision rendered by a competent ecclesiastical court, after a thorough investigation, that a true and valid marriage never existed between two specified persons.

Is a declaration of nullity the same thing as divorce?

By no means.

What is the difference between a declaration of nullity and a divorce?

A complete divorce means the dissolution of the bond of a true and valid marriage; a declaration of nullity is a decision to the effect that the bond of a true and valid marriage never existed.

Is complete divorce, or the dissolution of the bond of a true and valid marriage, always and in every case prohibited?

It is the doctrine of the Church, which is founded on the words of Christ, that a valid sacramental marriage, that is, a marriage contracted between two baptized persons, which has been consummated, cannot be dissolved by any human power, and for no cause save death. (Canon 1118; Matt. 19:6.) Two classes of marriages which are really valid can be dissolved, not by the parties themselves, but by the authority of the Church, viz., sacramental marriages which have not been consummated, and the legitimate marriages of the unbaptized under the provisions of the Pauline Privilege. However, the Pauline Privilege does not obtain when a marriage has been contracted between a baptized person and an unbaptized person with a dispensation from the impediment of disparity of worship. (Canon 1120.) These exceptions were treated in detail in the September, 1931, and May, 1932, issues.

What are the grounds for a declaration of nullity?

The grounds upon which a declaration of nullity may be made are invalidating impediments arising from the natural, divine, or ecclesiastical laws, which existed between the parties at the moment of entering into the contract, or essential defects in the form, or solemnity of marriage. These grounds may roughly be summarized as follows:

(1) The parties did not agree to marry.

tract is invalid, and hence no marriage; for consent must be freely given by each party.

(4) If the parties do not observe the essential form, or solemnity of marriage, which binds all Catholics, viz., to be married before an authorized priest and at least two witnesses (except in two exceptional cases, as outlined in the February, 1932, issue), the contract would be invalid.

Please give an instance of a declaration of nullity on the ground that the parties did not agree to marry.

A celebrated instance of a declaration of nullity on the ground that the parties did not agree to marry is afforded by the case of Guglielmo Marconi and Lady Beatrice O'Brien. The latter agreed to enter into the contract of marriage with Marconi on condition that she might be allowed to seek a divorce from him if the marriage turned out unhappily. Marconi agreed to this condition. It was explicit and clearly understood by both parties. They separated after living together for a while and Marconi secured a civil divorce on the ground of her adultery. In 1924 he petitioned the Diocesan Court of Westminster for a declaration of nullity on the ground that the marriage between him and Lady O'Brien was null and void because the condition of future divorce was contrary to the nature and substance of true marriage. His petition was decided in favor of nullity by the Diocesan Court at Westminster, and later by the Roman Rota. It was proved to the satisfaction of both these courts that the condition of future divorce was an actual and real condition, and not simply an erroneous belief that marriage is dissoluble, and that their consent was attached to this condition. Consequently a declaration of nullity was rendered finally by the Roman Rota. (*Acta Apostolicae Sedis*, 1927, page 217.)

Please give an instance of a declaration of nullity where the parties were not free to marry each other because of an invalidating impediment.

If a man already validly married should attempt to marry another woman while his partner is still alive the second attempted marriage would be null and void on account of the invalidating impediment of *ligamen*, or existing marriage. The same thing would be true if between the parties attempting to marry any one of the

invalidating, or diriment, impediments given in the November, 1931, issue of *THE SIGN* existed at the moment of marriage.

Please give an instance of a declaration of nullity granted because the parties did not freely marry.

In order for a person to enter into the contract of marriage validly it is necessary to give a free Matrimonial consent. (See January, 1932, issue.) Ignorance of the nature of marriage, error, insanity, deceit, grave fear, coercion, and conditional consent, with a condition contrary to the substance and nature of marriage, nullify matrimonial consent, and hence the marriage itself. Thus, Consuelo Vanderbilt entered into the contract of marriage with the Duke of Marlborough because she acted under grave fear of her mother. In order to liberate herself from this fear she gave her consent to marry. It was proved to the satisfaction of the Diocesan Court at Southwark, England, and later before the Roman Rota, that this grave, unjust fear was the cause of her consent, and that she never validated the marriage later on by a new act of the will. (Canon 1134.) Hence, both tribunals declared the alleged marriage null and void from the beginning. (*Acta Apostolicae Sedis*, 1926, page 501.)

Please give an example of a declaration of nullity where the parties did not observe the essential form of marriage.

If two Catholics, or if one party only is a Catholic, attempt or attempts to enter into the contract of marriage before a civil official or a minister of a non-Catholic sect, or without the intervention of any authority whatever (common law marriage), the marriage would be invalid because of *clandestinity*. It is necessary for the validity of marriages in which at least one party is a Catholic that the marriage be witnessed by an authorized priest and at least two other witnesses. (Canon 1099.) The two exceptions to this law are treated in February, 1932, issue, under "Form of Marriage."

Are parties invalidly married always urged by the Church to petition for a declaration of nullity?

By no means. The Church earnestly desires that parties whose marriages are invalid should endeavor to have them validated, if it is possible, rather than have recourse to legal procedure for the purpose of obtaining a declaration of nullity. If marriage is attacked on the ground of defective consent, the judge should endeavor by opportune admonitions to induce the party, or parties, whose consent was defective, or lacking, to renew the same and so validate the marriage. If the marriage is invalid because the form of marriage was not observed, or because of an invalidating impediment which can be and

generally is dispensed from for sufficient reasons, the judge should induce the parties to renew their consent in the form prescribed by law, or to ask for a dispensation from the impediment, and thus remove the cause of their invalid marriage. (Canon 1965.)

What is to be done when the parties do not wish to validate their contract, or when the impediment existing between them cannot be dispensed?

In these instances they can proceed with a petition asking for a declaration of nullity.

Before whom is the petition for a declaration of nullity presented?

The petition for a declaration of nullity should be brought before the matrimonial court of the place or diocese where the marriage was celebrated, or where the defendant has his or her domicile or quasi-domicile, or, if one of the parties is a non-Catholic, in the place where the Catholic party has his or her domicile or quasi-domicile. (Canon 1964.)

What is necessary before a petition for a declaration of nullity can be recognized?

The board of judges cannot take cognizance of, nor decide, any matrimonial case, unless a regular accusation or a legal petition has preceded. (Canon 1970.)

Who may apply to the matrimonial courts of the Church for a declaration of nullity?

All the baptized may apply to the matrimonial courts of the Church for a declaration of nullity. (Canon 1960.)

Does this include baptized non-Catholics?

Yes, the cases of Marconi-O'Brien and Vanderbilt-Marlborough are instances of baptized non-Catholics applying for a declaration of nullity from the Church.

By what authority does the Church attempt to judge the cases of non-Catholics?

Decisions in matters of doubt and controversy belong to that authority to which the subject itself belongs. The Catholic Church by a proper and exclusive right has authority to judge in all cases of baptized persons. (Canon 1960.) It must be remembered, however, that the Church does not handle the marriage cases of baptized non-Catholics, unless the parties themselves request her to do so.

Is this not an unwarranted assumption of authority on the part of the Church?

By no means. Christ left but one authority to legislate for, administer, and judge in matters of sacred character. That authority is the Church. "Whatever in things human is of a sacred character, whatever belongs either of its own nature or by reason of the end to which it is referred, to the salvation of souls or the worship of God, is subject to the

power and judgment of the Church." —*Immortale Dei*, Leo XIII.

Who may present the petition for a declaration of nullity to the court?

Either one, or both, of the contracting parties may present the petition in all cases of separation or nullity. In impediments which are by nature public the Promoter of Justice may attack the marriage. Others, even though blood relations, have no right to attack the marriage, but only to denounce its invalidity either to the Ordinary (Bishop) or the Promoter of Justice. (Canon 1971.)

What is the constitution of the matrimonial court?

In all marriage trials in which there is question of the marriage bond itself the case must be decided by a board of three judges. A *defensor vinculi* (defender of the bond) must be summoned in all cases of nullity of marriage. It is his duty to uphold the validity of marriage until it is proved that the marriage is invalid. A notary is appointed to record the proceedings of the trial. (Canons 1576, 1967, 1968, 1969.)

Why is a "defensor vinculi" appointed in all cases of nullity?

It is a recognized principle of Canon Law, that once an act has been performed it is presumed to be valid, until proved invalid. This applies in an especial manner to marriage, which is a Sacrament, and indissoluble by virtue of divine law (Matt. 19:6). Therefore, when a marriage is attacked as invalid the burden of proof rests on those who petition for a declaration of nullity. The *defensor vinculi* maintains the validity of the marriage, until it is clear by at least a two-fold decision that the marriage is invalid. His office has been created in order to prevent mistakes in so serious a matter. For to pronounce a marriage null and void without sufficient proof is to run the risk of putting asunder what God has joined together. (Matt. 19:6.)

Please give in summary form the process to be gone through in order to obtain a declaration of nullity.

If the diocesan court, which is the court of first instance, decides in favor of nullity, the *defensor vinculi* is bound to appeal to a higher court. (Canon 1986.) The higher court of second instance may be either the metropolitan court of the archdiocese to which the court of the first instance belongs, or the Roman Rota. Usually, the appeal is made to the Roman Rota. If the metropolitan court also decides in favor of nullity, and the *defensor vinculi* (in this instance a different person from the *defensor* of the first instance), does not feel bound to appeal to the Roman Rota, the parties are declared free to marry after the expiration of ten days. (Canon 1987.) If, however, the *defensor* is unsatisfied with the second decision in favor of nullity he

appeals to the Rota, and if this tribunal also decides in favor of nullity, the trial is generally ended. Pending the decision of the court of second instance, and also of the Rota, in case of appeal from the metropolitan court, the parties are not free to marry again.

Are there any exceptions to this lengthy process?

When it is known from certain and authentic documents, which cannot be contradicted, or objected to, that a marriage was invalid because of the impediments of disparity of worship, Sacred Orders, solemn vow of chastity, *ligamen* (existing marriage), consanguinity and affinity within forbidden degrees, or spiritual relationship, and it is likewise certain (a) that the impediment existed, and (b) that no dispensation was obtained, in these cases the formalities mentioned above may be omitted and the Ordinary (Bishop) can declare the nullity of the marriage, after having summoned the parties, and having given the *defensor vinculi* the opportunity to examine into the case. (Canon 1990.) To the above list of impediments the Commission for the Interpretation of the Code has added *clandestinity*, followed by Civil divorce. (October 16, 1919.)

Why do you say that, after the Rota has decided in favor of nullity the trial is "generally ended"?

Because the *defensor vinculi* may appeal from the decision of the Rota to a still higher court, called the Apostolic Signatura, when the validity of the sentence of the Rota is attacked, or when the Rota refuses further appeal in matrimonial cases. (Canon 1603.) This is a special court to hear appeals from the decisions of the Rota. (Canon 1603.) However, appeal from the Rota to the Signatura in marriage trials is rarely made. But an appeal may be made from the decision of one "turn" of the Roman Rota to another "turn."

What is the Roman Rota?

The Sacred Roman Rota is a court of 10 judges, called auditors, who are chosen by the Pope from various countries. They are all Doctors of Theology and Canon Law. As a rule they hear matrimonial trials in groups of three, called "turns," each group sitting for a certain period, or session. But cases may also be tried before the entire court. (Canon 1598.)

May marriage trials ever be reopened?

Decrees in favor of nullity, even from the highest courts of the Church, are never "*res judicata*"; that is, they are never absolutely final. (Canon 1889.) A decree of nullity is a declaration to the effect that a true marriage never existed, according to the facts presented to the court. The decree does not alter the facts of the case, as they really

are. All that any court can do is to decide according to the facts as presented.

Why are decrees of nullity never absolutely final?

The reason of this norm of Canon Law is that marriage is indissoluble by divine law, and is presumed to be valid until proved invalid. If, therefore, after a declaration of nullity has been given, other weighty reasons, not considered before, are brought forward against the declaration of nullity, the case may be re-opened.

Of what use, then, is it to petition for a declaration of nullity, if the decree of the court may not be according to the objective truth of the case?

The benefit of a declaration of nullity is simply this: In a case of litigation over marriage the decision is given by that authority which has jurisdiction over the matter, and not by the parties themselves. For all married persons are subject to the laws of marriage, and with respect to the marriages contracted by the baptized, the authority to judge in marriage trials is, as said above, the Catholic Church.

*Does not the provision of Canon Law, viz., that declarations of nullity are never "*res judicata*," place parties declared free to marry again in a very precarious position?*

The marriage trials of the Church are so searching and severe that it is morally certain that decisions in favor of nullity will not be overthrown, and that parties whom the Church declares free to marry again need not be disturbed. It must be remembered that there must be at least two decisions in favor of nullity before the marriage is declared null.

Suppose that the declaration of nullity did not correspond with the real facts of the case, what then?

If the declaration of nullity did not correspond with the facts of the case, that is, the marriage was in reality validly contracted, it would not be true.

What would be the result of a declaration of nullity which was not true, or in accordance with the real facts in the case?

We may imagine two hypothetical cases. If the petitioners were absolutely honest in their presentation of facts, they could marry again with good conscience, if they have obtained a decree of nullity. They would not sin because they acted honestly and in good faith. If, on the other hand, the parties perjured themselves in order to obtain a declaration of nullity, and their perjured testimony was the ground on which their marriage was declared null, the decision would be erroneous. If they are really married the decree of nullity does not alter that fact. Therefore if parties obtain a decree of nullity over a valid marriage by knowingly fraudulent means they

could not in conscience marry again. And if they do, their second marriage would be invalid and bigamous, and they would be living in adultery. It is evident, therefore, that decrees of nullity from the Church are by no means "loop-holes for adultery."

Are not the declarations of nullity made by the Roman Rota commonly regarded as subterfuges for divorce?

Those who cavil at the judicial procedure of the Catholic Church in her matrimonial trials may so regard them. The criticism levelled at the declarations of nullity made by the Roman Rota is based generally upon a misunderstanding of the nature of the question. As said before, the matrimonial trial is not an attempt to dissolve the bond of a true and valid marriage, but an investigation into the alleged marriage in order to discover whether there was ever a true and valid marriage entered into. The question proposed to the Rota is simply this: "Is it clear that the marriage is null?" If it is clear that the conditions of the natural, divine and ecclesiastical laws were not observed, the Rota decides in favor of nullity. All fair minded persons must acknowledge that it is humanly impossible to obtain a more honest and searching investigation of matrimonial cases than that exercised in matrimonial courts of the Church, especially of the Roman Rota. Two points are kept clearly and constantly in view—the Christian law of marriage, especially its indissolubility, and the liberty of human agents. When it is established that some essential of the matrimonial contract was lacking, it is declared that a true and valid marriage never existed, and thus human liberty is safeguarded.

Is it not true that the Church multiplies impediments in order to furnish the faithful with legal expeditants for divorce?

By no means. Such a charge is unreasonable, in the first place, for no institution is presumed to be anxious to multiply its burdens; and matrimonial trials are a great burden. Some of the impediments and defects which nullify the matrimonial contract arise from the natural and positive divine laws; e.g., impotence, *ligamen*, ignorance, error, and lack of consent. Such impediments affect all men, for all men are subject to the natural and positive divine laws. Impediments which receive their invalidating force from the authority of the Church, and which affect only the baptized, are constituted for weighty reasons. Thus, the impediment of consanguinity is concerned with the individual and social welfare, both physical and moral. Again, the obligation to observe the form of marriage is for the purpose of safeguarding the matrimonial contract, which is preëminently a public, not a private, institution. Moreover, nulli-

fying impediments have been gradually reduced, and in the present Code of Canon Law they are more restricted than ever before. Nor must it be forgotten that nullifying laws are not peculiar to ecclesiastical legislation. Civil laws also demand the observance of certain formalities in the making of contracts, the defects of which render them invalid.

If marriage turns out unhappily, e.g., if the parties no longer love one another, if another party appears whom one of them could really love, if one party becomes insane, or loses his fortune, or his good name, is it possible to obtain a declaration of nullity on these and like grounds?

Absolutely no, provided the matrimonial contract was validly entered into between the baptized, and consummated. (Canon 1118.) Nothing which happens after a marriage has been validly contracted constitutes grounds for a petition of nullity. In grave cases and under certain conditions the Church will allow separation. (See May, 1932, issue.) Marriage, as the Rite of Marriage says, is "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do us part." In other words, marriage by virtue of divine law is indissoluble: "Wherefore, they are not two, but one flesh. What, therefore, God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." (Matt. 19:6.)

Do not position and wealth have more effect than anything else in obtaining declarations of nullity?

This is a common calumny against the Church, not only on the part of non-Catholics, but sometimes even by Catholics. It can be said in all truth that position and money have nothing to do with the declarations of nullity given by the matrimonial courts of the Church.

How much does it cost to obtain a declaration of nullity?

Ordinarily the charges are small, much smaller than those demanded in secular courts. If the petitioners are able to defray the expenses of the trial they are expected to do so. This is just. If, however, the petitioners are too poor to pay the expenses of a matrimonial trial, and their poverty is real and not fictitious, no charges whatever are asked. The courts provide legal assistance for them, and they receive as fair and impartial treatment as though they were able to pay the expenses.

As a matter of fact, however, is it not true that those with plenty of money and a powerful name obtain more decrees of nullity than poor and unknown persons?

The best answer to this charge is to give the record of the Roman Rota over a period of years. Periodically a review of the cases which were presented before it, and the decisions handed down are printed in the offi-

cial bulletin of the Holy See called *Acta Apostolicae Sedis*—"Acts of the Holy See." In answer to the charge that money is the cause of most of the decrees of nullity the following statistics will be of interest:

Period of six years ending in 1921

Number of cases heard	117
Number in which petitioners paid their own expenses	69
Number of those who were successful	46 (or 66%)
Number in which applicants could not pay expenses	48
Number of those successful	40 (or 83%)

Period of four years ending in 1930

Number of cases heard	207
Number who were able to pay	111
Number of these successful	39 (or 35%)
Number of those unable to pay	96
Number of these successful	40 (or 41%)

Apostolicae Sedis, 1922, p. 561

"	1928, p. 43,
"	1929, p. 78,
"	1930, p. 177,
"	1931, p. 89,

Is it not true that the Roman Rota grants a scandalous number of decrees of nullity?

The above tables disprove any charge of this kind. The best answer is to give the record of decrees of nullity granted by the Rota over a period of years. Thus—

Period from 1920 to 1930

Number of cases heard	442
Number of appeals from Rota decision itself	95
Number dealt with in second instance	347

Out of this number (347)

Number granted	175
Number refused	172
Yearly average of decrees of nullity	16

Is this not a surprisingly small number of decrees of nullity?

When one remembers that cases come to the Roman Rota from all over the Catholic world, which embraces all countries and all kinds and conditions of peoples (300,000,000 in number) it is certainly surprisingly small, and completely refutes the charges of wholesale declarations of nullity.

How does the practice of the Roman Rota compare with the divorces

granted by the civil courts of this country?

Much to the credit of the Roman Rota. Thus, it is seen above that during the period from 1920 to 1930 there was an average of about 16 decrees of nullity granted by the Roman Rota. During that same period of time there was an average of about 195,000 civil divorces a year granted by the courts of the United States. In 1930 alone in the United States, there were 4,370 civil annulments.

What is the most important difference between the granting of a civil divorce and a declaration of nullity?

The most important difference between a civil divorce and an ecclesiastical declaration of nullity is not in their relative numbers, but in the fact that the civil courts attempt to declare dissolved marriages which may be true and valid before God and the Church, in direct contradiction and opposition to the divine prohibition: "What, therefore, God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." (Matt. 19:6.) Ecclesiastical declarations of nullity, on the other hand, are decrees to the effect that no true and valid marriage ever existed, due to the fact that an invalidating impediment was present at the moment of marriage, preventing the contract ever coming into existence.

May parties whose alleged marriage has been declared null and void by the Church petition the State for a civil annulment?

With the permission of the Bishop such a petition may be made. If necessary in order to obtain a civil decree of divorce this may also be done with proper ecclesiastical permission for the benefit of civil effects.

What is meant by "benefit of civil effects"?

In order that the State may not prevent the parties whose alleged marriage has been declared null and void by the Church from marrying again, it will be necessary to avoid friction with the State by petitioning the State for a civilly legal annulment or divorce.

What effect has a declaration of nullity on the children born of a marriage which the Church has declared null and void?

Children born of an invalid marriage are really illegitimate, since the marriage from which they sprung was illegitimate. In case, however, each party or only one party, was in good faith as to the validity of their marriage, and the marriage was duly performed, the children will be regarded as legitimate, at least by the Church, provided the use of marriage was not forbidden them at the time of conception on account of solemn religious profession or Sacred Orders. (Canon 1015, 1114.)



WHEN GRANNY WENT TO SPLASHTON

BY
ENID DINNIS



THE doctor had ordered Splashton air for Adrian Duveen's particular form of "what's-the-good-of-anythingitis." The thought of it had bored him—in the course of nature, boredom being the outstanding symptom of his complaint. Not that one might not be forgiven for being bored in the circumstances.

Splashton was neither one thing nor the other. It was neither riotous like Margate or Blackpool—those famous resorts of the English proletariat—nor an abomination of desolation, like certain other places to which it would be libelous to give a name. It was an intermediate sort of watering place on the south coast, which was coming into prominence as possessing an air of its own.

Adrian took his place in a third-class carriage in the train which was guaranteed to achieve the journey to Splashton in one and a half hours from London. He was traveling third-class because he had not bothered to look for the first-class booking-office.

The compartment was occupied by three or four fellow-human beings. They had been made in the molds to which Nature seemed to have resort so often that one wondered why they did not get worn out. Indeed the countenances of one or two did suggest a certain blunting of the outlines. There were two or three young women whose faces had the family likeness bestowed by lipstick and paint, and one or two males—Adrian could not be bored to count them exactly—also merged into a type.

Duveen had secured a detective novel from the book-stall and hoped for the best (owing to his peculiar ailment he may indeed have hoped for the worst). There is a sameness about detective stories. Before he had read half a dozen pages he knew in the marrow of his bones exactly what he was destined to peruse.

The train had not yet started. He had been unduly early in catching it. Indeed "catch" had not come into it at all. You don't catch a train standing soberly in the terminus with no intention of budging for the next-quarter-of-an-hour. The gifted amateur in the story had already begun to outshine the Scotland Yard man when the carriage door was opened and Granny was thrust in.

Granny was followed by Alf, a young man in a cloth cap, who was carrying her luggage—a new and resplendent suit-case of the inexpensive kind. She was apparently the only intending passenger, but her escort included Alf's wife and "the kids" as well as Alf himself. They were crowding round the carriage window and were already beginning to admonish Granny to take care of herself and "be good," the latter joke being a particularly hard-worked one, as Granny was bound for the seaside, where it is so easy to play the giddy goat.

GRANNY was a highly respectable old body. Not aged and toothless, as Grannies are erroneously supposed to be by people who stage their romances on the cottage hearth. Her age would be somewhere round about sixty. Although it was summer, she was safely buttoned into a thick black cloth coat, and she had a black felt hat perched high on her head and white woolen gloves.

Granny was obviously not used to traveling. She sat herself down on the edge of the seat and gasped. When Alf had deposited her luggage under the seat a misgiving overtook her, and, turning to Adrian, she inquired of him, nervously, whether it were the right train for Splashton.

Reassured on that point—Duveen had closed his book and was actually taking notice of her—Granny made

for the window and delivered her final messages to the family. Alf, who had been somewhat huffed by the slight cast upon his *savoir faire* by his mother's question, was prowling about at a little distance waiting for the whistle to sound.

"Tell Florrie to take care of herself," Granny said, and Adrian actually found himself wondering what Florrie would be like. There was something exceedingly alive about Granny. Her name and address were written large on the label on her luggage, peeping out from under the seat: "Mrs. Bramble, Queen Victoria Convalescent Home, Splashton-on-Sea." The size of Granny's adventure had revealed itself.

Duveen's dormant imagination had begun to work. The minister and the Lady up at the chapel had probably conspired to bring about Granny's translation from one of the London slums to Splashton-on-Sea for a lurid fortnight, prefaced by a hectic bus ride to Waterloo Station and the sensational catching of the right train out of twenty or more, all presenting possibilities of taking one to the wrong place.

"The children will be sure to write to you," Alf's wife told the traveler. "Take care of yourself, Mother, and let us have a card when you get there."

THE train moved off. Granny sat herself down stiffly on her seat in the middle of the carriage. It had been paid for, but she had the air of taking somewhat of a liberty in classing herself among these experienced travelers. Alf had supplied her with a copy of the *Daily Something*. Granny kept her eyes steadily fixed on this between intervals of gazing stealthily out of the window. Her spectacles were packed away in the luggage, but it was evidently the thing to do.

Duveen returned to his novel. Men and women stuffed with straw! After a time he closed it and took a look at Granny, seated opposite to him. She was still grasping the *Daily Something* in her gloved hands. Granny was eminently a respectable body. Queen Victoria's Convalescent Home would not be lowered in tone by her sojourn there.

They were passing Greatminster, and the Cathedral had come in view. Granny was gazing out of the window on her right, furtively taking note of the unaccustomed green fields and distant hills and at the same time wondering if the children would remember to send her a line. Someone had the kindness to tell her that it was Greatminster Cathedral, and Granny said, "There now!" and cast another rather shame-faced glance that way.

"You are sitting there looking at me," said the great Cathedral to Grannie, while Florrie is turning the mangle, and the children would just love to be here. Shame on you!" The green trees and the cows had been reproaching her in the same way.

When they reached Splashton, Adrian helped Granny out with her baggage. She thanked him gratefully and addressed another nervous "thank you" to the company in general, apparently for having suffered her presence for an hour-and-a-half.

The Convalescent Home omnibus was waiting, and Granny's safe arrival at her destination was assured.

ADRIAN DUVEEN found Splashton quite as boring as he had anticipated. The hotel was comfortable enough, and Splashton was not deficient in amusements of a kind, but all this palled on Adrian. There was something lacking in life which Splashton air was no better able to make good than other treatments had been. The thing which most nearly succeeded in rousing him from his ennui was the sight of Queen Victoria's Convalescent Home, perched on the cliff, to the detriment of the scenery. He wondered how Mrs. Bramble, commonly called Granny, was getting on. He ran up against her one day in the High Street. Granny was busily engaged in shop-peeping. She was the typical cockney, and cockneys have this habit at the seaside. It was rather a setback to Adrian's vision of her drinking in the unaccustomed sea-breezes. He raised his hat and greeted his fellow-traveler. Granny was immensely gratified and not a little flustered by the unexpected honor.

"I was just having a look at the shops," she explained. "Such beautiful shops they are and such lovely things in 'em that it makes it difficult to choose."

Adrian noted, then, that she wore an anxious look on her face.

"One likes to take 'em 'ome some-

thing as they'd like," Granny went on. Mrs. Bramble was evidently intent on collecting souvenirs.

"If I were you," Adrian said, "I'd wait for a wet day for shopping. It's glorious down by the sea."

"Now, that's a good idea," Granny responded, politely, but with no conviction in her tone. She hesitated and cast her eye first at the sixpenny Bazaar and then at the turning which led down to the Esplanade. Duveen did not wait to see how the decision went. He continued his own way.

A DAY or two later the incident repeated itself. The day was gorgeous. He himself was in search of tobacco when he came up against Granny engaged in the same strictly urban occupation as on the other occasion.

"I've been having another look round," Granny said, greeting her acquaintance with great friendliness. "It's a bit hard to make up one's mind."

"It must be," Adrian said. "I haven't got any relations or friends who care about having souvenirs of the place I've been to."

"There now! To think of it!" Granny cried. She surveyed the poor lonely young gentleman with sympathetic interest. "Now, isn't that sad?"

"It's glorious on the front," Adrian said, "and there's a diver going down from the end of the pier. Have you been on the pier yet, Mrs.—er—"

"Bramble. No, I haven't done the pier yet," Granny said. "They say it's very nice there." Her eye turned towards the window of the shop near them. "There's nice useful little purses there," she said. "I'm just going in to have a look round."

"If I were you," Adrian said, "I'd go on the pier and let the purses go hang."

After that Adrian found himself looking out for Granny. On Sunday he caught sight of her coming out of the Catholic church. Another indoor occupation. Granny was not giving Splashton air half a chance. He called to mind a friend of his who had been the most alive of his college mates. He had turned Roman Catholic and gone to be a priest in the London slums. Perhaps he found life more colorful in those surroundings, usually described as drab, than he would have done as a man of leisure like himself.

One afternoon Duveen sighted Mrs. Bramble seated on a bench on the Esplanade, gazing out seaward. There was fine light on the horizon. Granny's gaze reminded Adrian of a woman whom he had once watched standing, motionless, on a rock on the shore of Western Ireland, gazing outward—a human replica of the gulls in her black shawl. He sat himself down on the seat next to her and introduced himself to her notice.

Granny was just a trifle startled.

"I was a-thinkin'," she explained, apologizing for her abstraction. "I was just a-wondering—" She paused and hesitated. "It's a strange thing to say to a gentleman," Granny said, justifying her connection with a Victorian establishment by the confession, "but I was just a-wondering whether I might take a pair of silk stockings home to Florrie. Not real silk, of course [Granny sighed], but a real nice pair."

"Why not?" Adrian asked. "It sounds a topping idea." (The nature part of Splashton was obviously thrown away on Granny.)

"You see," Granny said, expanding under the warmth of his sympathy, "a keepsake ought to have something to do with the place. I've got a lovely cup-and-saucer for Jane, my daughter-in-law, with a view of Splashton Town Hall on it; and a pin-cushion with shells all round it for Doris. Them two's off my mind; but a pair of stockings would be so useful for Florrie—a nice pair to wear on Sundays. But to think of me telling you all this!"

"I like to hear about it," Duveen assured her. "You remember," he added, "I told you that I had nobody who expected anything taken home to them."

Granny's face grew sorrowful.

"I shouldn't be talking about it to you," she said.

"Quite the contrary. How old is Florrie and what does she do on week-days?"

Granny's floodgates were opened.

"She's a good gell, is Florrie. The eldest, and she goes out to work and gives the best part of her wages to her mother; and none too strong she ain't, neither. Trouble with her chest since she was a baby, and the factory not good for it, but work's scarce these days, and she helps with the home. Fancy me talking of her with silk stockings. She wouldn't know herself in silk stockings. But I can get a nice pair of artificial silk ones for three shillings."

THUS Granny explained the secret of her contemplative mood. The gentleman seemed so interested to hear all about it. They would tease her if they knew about the young gentleman. They had told her to "be good." And to think that she had even consulted him about Florrie's stockings! One did odd things at the sea-side!

After that Granny was to be seen occasionally on the beach. She appeared to have staked out a claim under a breakwater. She was always alone, Duveen noticed. The fact was, the other convalescents, having a normal leaning towards the beach or pier, had found Mrs. Bramble disinclined to cotton on. When she did take to settling down quietly on the beach she had established a reputation as a solitary.

One morning Granny's solitude was broken in upon. The pleasant young gentleman, who never failed to salute her when he came across her, actually came and sat himself down at her side.

Poor lonely young gentleman. Granny's heart went out to him. They started a pleasant little chat about Peter's ambitions at school and were veering towards Bobby's visit to the hospital when suddenly Granny made an exclamation. "What's that?" she cried. "Someone's been and dropped something."

the type that would challenge the ancient adage, "findings keepings."

"Not much chance of finding the owner," Adrian said. "That must have been there for months. Look at the condition it's in. And look here, this coin is a franc. It was probably dropped by a visitor from France who went back weeks ago."

Granny turned the purse over in her hand. It was certainly very wet.

"They will know at the police station," she said.

"If nobody has enquired for it before now it will be your property," Adrian told her. "It will be what is

"I've no pleasant memories of Police Stations," she said, "since Bobby was lost, and we was sent for at eleven o'clock at night to fetch him home."

She insisted on Adrian taking possession of the purse, *pro tem*. When he met her in the afternoon, as had been arranged, he was holding it triumphantly in his hand. The Police had never heard of the purse, so it was hers by every legal and moral right. Granny took it, and her hands trembled a little as she counted the discolored coins.



"Some poor soul must have lost it. What a way they will be in."

The something, which was protruding through the shingle, proved to be a soaked and water-logged purse. Granny picked it up and examined it. "Some poor soul must have lost it," she said. "What a way they will be in."

She opened the sodden purse. It contained four half-crowns and a coin about the size of a shilling.

"My!" Granny said. "Lucky I found it. I must take it to the Police Station."

That was exactly what one would have expected of Granny. She was

called 'treasure-trove,' but I'm sure His Majesty the King won't want to claim his share."

GRANNY's conscience had nothing to say as to the legal aspect of treasure-trove, but she still stuck to the Police Station idea.

"Look here," Duveen said. "I shall be passing the Police Station on my way back. Let me find out for you if the purse has been reported as lost. If it hasn't it won't be now and if it has you can return it."

Granny jumped at the offer.

"Now you will be able to give Miss Florrie a pair of real silk stockings," Adrian suggested.

"There now, to think of that!" Granny cried. "The very thing I was saying to myself. I did think of them silk stockings when I saw that bit o' money this morning — God forgive me."

She started to polish the discolored coins with her pocket-handkerchief.

"The only thing is," she remarked, her face suddenly falling, "they won't be exactly a keepsake of the place, like."

"Wait a bit," Adrian said. "Why not have 'A present from Splashton' embroidered on each stocking. There's a needlework shop where I'm sure they'd do it for you, quite cheaply."

"Well, that's a beautiful idea," Granny cried, "but it might cost a lot; and I'm going home the day after tomorrow."

"We'll go and find out how quickly they can do it, and how much they will charge," Adrian said. He seemed quite excited over the affair.

"You see, there's the book that Peter might like. I want to get that as well," Granny said, as they went along together.

"I don't think embroidery costs much," Adrian said. "I had an aunt who did crewel work, so I know a bit about it."

"Poor young man," Granny thought. "I wonder how long his dear aunt's been dead?"

So Granny went to the big drapery store and bought a pair of real silk hose with three of the half-crowns, and met Adrian outside, where he had waited for her.

THE young lady at the art needle-work shop next door, with bright eyes and a dimpled chin, smiled ever so sweetly on Granny, and even more charmingly on her cavalier. Granny wondered if the young gentleman had ever by any chance bought crewel silks for his aunt at that shop? The work would be put in hand at once and the stockings ready the day after tomorrow. The charge made was extremely reasonable, almost unreasonable, in fact.

"You must go on the pier just once," Adrian told Granny. "It isn't really like a ship. It stands quite still."

"Well, perhaps I'll think about it," Granny said.

Adrian met her once more on the beach, by appointment, on the day of her departure. It was arranged so that he might inspect the embroidery on the stockings—Granny had become quite modern in her ideas!—with the critical eye of his aunt's nephew. Granny's attaché case contained not only the stockings but the entire collection of presents for the family.

"I thought as how you would like to see 'em," Granny said.

There was the cup-and-saucer for Jane. The shell pin-cushion for Doris. Where Granny had raised such an object, Adrian marvelled; she must have scoured the purleus of Splashton! Peter had got his book after all, "The Geological History of Splashton." Peter was bright and was going to a secondary school with a scholarship, and was great on books. And, of course, Florrie had her silk stockings.

"I'll tell them I had a bit o' luck finding the purse," Granny said. "Florrie's a good gell, and gells like to be smart now-a-days, and it's not

all of them that helps their mothers."

"Now, have you been on the pier, Mrs. Bramble?" Adrian asked her. Granny reddened.

"I did really mean to," she said, "but there was the cat, Tucker, I really did think that I'd like to take him a bowl for his milk, just for the fun of it, like; and that took the threepence. But I'm certain that the pier would have made me seasick."

"Are you sorry to have come to the end of your holiday?" Adrian asked. He asked it suddenly and as if he really wanted to know.

Granny cast a glance outward at the white-tipped waves.

"It's the first I've had for twenty years," she said. "It was the mangle as did me in. I never thought as I'd see the sea again and smell the seaweed—fancy, me! But I'm just longing to see what they'll say to them all." She glanced down at her purchases. "To think that I should be taking Florrie a real pair of silk stockings!"

Adrian Duveen helped her up the steps to the Esplanade. There they shook hands. Sea-side friendships have that tragic transitoriness about them.

He strolled back to his hotel. It had really worked out most successfully. It was far more interesting to make one's own stories—real ones—than to read other people's fiction, the prime sea-side occupation. It had worked out admirably. The intensive treatment with sand and sea-water had reduced the purse, obtained at the shop scrutinized by Granny in her search for useful presents, to the required condition. Salt-water treatment had likewise been successful with the four half-crowns; and the franc had been the touch of genius.

Granny's scruples had been foreseen and guarded against. He had told her no fibs—no one but a cad could have done that. It was perfectly true that the Police knew nothing of the purse. There had been one lurid moment when Granny examined it—she had spent so much time at the window of the fancy store where it had been exhibited, but all had been well.

He wondered what Florrie was like? Whether she was as charming in her way as that delightful girl in the Art Needlework Shop who had conspired with him so merrily over the embroidering of Granny's silk stockings for a "reasonable" fee, to be named when she called about it. If it had been a real story, that is, an invented one, he would have been there to see Florrie's face when she saw the silk stockings—or rather, Granny's when she saw Florrie's. It was really hard lines that this could not be possible, but in any case he could not have let Granny down by giving away her strange behavior at the sea-side.

ALL Adrian Duveen's friends were agreed that Splashton air had worked wonders on him. Particularly his friend, Father Clifford, whom Adrian dug out in his slum with the request that he would give him some further glimpses of real life.

Whether those further glimpses, and they were not a few, included a re-introduction to Granny and her family circle seems highly improbable, this story being a real one with the necessary limitations of its kind. It is more likely that Granny remained a "ship that passed in the night." But, at any rate, when Adrian Duveen goes to Splashton now-a-days it is certainly not to seek a cure for the "what's-the-good-of-anythingitis."

The Quarry

By John Gilland Brunini

HIS Voice had said to me—"These tools are thine
And this the quarry, where thy will is free
"And strong thy arm." Great joy then welled in me
That made my dreams dance riots of design
Until my raptured spirit lay supine
With dread of that first choice of symmetry.
Then came the wasting love of whirling glee
That stroked the years yet never carved a line.

This chisel rusted now, this mallet's weight,
These slackened arms, these grimed and marble planes,
Are sorry instruments to integrate
Such patterns, meshed in thin and heady veins,
That, unfulfilled and clear, would lay
Me open to frustration and dismay.

THE SIGN POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGN-POST

Questions ■ Answers ■ Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

PRIVATE REPLIES

J. C.—The General Motherhouse of the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception is located at 3037 Dauphine Street, New Orleans, La. Write to the Mother Superior for detailed information.

E. F.—The man's first marriage is presumed to be valid until it is proved invalid. This question must be decided by the matrimonial court of the diocese. A civil divorce does not dissolve the bond of a true marriage. See your pastor or communicate with the Chancery Office.

M. N.—Canon Law requires that the ante-nuptial promises must be made, as a rule, in writing. Since the recent decree of the Holy See on mixed marriages that rule has been made more strict. It would be necessary to know all the details of your case before giving an opinion.

C. D.—Under the circumstances he could finish eating the morsel, but he should not eat the rest of the meat on his plate.

H. D.—You can obtain from **THE SIGN** a pamphlet on the Index of Prohibited Books, containing a list of the better known condemned books, for 15 cents. The Separation of Married Partners and the Form of Marriage were treated in the February and May issues, respectively. The Council of Trent teaches that the Religious State is higher and more excellent than the Married State, but not that religious are necessarily more holy than married persons.

J. P. L.—The Missionary Servants of the Most Holy Trinity, General Motherhouse, Holy Trinity, Ala., is the community you inquire about. Write to V. Rev. Thomas A. Judge, C. M., at the above address for information.

J. K.—*The Book of Saints* does not contain an account of Blessed Arthur.

A. E. H.—We have no information with reference to Friday abstinence in Hawaii.

M. J. I.—We cannot find a Maynard among the saints.

G. McM.—Write to the Catholic Near East Welfare Association about the matter. The Propagation of the Faith, 462 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., publishes an interesting pamphlet on Gregorian Masses.

D. R. S.—Neither series of articles have been published. We expect to bring them out in book form later.

M. F. L.—Communicate with the Mother Superior, General Motherhouse, Sparkill, N. Y.

J. K.—*The Life of the Cure of Ars*, abridged from the Life by Abbé Monnin, can be obtained for \$1.30. The large life costs \$7.00.

E. P. G.—Communicate with Benziger Brothers, Park Place, New York City, with reference to books by Mrs. Sadlier and the picture.

F. V. H.—It is not necessary to know the fact unless for the purpose of an accurate confession, for the reason that circumstances alter cases. All penitents are obliged to confess all their mortal sins, not already directly absolved, in species and number. Confessors may or may not consider a penitent as married without questioning.

E. O'N.—*What Becomes of the Dead*, by Rev. J. P. Arendzen (\$1.75), answers all your difficulties about the inequalities of life and reincarnation. You ought not read the pamphlet submitted to you. It is contrary to Catholic doctrine.

Client of St. Ann—Write to St. Ann's Monastery, Scranton, Pa., for pamphlet in honor of St. Ann.

G. R. McD.—An "ex-nun's" diatribes against the Church and the clergy are usually best ignored. All right-minded people regard them with contempt.

A. A. A.—The confession was made with good dispositions, and he should not be disturbed. If anything important was omitted through forgetfulness, it is sufficient to mention it as forgotten the next time he goes to confession.

M. C.—His marriage must be investigated. If it was contracted since Easter, 1908, it was certainly invalid on account of non-observance of the proper form. A decision, however, must be rendered by the matrimonial court of the diocese. If the court decides that the marriage is invalid, he is free to marry again.

W. F. D.—You will find an article on Tibet in volume XIV of the Catholic Encyclopedia.

E. M. T.—If the proper form of marriage was not observed, that is, before an authorized priest and two witnesses, the marriage was invalid. According to New Code of Canon Law those who marry before a minister, acting in his religious capacity, but not before a justice of the peace, are excommunicated. Let him see his pastor.

M. R.—Write to Benziger Brothers concerning a Life of St. Gerard.

M. B. C.—The Passionist Sisters are located at 530 Dexter Street, Providence, R. I. Write to them for information.

J. C. F.—Your former engagement does not constitute an impediment.

M. S.—Teresa Neumann lives in Konnersreuth, Upper Palatinate, Bavaria.

C. H.—The phrase "without a dispensation" was used to substantiate the opinion that the marriage was null, because a dispensation would take away the invalidating impediment. With reference to non-Catholics the condition would hardly be verified.

E. K.—*The Hunchback of Notre Dame* is on the Index. None of Hawthorne's books are on the Index. The magazines you mention are not fit for you to read.

EMBER DAYS AND THEIR OBLIGATION: PERSEVERING IN PRAYER: ACTS OF CHARITY: SOULS IN PURGATORY

(1) What is meant by Ember Days, and how strictly are they to be observed? (2) Is it true that God often grants at the end of prayer what He refused in the beginning? (3) If a person made a promise to give a certain sum of money each week to charity, could he use the money as offerings for Masses for the Souls in Purgatory, or must he give it without making any stipulation as to how it is to be used? (4) Are the Souls in Purgatory able to pray for those on earth who ask their prayers? Is it possible for them to know who prays for them, and who ask their prayers? (5) Is a plenary indulgence sufficient to release a soul from Purgatory? If a plenary indulgence is gained just before death will the soul go directly to Heaven?

DORCHESTER, MASS.

(1) Ember Days are the Wednesday, Friday and Saturday which follow December 13, the first Sunday in Lent, Pentecost, and September 14. Ember Days is a corruption of the Latin phrase Quatuor Tempora—the four times or seasons. They are days of fast and abstinence according to common law. In most dioceses of the

country, however, by virtue of a Pontifical Indult workingmen and their families may eat meat once on the Wednesday and Saturdays of Ember Days, if abstinence is too grave an inconvenience.

(2) Spiritual graces which are immediately necessary, such as graces to overcome temptation and to fulfill a duty, are granted at once by God. But other favors He does not always grant immediately. Some graces, such as final perseverance, are not granted unless after long and constant prayer. And other benefits, natural as well as supernatural, God does not bestow at once because through persevering prayer He would have us better disposed to receive His favors.

(3) He is free in this matter. In these days of distress alms for the poor for the spiritual benefit of the Holy Souls are most commendable.

(4) The Souls in Purgatory know nothing of what happens on earth save what God is pleased to reveal to them. But it is the sense of the faithful that God's mercy moves Him to reveal the prayers and needs of the living to them, and at the same time inspires them to pray for the living. This is one of the consoling things about the Catholic doctrine of the Communion of Saints.

(5) If a plenary indulgence is fully applied by God to a soul in Purgatory the soul will be immediately admitted into Heaven, because all its purification will have been accomplished. But in order to have it fully applied by God it is necessary first of all that a living person fully gain it, and secondly, that God fully apply it. This application, of course, depends upon God's good pleasure. If, on the other hand, a person about to die fully gains a plenary indulgence he will be immediately admitted to Heaven.

GARIBALDI AND THE PAPAL WAR

Who was Garibaldi, and what was the nature of the papal war?

ALLSTON, MASS.

G. W. L.

Garibaldi was a soldier of fortune and ardent enemy of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. In the movement for a United Italy he played a conspicuous part. First in Sicily and later in the States of the Church he was instrumental in bringing about the consolidation of the numerous petty States into United Italy. The Papal War occupied the years between 1860 and 1870. At the latter date the City of Rome capitulated, after a gesture of resistance, to the troops of United Italy. King Victor Emmanuel II of Piedmont took up his residence in the Papal Palace of the Quirinal and permitted Pope Pius IX to retain possession of the Vatican and Lateran Palaces and Castel Gondolfo on the Alban Lake. This state of affairs was in effect until the settlement of the vexing Roman Question in February, 1929. Further information can be obtained by consulting the Catholic Encyclopedia, vol. XIV, page 266, seq. An interesting account of the Irish Brigade in the Papal Army is published by The Talbot Press, Dublin.

MARRIED BEFORE A HOLY ROLLER: EFFECT OF SUCH A MARRIAGE

(1) *Can a Holy Roller minister, who is without education and of his own accord starts a so-called church, perform a valid marriage between two unbaptized persons?* (2) *Can a person who has been married by such a minister, but who does not believe in such a religion, join the Catholic Church and marry a Catholic?*

TOLEDO, OHIO.

R. F.

(1) For the legality, at least, of a marriage between two unbaptized persons it is necessary to conform to the law of the State in which it is contracted. Whether or not a self-constituted Holy Roller minister would be considered a proper person to act as official witness at a marriage will depend on the law of the State.

(2) You probably have a specific case in mind. If so,

it would be better to see a priest, who will investigate. Of course, when two unbaptized persons marry, and one of them is converted to the Catholic Church, the Pauline Privilege might be invoked under the conditions laid down by the Church. (See May, 1932, issue of *THE SIGN*, page 604, seq.)

THE HOLY COAT OF TREVES

Will you please tell me if the cloak or mantle which Christ wore before and on His journey to Calvary is preserved to the present day? A neighbor who went to New Jersey some time ago told me that she had the pleasure of touching it.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

P. G.

The seamless robe which Christ wore during His Passion is said to be preserved in the Cathedral of Treves (Prussia), and is known as the Holy Coat of Treves. It was given to the cathedral by St. Helena, who discovered the true Cross of Christ. What your friend may have touched was probably a copy of the Holy Coat of Treves.

HELPING THE SOULS IN PURGATORY

What is the best thing we can do to help the Souls in Purgatory, having Masses said, or saying private prayers? Do you think that the Way of the Cross is the most efficacious prayer for them?

BOSTON, MASS.

A. P. C.

Looked at objectively, the most efficacious way to help the Souls in Purgatory is to have Mass offered for them. The Council of Trent teaches that it is a dogma of the Faith that there is a Purgatory "and that the souls detained there are helped by the suffrages of the faithful, but especially by the acceptable sacrifice of the Altar." In offering one's own prayers for the Souls in Purgatory the principal things to attend to are the perfection of the dispositions in which these prayers are said, and also the measure of sacrifice endured. Making the Stations of the Cross is peculiarly apt to elicit good dispositions and the spirit of sacrifice. Moreover, the Stations are richly indulged. A plenary indulgence, applicable to the Souls in Purgatory, may be gained as often as the Stations are made.

THE CRUCIFIX OF LIMPIAS

*I read about the Crucifix of Limpias in the November, 1931, issue of *THE SIGN*. Will you kindly tell me if a machine is used to cause the alleged motions of this wonderful crucifix? A well meaning friend is of this opinion.*

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

M. A.

Whatever may be the explanation of the alleged motions of the Crucifix of Limpias, it is certain that a machine is not used to produce them.

WORKS OF SABBATINI NOT ON INDEX

Which books by Rafael Sabbatini are listed in the Catholic Index of Forbidden Books?

GIRARD, PA.

None of the works of Rafael Sabbatini are listed in the Index of Forbidden Books. Their omission, however, is not to be interpreted as an approval of them.

POPE LEO X

I was asked by a non-Catholic whether or not Pope Leo X was ordained a priest in his seventh year, a cardinal at thirteen, and elected pope in his thirty-eighth year, but was unable to answer. Will you please tell me if these statements are true?

NEW BRITAIN, CONN., N. M., NORWICH, CONN., J. J. M.

Giovanni dei Medici, who later became Pope Leo X, was destined for the Church from his earliest years. He received the clerical tonsure at the age of seven, was invested with the insignia of the cardinalate in his seven-

teenth year, (though named cardinal in his fourteenth), and elected pope in his thirty-eighth. He was only in deacon's orders when elected to the papacy. On March 15, 1513, he was ordained priest, on March 17 consecrated bishop, and on March 19 crowned pope. Therefore he was thirty-eight when ordained a priest. What your friend may have considered his ordination to the priesthood was the conferring of the tonsure which is only the first step towards that office, and not the conferring of the priesthood itself. The cardinalate is not a sacramental order, but an office of ecclesiastical origin.

POPE FORMOSUS

I am inclosing one of Ripley's cartoons about the indignities heaped upon Pope Formosus. Ripley says—“believe it or not!”—that the dead body of Formosus was withdrawn from its sarcophagus and, clad in papal vestments, was seated on a throne in rigid and silent majesty, to stand trial for his pontifical acts. He was declared guilty of usurpation, all his acts annulled, the body was denuded of papal vestments, the three fingers which the pope used in consecrations were cut off, and his corpse finally thrown in the Tiber. Now, I can't understand this at all. How could a Pope, who represents Christ on earth, be treated like this?

PITTSBURGH, PA.

The reason given by Ripley himself in his explanation of the cartoon is the true explanation of these indignities. Pope Formosus (891-896) had crowned Lambert of Spoleto, son of Agilbruda, Emperor of the Romans, but later regretted this act because of the arrogant meddlesomeness of Lambert. He called to Arnulf, Duke of Carinthia, for assistance, and when the latter arrived in Rome, crowned him Emperor in place of Lambert. This aroused the violent enmity of Agilbruda. After the Pope died she prevailed upon Pope Stephen, successor of Formosus, to hold the trial above mentioned. At her instigation the corpse was abused and thrown into the Tiber. But the memory of Formosus was vindicated by Pope Theodore II, (898) who had the body, which had been cast upon the shore of the Tiber, solemnly transported to St. Peter's and given honorable burial. It is difficult for us in these days to understand such indignities. But we live in times far removed from the political intrigues and violent measures so common in past days.

E. C.

TRUE AND VALID MARRIAGE CANNOT BE DISSOLVED BY CIVIL DIVORCE

May a Catholic man who was married to a Catholic woman, and who later secured a divorce from her, be married again before a priest?

H. D. W.

The bond of a true and valid marriage cannot be dissolved by civil divorce, no matter between whom the marriage has been contracted. Therefore a Catholic validly married to another Catholic cannot be married validly again while his wife is living, even though he has obtained a civil divorce.

PRIVILEGED ALTAR: GRAVITY OF OBLIGATION TO FAST ON EMBER DAY

(1) *What is a Privileged Altar? (2) Is it a mortal sin not to fast on an Ember Day? (3) What should a boy named in honor of the Annunciation be called in English?*

ROXBURY, MASS.

J. A. P.

(1) A Privileged Altar is an altar to which is attached a special privilege by virtue of which a priest celebrating Mass there can apply a plenary indulgence to the soul of the deceased person for whom he offers the Mass.

(2) The obligation to fast on an Ember Day is a grave one. Therefore one who is bound to obey the law, that is, not legitimately excused or dispensed, is guilty of grave sin if he violates it deliberately in grave matter.

(3) It is strange that a boy is named in honor of

the Annunciation. It is more proper to give the name to a girl. In this case the English form is Annuciata. The male form would be Annuciatus.

N. B.—The other matter which you mention is only a trifle, which you ought to forget.

PAPINI'S "LIFE OF CHRIST" NOT CONDEMNED

To settle an argument will you please advise if “The Life of Christ” by Papini, translated by Dorothy Canfield Fisher, is condemned by the Church?

BEACH BLUFF, MASS.

M. M. D.

This is news to us. Pray, where did this idea originate? We have always been under the impression that Papini's *Life of Christ* was quite favorably received.

WHEN WAS BAPTISM INSTITUTED? REALISTIC PASSION ART

(1) *When was the Sacrament of Baptism instituted? (2) Has any painter or sculptor ever depicted Our Lord on the Cross as He really must have appeared, with His flesh all torn, etc. Is such a representation preserved in any place?*

Oil City, Pa.

F. F.

(1) There are two periods to be considered with reference to the institution of Baptism, viz., its institution and its promulgation as necessary for salvation. Since the Gospels do not mention the time and the Church does not define the question the Fathers and theologians have held various opinions in the matter. The more common opinion seems to be that Christ instituted the Sacrament of Baptism when He was baptized by St. John the Baptist in the Jordan. By so doing He gave to water the power of sanctifying. St. Thomas says: “a Sacrament is then instituted when it receives the power of producing its effect. Now Baptism received this power when Christ was baptized. Consequently Baptism, considered as a Sacrament, was truly instituted at that time.” The circumstances which attended the event afford a very strong argument to prove that Baptism was then instituted by Our Lord. The three Persons of the August Trinity, in Whose Name Baptism is conferred, manifest Their august presence—the voice of the Father is heard, the Person of the Son is present, and the Holy Ghost descends in the form of a dove—and the heavens, into which we are enabled to enter by Baptism, are opened. The necessity of Baptism was promulgated most solemnly by Our Lord before His Ascension into Heaven. (*Mark 16:15—Matt. 18:19*).

(2) The Germanic school of painters, notably of Dürer and Holbein, is conspicuous for realism. We are not able to answer your question in detail. Perhaps our readers may be able to enlighten you.

GEMMA GALGANI NOT A PASSIONIST SISTER

In the Sign Post of the May issue, you say in answer to the question: If Gemma Galgani was not allowed to enter the Passionist Sisterhood, why is she shown wearing the Passionist habit?—you reply, “In all the pictures which we have seen of her she appears clothed in a black dress which she wore out of a spirit of modesty and humility.” I have at hand a copy of the February, 1932, issue of The Cross Magazine, published by the Passionist Fathers of Mount Argus, Dublin. In it there is a picture of the Venerable Gemma Galgani. She is shown wearing a cloak somewhat similar to the cloak worn by the Passionist Fathers. And the badge of the Passion is attached to it.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

P. F.

The fact is that Gemma Galgani was not a Passionist Sister by profession, though she was one in mind and spirit. She had a great desire to join the Sisters, but was not admitted on account of her health. Father Germano, C. P., in his *Life of Gemma Galgani* says: “She had already as an act of private devotion made the

vows of religious profession. She was a religious and Passionist in mind and spirit, and bore the stigmata of His Passion on her body." He also narrates that when she was being prepared for burial one of the Sisters who attended her "clothed her in brown and on her breast placed the badge of the Passion, which is the distinctive mark of the institute." From what has been said it is clear that if pictures of Gemma show her with what looks like the Passionist habit and badge it is not meant to indicate that she was a Passionist religious in fact, but only in mind and heart. Strictly speaking, such pictures are not accurate because they do not correspond with facts, although they manifest her heartfelt longings.

CATHOLIC STATISTICS IN CITY AND COUNTRY

What city in the United States has a predominantly Catholic population? What section of the country is mostly Catholic?

LYNN, MASS.

Fall River, Mass., appears to have the largest Catholic membership in proportion to general church membership among cities in the United States: total church membership 97,436; Catholic membership 76,811. Rhode Island takes the lead in Catholic membership among the States: total church membership 452,044; Catholic membership 325,375. These figures are given by the United States Census of Religious Bodies of the year 1926 (*World Almanac*, 1932). The Catholic Church is strongest in the northeast and north central States. Catholics are more numerous in the cities, while Protestants are stronger in the rural districts. Yet Catholics rank first in thirty-three States and in the District of Columbia.

UNWORTHINESS OF MINISTER OF EUCHARIST DOES NOT AFFECT VALIDITY OF CONSECRATION

If a priest would say Mass in the state of mortal sin would the bread and wine at the consecration become the Body and Blood of Christ? Of course, this is not likely to happen for any priest who has a conscience, but I would like to have the teaching of the Church in this matter?

MERIDEN, CONN.

It is a doctrine of the Faith that sanctity, or the state of grace, is not required for the valid administration of the Sacraments in general. The Council of Trent teaches: "If any one shall say that a minister in mortal sin, provided he observes all the essentials, which pertain to the confection and conferring of the Sacraments, does not confect and confer the Sacraments, let him be anathema." This canon was directed against those heretics who taught that sanctity on the part of the minister of the Sacraments was necessary for their valid administration. Of course, it is understood that for the lawful administration of the Sacraments the state of grace is required. Otherwise, the minister would be guilty of sacrilege.

R. R. R.

BURIAL OF NON-CATHOLICS IN CATHOLIC CEMETERIES

In the March issue of THE SIGN, page 479, it was stated that non-Catholic members of Catholic families could be buried in a family vault, but not in a family plot. This seems to favor the rich, for only the rich have family vaults in Catholic cemeteries. Will you please explain this?

BUFFALO, N. Y.

After our answer had gone to press we discovered that the interpretation of the authority whom we quoted—Sabetti-Barrett—(*Moral Theology*, p. 1018, Ed. 1919)—was not entirely correct. In *The Ecclesiastical Review* of February, 1932, the question of the burial of non-Catholic parties of mixed marriages was discussed. In the above article it was stated that what the Holy Office

J. P.

had in mind when it tolerated the burial of non-Catholic members of Catholic families in family vaults was their burial in family vaults which were erected on private estates and not in public Catholic cemeteries. This arrangement, however, was not positively approved of by the Holy Office, but only permitted to avoid graver evils, such as grave fear of strife and quarrel, especially with the civil authorities. This may appear as a concession in favor of the rich, since it is most likely that only the rich will have family vaults on their estates. But it was not so intended. It must be remembered that non-Catholics have no right to burial in Catholic cemeteries, since they are not members of the Church. In some dioceses, however, provision is made for the burial of non-Catholic parties of mixed marriages, not other non-Catholic relatives, in Catholic cemeteries. Plots are set aside in unconsecrated portions of these cemeteries in which both parties are buried. But only the grave of the Catholic party is blessed. Thus, provision is made for the burial of both parties in the same place, and only the Catholic lies in consecrated ground. This indulgence is never granted unless the non-Catholic party has sincerely observed the ante-nuptial promises, and each case must be brought before the bishop of the diocese for his decision.

ELIAS THE PROPHET

Was Elias the prophet taken bodily into heaven? If so, is it true that he is supposed to come back to earth and die a natural death before the end of the world? Would he not continue to grow old during all these years?

ROXBURY, MASS.

C. K.

The Holy Scripture explicitly reveals that the Prophet Elias was translated bodily into heaven: "as they (Elias and Eliseus, his disciple) went on, walking and talking together, behold a fiery chariot and fiery horses parted them asunder, and Elias went up by a whirlwind into heaven (IV Kings 2:11)." Where this heaven is no man knows. The Church has defined nothing in the matter. But Catholic interpreters of Scripture teach that Elias and Enoch, (who was also assumed bodily into heaven)—"And Enoch walked with God and was seen no more because God took him (Gen. 5:24)"—are not in the Heaven of the Blessed, nor in the Limbo of the Fathers, but in some place specially prepared for them by God. It is idle to speculate where this place might be, and how they exist. Though the Scriptures are obscure with reference to the present abode of Elias and Enoch, they are explicit about the return of Elias to earth: "Behold I will send you Elias the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord. And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers; lest I come and strike the earth with anathema." (*Malachy* 4:5,6) The return of Enoch to the earth is not as clearly stated, but the *Apocalypse* (9:3-12) speaks of two witnesses who shall fight against Anti-Christ in the last days and will be slain and rise again and be taken into Heaven. These two witnesses are considered to be Elias and Enoch. Their return is one of the signs of the end of the world.

GENERAL THANKSGIVING

M. F. D., Brooklyn, N. Y. M. A. H., Beaver Falls, Pa. M. K., West Bridgewater, Mass. A. F. A., C. F. W., Philadelphia, Pa.

THANKSGIVING TO ST. JUDE

M. A. B.—I. McI., New York, N. Y. A. H., Jamaica Plain, Mass. E. L. O'B., New York, N. Y. A. B. C.—M. G., Dunellen, N. J. M. S., Somerville, N. J. M. R., Yonkers, N. Y. P. P., Brunswick, Me. J. H. G., Chicago, Ill. A. M. D., New York, N. Y. J. H. D., Quebec, Can. G. E. M., Pittsburgh, Pa. K. T., Brooklyn, N. Y. M. J. M.—A. F., Brooklyn, N. Y. K. G. S., Dorchester, Mass. E. A. K., Pittston, Pa. M. M., McKeesport, Pa. U. M., McKeesport, Pa. M. E. McB.,

Springfield, Mass. M. M., Jersey City, N. J. I. G., Appleton, Wis. Sr. M. B., St. Joseph, Mo. M. M. N., Peabody, Mass. M. T. B. Roxbury, Mass. M. A., Mt. Vernon, N. Y. S. O., Oakland, Cal. E. C., Pittsburgh, Pa. J. F. S., Berlin, N. H. J. V. S., Philadelphia, Pa. M. M. F., Jamaica Plain, Mass. M. S., Monongahela, Pa. C. W., Brockton, Mass. E. M., Jersey City, N. J. J. A. B., Pittsfield, Mass. D. J. L., Fort Wayne, Ind. M. M., Jersey City, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that THE SIGN has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who had been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10c each or 15 for \$1.

PARABLE OF THE UNJUST STEWARD

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I refer to page 610 of the May issue of THE SIGN, and your explanation of the text: "And the lord commanded the unjust steward, forasmuch he had done wisely." (Luke 16:8.)

This parable is one of the most important and the least understood. It should always be accompanied by an explanation. If delivered orally in the proper manner it would hardly need one. It puzzles those it is not meant for, and means nothing to those it is meant for. Even in an analogical sense, it is hardly conceivable that Christ would suggest such a method of salvation, inasmuch as it is highly dubious.

Christ the Man was occasionally ironical. I can imagine His quiet smile when "Son of Thunder" went over the head of the Apostle, and may even have evoked from within him the stimulation of a compliment. And I can also imagine our Lord delivering the text referred to above before a gathering of our good Catholic people, who are today responsible for modern banking methods, stealing through pool operations on the exchanges, who are the Robin Hoods of present day political corruption, and who participated, lock, stock, and barrel, with some of our Protestant and Infidel friends in reducing the workers of this country to a condition verging on starvation. Your explanation fails to satisfy.

BRONX, N. Y.

JOSEPH L. DOOLEY.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We thank our correspondent for giving us the opportunity of explaining this parable more in detail. That it is difficult of interpretation in every respect, and liable to be misinterpreted in favor of fraud is generally admitted. As Fonck (*The Parables of the Gospel*) says: "From the nature of the subject it is scarcely to be expected that all difficulties can be settled to everyone's satisfaction." And with respect to its misinterpretation, St. Augustine long ago remarked: "Some, by giving the Lord's words an evil interpretation, steal what belongs to others and give some of it to the poor, thinking that they do what is prescribed. But this interpretation must be corrected." (*Summa*, 2 3, q. 72 ad 1.) Nevertheless, we believe that the ordinary mind will find no difficulty in seeing that the point which Christ wishes to bring home to his hearers is not the injustice of the steward, but his shrewdness, or "wisdom" in feathering his own nest.

In our opinion the observation of our correspondent—"it is hardly conceivable that Christ would suggest such a method of salvation, inasmuch as it is highly dubious"—misses the point at issue. There is nothing dubious about the commission of injustice; that is certainly to be condemned. But the quality of shrewdness, or solicitude for one's welfare—that is a good quality in itself. Christ takes this lesson from every day life to impress

upon His audience, especially the Publicans (*Luke* 15:1) and the Pharisees (16:14), both lovers of money, and often acquiring it unjustly, that they ought to imitate the *solicitude*, not the *injustice*, of this Unjust Steward in providing for their true welfare: "And I say to you, make unto yourselves friends of the mammon of iniquity, that when you shall fall they may receive you into everlasting dwellings." (16:9). The contrast drawn between the "children of this world" and the "children of light" emphasizes the point that it is the *solicitude* of the steward which is held up for imitation: "For the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." To think that Christ should commend injustice in order to make friends of the mammon is blasphemous. "In no other way is the Unjust Steward proposed for our imitation, for in the fraud and injustice which he committed against his lord, it is clear that no one may imitate him." (a Lapide, *in loco*.)

We think that our explanation of the text, while lacking in clarity, was substantially in accord with the common interpretation of exegetes. We said: "The Steward's *ingenuity* is recommended by Christ to His followers, that they might make good use of *their* talents and material possessions in His service, especially in charity towards the poor." *Their* goods and talents implies that they have a just title to them, for only goods honestly acquired can be called *theirs*. A close reading of this sentence, we think, would have prevented misconception.

Even when wealth is unjustly acquired, it is an accepted principle of Catholic moral teaching that it must be given to the poor, or other worthy causes, when, for some *valid* reason or other, it cannot be restored to the injured parties; for no man can enrich himself from the property of another against the owner's will. In this instance, also, friends are made of the mammon of iniquity. It is the only way in which injustice in the acquisition of wealth can merit pardon. To do this is to practice wisdom.

That Christ would and does condemn whatever is unjust in present day finance goes without saying, though it is not beyond the bounds of probability to conceive that He might still be thought of as commanding the *zeal* and *solicitude*, which is exercised by men in making money, whether dishonestly and for dishonest ends, or even honestly, but very *earnestly*, as the proper spirit with which to do good with money which really belongs to them, especially in these days of acute distress, for the benefit of the poor and also of their own souls. Does this imply that Christ would have men commit injustice in order to do good? God forbid!

FOR NEW AND OLD WRITERS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The Fifth Annual Contest of the International Mark Twain Society will be for the best letter of approximately a thousand words on the subject.

"What I Consider the Most Representative American Novel from 1900 to 1931 inclusive, and Why."

The letters will be judged on three points: the reasons given, the literary quality of the letter, and the novel chosen. The best letter will receive twenty dollars, and the three next best a book. The judges will be Hamlin Garland, Temple Bailey, and Joseph Hergesheimer.

All contributions must reach us by August fifteenth.

THE INTERNATIONAL MARK TWAIN SOCIETY,
Webster Groves, Missouri.
WEBSTER GROVES, Mo. (per Cyril Clemens, President.)

CONCERNING CATHOLIC DEAF MUTES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

A friend recently sent me a copy of the February issue of THE SIGN with the following item marked out under the heading "Toasts Within the Month": "To James F. Donnelly of Richmond Hill, N. Y.—himself a deaf-mute—who has devoted the greatest part of his life to the preservation of the Faith among deaf-mutes." After reading

the item I thought it a good opportunity to bring before your large number of readers, the spiritual condition of our Catholic deaf-mutes in the United States.

We find that out of about 25,000 deaf-mutes of Catholic origin about two thirds are lost to the Church.

Father Thomas Galvin, C.S.S.R., some years ago compiled statistics showing that due to the attendance of Catholic deaf-mute children at non-Catholic schools, and to the small number of priests who know the sign language, three out of every four deaf mutes who were baptized Catholics, eventually lost the faith. Half of those, who were numbered as Catholics, were so weak, that it was only a question of time when they, too, would be lost. Conditions have not changed much since then. These are startling revelations, but nevertheless they are true.

As a remedy, Catholic schools for the deaf will have to be erected where they are needed, and some priests in every large city will have to learn the sign language. During the past two years classes have been formed at a few of our Redemptorist and Jesuit seminaries, to study the sign language, and while it will be a number of years before these seminarians are ordained, yet it is a great encouragement to know that at last something tangible has been done along these lines. There should be at least one priest in every large city to look after the spiritual welfare of our Catholic deaf-mutes.

We all know the power of the press, and in the case of our widely scattered Catholic deaf-mutes, it is even more powerful. In many cases, especially where there are no priests to preach to them, it is the only means of keeping their Faith alive.

At this point I wish to bring to the attention of our priests and hearing Catholics, the monthly paper *The Catholic Deaf-Mute*, which has been serving the Catholic deaf-mutes of the United States and beyond for 32 years. It is the only paper of its kind we have; it contains interesting information of the doings of all our Catholic societies of the deaf, an instructive Question Box and news of the activities of general interest to our Catholic deaf. It has the approval of practically every Bishop in the United States.

All the deaf of the land owe an immense debt of gratitude to Mr. James F. Donnelly, the Editor (a deaf-mute), through whose untiring energy and zeal the Catholic deaf everywhere have enjoyed so great a blessing for the past 32 years. The support of *all* of our Catholic deaf will keep this blessing among us always.

We earnestly beg our Catholic deaf-mutes who read this letter to subscribe without delay for so valuable a help to their spiritual instruction and general information about their fellow-Catholic deaf and their doings everywhere. We also ask our priests and hearing Catholics who know of Catholic deaf-mutes to inform them about this paper. The subscription is only one dollar a year, and may be sent to Mr. James F. Donnelly, 9111—116th Street, Richmond Hill, N. Y. The paper will be sent free of charge to those whom it will benefit in the way of religious instruction, if they cannot afford to pay. Mr. Donnelly will be pleased to receive correspondence on matters pertaining to the deaf.

(REV.) MICHAEL A. PURTELL, S. J.
Pastor of the Catholic Deaf-Mutes
NEW YORK, N. Y. of New York

EXTINCTION OR ACCOUNTABILITY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

You may be pleased to allow space in your journal for the following record of an actual conversation between two men lunching together:

The two were business men and about the average type of their class. One was a Protestant, active in the affairs of his church; that is, in the administration, of the selection of a minister, the care of the finances, etc. The other, a Catholic whose personal relation to his

church was confined to a regular attendance at Mass on Sunday. The subject of conversation between these two based (for the time being) upon a standard of Christian belief irrespective of any particular creed, was that dread alternative of human dissolution—extinction—or accountability.

Facing the prospect of extinction, neither of these men could resist a sensation of horror over such a fate. Whatever wealth of love and cherished memories might be lavished upon the dead, the inanimate clod of earth could never be stirred by the fondest tribute. At the mouth of the grave, even though the tears of loved ones moistened the earth that hid from them a dead parent, wife, husband, or child, there must always be a gruesome realization of what Shakespeare portrays in Hamlet. The grinning skull of Yorick is as a ghastly mirror reflecting to every man and woman the abhorred thing they must become. The Christian may have, must have, some hopeful anticipation as to the future after death but in a material sense alone he cannot but share with the unbeliever a certainty of what physical death really means. There may be among men doubts and speculation about immortality. There can be no doubt as to the actual facts of mortality.

In the conversation of which this is a record, when it came to the question of accountability after death the Protestant and the Catholic agreed to disagree. The Protestant, as might be expected, denied even for the vilest sinner an eternity of punishment in the life to come. The Catholic, however wanting he might be in the full knowledge of his religion, had a very acute realization of that doctrine of the Church—the Particular Judgment. As sure as at that moment he knew he was breathing and living, he was equally sure that in one second after the breath of life had departed from his body, his poor, naked soul would stand before his Creator for judgment.

Of these two friends at luncheon it is not to be inferred they were unusually serious-minded persons. They had, it is true, some distaste for mere commonplace, trivial gossip. Walter Lippman's latest article on world affairs or the encounter of Judge Seabury and Mayor Walker, even a game of golf in prospect, might be the burden of their daily luncheon talk. It was not often that such a serious and disturbing subject of "Extinction—or Accountability" obtruded itself upon their midday meal.

But for the Catholic it was not so easy to shake off the impression made by this conversation with his friend. More than likely in the silent watches of the night there would come back to him the words he had himself uttered with a deeper sense of their import and of his own responsibility. Depend as he might upon the infinite mercy of God, from his inmost being would be breathed out that cry in the Litany—"from a sudden and unprovided death, O Lord, deliver us."

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

JOHN C. JOSEPH.

THE LITTLE FLOWER MISSION CIRCLE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Many thanks for your encouraging words in the June issue of your magazine under the "Current Fact and Comment" heading.

We know it will interest you to hear that through your article we have already added two new members to our active list and we are confident that many more will join our growing ranks to further the cause of religious vocations in this way.

Our little quarterly is steadily gathering subscribers, and for your words of recommendation for it we are deeply grateful.

We earnestly ask you to remember our work in your prayers and we assure you that you will share in all the prayers and good works of all our members.

THE LITTLE FLOWER MISSION CIRCLE.
NEW YORK, N. Y. By Anna V. Curtis, President.

THE IRRATIONALISTS

By

Irving T. McDonald

HAVE you ever stopped to notice how invariably a group of people who publicly abuse a practice or a principle, seek to disarm criticism by naming themselves after the thing they violate?

Take vegetarians, for instance. Their purpose in life, as far as nutrition goes, is to subsist entirely on vegetables, and that imposes an obligation on the helpless carrot, bean and spinach that nature never intended they should bear. It outrages the proprieties of these humble creatures of root, leaf and fiber to demand that they, unaided, perform a service to man that should, by right, be shared by the burly steer, the lusty chanticleer and the husky hog. And after having callously, cruelly and tyrannically ridden rough-shod over the lowly lettuce, the broken-hearted broccoli, and the sorrowing brussels sprout, after making these excessive levies on the vegetable kingdom, the criminals, to save their faces, piously call themselves "Vegetarians." Diocletian, when he fed the martyrs to the wild beasts of the arena, could have called himself a Christian with as much authority. And Prohibitionists, after having deserved prohibition by demonstrating its impossibility, still call themselves "Prohibitionists." Even more striking examples of such perversity is to be found among the various modern schools of "philosophers." The psychologists who deny the existence of a "psyche" are by no means the only practitioners of this hypocrisy. There are those, for instance, who, after denuding human behavior of its only valuable element by denying its moral significance, insist on commemorating the mayhem by calling themselves "Behaviorists," no less. And then there are the Rationalists.

I must confess I have a weakness for Rationalists. They're not a bad sort, sometimes. They could be brighter, perhaps, but hardly more entertaining, and it's really their entertainment value that commends them to my affections. That, and their solicitude. For they worry a good deal about me, and try with patience and zeal worthy of a better cause, to save me from my Faith.

It isn't that they mind my being a Catholic in particular, for they do not discriminate between religions. Calvinism is no falter to their gaze than Shintoism; Congregationalism enjoys no more of their love than Mohammedanism; Buddhism repels them no more than Quakerism. No; the idea is, that religion itself is—well, just an error. For religion, they always trap me into admitting, neces-

sarily involves faith. And faith—well, I mean to say!

That's where they start to work—and do they work! Some of them are Serious Thinkers, without a doubt, and they are able to do the most extraordinary things with syllogisms. They seem to be totally unaware that syllogisms always are, or should be, ordinary in the first and best sense of the word, and that extraordinary ones, or even ordinary ones put to extraordinary uses, have no standing in the court of Logic.

For Logic is their supreme court, and they appeal to its laws to judge of the righteousness of their every argument. And they glory in the name of Rationalist because they believe it is the indisputable advertisement of an unconquerable system. This, in spite of the fact that it isn't a system at all, but a group of systems which are, to put it in a phrase that would have to command any Rationalist's respect, mutually repugnant. But, then, I don't suppose any Grade A Rationalist considers the rationalists of other schools as rationalists at all, but, very probably as religionists. That would straighten that out to the satisfaction of any rationalist I have ever met.

Naturally, I am not opposed to logic. In fact, and I make no bones about acknowledging it, some of my most intimate friends have been logical, and scarcely a week passes that I am not seen publicly with one or two of them. I even use a little logic myself, sparingly, and I have yet to experience a single ill effect from it. But I can take it, or let it alone. For while I believe in it as a means of information, for instance, I do not believe it is the only means of information, nor the most reliable, necessarily, nor by any means the best. And none of these comparisons is an actual criticism of logic to those who really know what logic is.

I HAVE never maintained that Rationalists do not know what logic is. That position could not be supported. They do know what it is, and they know what they can do with it, as anyone who has ever met a Rationalist has had ample opportunity to observe. Where they get into difficulty is through not knowing what logic is *not*, and through a most curious ignorance of what can *not* be done with it. And nowhere does this defect show up with quite so scintillating a

lustre as in their challenges to religion.

In season and out, there is no bait with which to hook an active, well-conditioned Rationalist better than religion. They'll go without a meal any time for a chance to worry a believer, and although any kind of a believer will do, there is a special lure that attracts them to us poor things who are Catholics. There's no doubt about it, once you understand rationalism, Catholicism is your fairest target; unless, of course, you happen to understand Catholicism. But in that case you're not apt to be a Rationalist.

IT IS A typical performance of theirs to ridicule our Faith because we take so much of it on faith. That, needless to say, is not the way they put it themselves, for it does look rather silly when its phrased like that. It points right out how highly illogical it would be to take Faith on any other grounds. Indeed, the only other grounds you could find would be reason, and if you took it on reason, believe it or not, it wouldn't be Faith.

Faith, they insist quite truly, has no foundation in logic. That is not to be disputed, for it is imperishably true, and they see it as clearly as we do. What they do not see at all clearly, or even obscurely, however, is that logic, to which they have such devotion, has no foundation except in faith, to which they have none. It is enough to consider the amount of faith that is ingredient in the most infidel of syllogisms to understand the hilarious state to which the worship of reason has gone in its repudiation of faith.

All logic, to start at the bottom, rests on four primary principles, Contradiction, Identity, Causation, and Excluded Middle, which, unless my memory of Junior dialectics fails me, as it frequently does in other contexts, may be expressed something like:

Nothing can be, and not be, in the same reference,
at the same time.

Every being is its own nature.
Every event must have a cause.

Of two contradictories, one or the other must be true. Now these principles are obviously true, as any good Rationalist must agree. And they are quite as obviously impossible to prove logically, as even a very poor Rationalist would have to confess ultimately. Hence, the very foundations upon which the entire science of rationalism rests must be taken—oh, shame of shames!—on faith.

If I knew a man who, in spite of a blameless life, was continually looking over his shoulder in fear of arrest, I should think him crazy. If he wanted my advice, I would tell him to forget his worry and adopt a kindly, instead of a defensive, attitude toward the police, and to give them the feeling that they'd be horribly embarrassed if they ever made the mistake of hauling him into court.

THE mental state of such a man, you say, would be abnormal, and so it would. But it's surprising how many Catholics carry around under a generally competent exterior, this apprehensive attitude of the criminal toward Society. "Any charge you may make against my religion," they seem to advertise with a grim set to their jaw and a flashing eye, "can be disproved. If I can't disprove each and every one specifically myself, there are agencies that can. We can protect ourselves quite perfectly against aggression." It is significant, I think, that people of this fixation frequently have to depend on "agencies that can." Somehow, it may be remarked in passing, those who are qualified to defend the Church, have different and better manners.

Belligerency, in a worthy cause, is surely better than submission. At least it is militant, and has all the virtue of loyalty and adhesion, although it may get tiresome once in a while. The continual balancing of a chip on the shoulder is wearisome exercise. There are types of aggressors, of course, who ought to be handled in no other way, and it is a pleasure to see them promptly and properly sat on. Ordinarily these are the nitwits who have had raked up for them some of the old, moth-eaten slanders against the Church, and who, lacking the intelligence to investigate them, have the malice to circulate them. The starch in such characters wilts rapidly before the heat of a just wrath.

But your Rationalist is not of these, and such treatment is ineffectual. He questions skillfully, but it isn't information that he seeks any more than the circus acrobat who climbs on the shoulders of other acrobats is seeking the roof of the tent. He is only showing off, in hope of applause. His reliance is in his logic, and his only advantage lies in the chance that his opponent, whom he selects with caution, is less expert than himself. He is a duellist of showy technique, but he insists on choosing the weapons, and they are invariably syllogisms. My favorite Rationalist set out one Friday evening to "convert" me. At two o'clock Saturday morning he was still at it. By two-fifteen I got sleepy, so I turned him off.

He began by challenging the fact of Creation.

"Since science teaches us," he began smoothly, "that matter is in-

destructible, it is easier for me to assume that it has always existed, than that it was ever created."

I agreed with him, of course, for he didn't know what he had said.

"Eh?" He sat up and almost dropped his pipe. "You mean to say you believe as I do?"

"Not at all. I only agreed with what you said."

"But I said that matter has always existed, and that it was never created."

"You did not," I contradicted him candidly. "You said that it was easier for you to assume that matter has always existed. That was your statement, and that was what I agreed to. Nothing more than that it is easier for you to assume one thing than another. And if mere assumption satisfies you, what are you kicking on? Personally, I prefer something a little more substantial in the way of a foundation."

I suppose I shouldn't have done it, for it only whetted his appetite. It was my tobacco we were smoking, too.

By two o'clock in the morning he was still rationalizing about matter, and denying the existence of everything else. In a burst of vainglorious ambition he boasted that he could describe anything I would name, in terms of the senses. He guaranteed to give me the color, form, weight and all other material characteristics of anything I wished, in order to convince me that everything is matter, and nothing spirit.

I CONSIDERED the proposition for a moment. It seemed too good to be true.

"And you'll tell me the weight of whatever I name, too?" I asked, a little incredulously.

"Absolutely!" he declared. "Name your object!"

"The Rock of Gibraltar."

"The Rock of Gib—Aw, you're kidding."

"No, I'm really in earnest. I've often wondered if anybody knew what that thing weighed. How much does it?"

"Oh, don't be silly," he said peevishly. "I mean something you think is immaterial."

"How can I expect you to succeed there, when you can't tell me the weight of an object I think is material?"

"That's a flimsy pretext," he sneered. "Are you afraid to try it?"

I got up and stretched. I did it a little stagily, I admit.

"All right," I yawned, knocking the ashes from my pipe. "I would really like to know the color and the shape—never mind the weight—of the nexus of that syllogism you sprung a few minutes ago. Don't hurry with it. I'll call around for it in the morning."

That concluded the session. And I hadn't had to ratiocinate once during it.

Another apostle of "Reason-above-all" likes to compare the truths of religion with known fact, to the detriment, as he supposes, of the former. His favorite used to be the old agnostic cry that has echoed down the centuries, and which is unable to reconcile the existence of God with the acknowledged experiences of misfortune.

"The idea of God," he would shout, "is inconsistent with the fact of pain, and the fact of evil!"

Now that can be answered logically and in good syllogistic form. But it takes a lot of time, in the first place, and, most important reason, it puts the burden of proof on innocent shoulders. So when the little man howled his objection at me in the garden one afternoon, I rested on my hoe and thanked him civilly for his confidence.

"It's always interesting to know what other people think," I told him tritely. "For my part, the idea of non-God is impossible to reconcile with the undoubted facts of Happiness, and Good—and what are you going to do about that?"

I have lost his friendship. But I try to bear up, for I'm told he doesn't use that argument any more.

SERIOUSLY, though, I am genuinely and sympathetically sorry for the Rationalists. The only reason, I am firmly convinced, why they denounce Faith, is because they haven't the remotest notion of what Faith is. That is really the reason why so much of religious argument is futile. The disputants inhabit different spheres of thought. While they are speaking the same word, one is thinking only of the conviction of faith, while the other thinks lovingly of the glorious Gift of Faith. They begin their dispute too far from the central facts and, until they agree on these central facts, it will be impossible for them to agree on the consequences of these facts. A man can never be convinced of the validity of Ash Wednesday, for instance, who rejects the whole principle of the Atonement, nor will one regard intelligently the cult of the Little Flower who will not accept the Communion of the Saints.

To those, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, whose appreciation of Faith is less than full, I recommend the attitude of Madame Lucie Delarue-Mardrus. Confessedly without religion, this talented Frenchwoman has enriched the literature of The Little Flower with her pen. In her book, *Sainte Thérèse of Lisieux*, she says: "That I have no religion is due to no act of will on my part. When pious friends ask me why I have no faith it is as though they said,

"Why are you not a millionaire?"

"I answer,

"Because I lack the millions. Give them to me."

POROUS PLASTERS and WOODEN LEGS

By Ig Nikilis

Timid Suggestions

To help our dwindling Treasury in this crisis, may we meekly submit the following tax suggestions?—

Ten cents every time anybody brilliantly discovers or observes that times are "awful."

Two cents for every inane utterance that gets into the Congressional Record.

Five dollars for every man that votes dry and drinks wet.

Fifty cents for every false prophecy made by our inspired political leaders during the past three years.

A nickel for every ounce of the colossal ego which keeps politicians running for office instead of for dear life.

Money Talks

ONE would think that New Yorkers, famous for their devotion to the Almighty Dollar, would at least be so familiar with the appearance of their god as not to be deceived by counterfeits. Not so. A clever imitation of a ten-dollar bill is having a very successful career in the metropolitan area and will likely inspire many creations like unto itself.

In these days of money-bags for outlaws, tin-boxes for politicians and thin hopes for everybody else the average citizen has been so long divorced from a ten-dollar bill that his memory has become misty. Naturally he can be "taken in" more readily than ever before. Anything that looks like money satisfies him mightily, and he would deem it a combination of sacrilege and ingratitude to question any greenback's character. Thus a counterfeiter's paradise has risen.

Well, we've had so much of the counterfeit in modern life that we haven't much right to be too startled by this latest phase. Counterfeit complexions, lips, cheeks, eyelashes and hair; counterfeit business-reports, as the story of the stock-market reveals; counterfeit optimism; counterfeit law, fostering the very conditions which it professed to kill; counterfeit education, denying or deriding the very principles that would make a human being something better than an animal; counterfeit religion, larded up in largely profitable chunks by A. McPherson and such; counterfeit this, that and everything.

The poor little ten-dollar bill, marked B27723486A, is probably the tiniest crease in our present rolling sea of falsities and American pretense. It's time—tragically over-time! —for Truth to rise from the flood and change the senseless scene.

Fugitive

HAVE everything your own way and be lonesome. Thus has—and is—the skunk.

Modern thought is a ferment in the mental stomach, often caused by too liberal a diet of bologna and applesauce.

Russia is like the doctor who, in order to amputate a patient's leg quickly, used dynamite.

Maybe we're wrong, but Communism seems to us to be the doctrine which would smash up the wealth of the world so that each individual could have two-cents-worth of it.

Just in Passing

FOUR thousand rats had their legs broken at Yale in order that Dr. Samuel Clark Harvey, professor of surgery, could learn how broken legs mend. It would be well—wouldn't it? —if our social surgeons could only break the heads of four or more thousands of our gangsters in order to learn how the broken bones of American morale could be mended.

Well, there doesn't seem to be any difficulty for the U. S. A. to maintain an open door policy so far as the well-known wolf is concerned.

Most of our rich people spent their winter at home this year. It was all they had to spend.

It is being alleged that college-boys do not enter politics because politics is too dirty. Besides, racketeering is less messy and more profitable.

While demonstrating to a detective how his client shot a man Attorney Allen Kent of Detroit shot himself to death. Could any demonstration be more convincing! And it wouldn't surprise us, either, if the detective were from Missouri or from a correspondence course and wouldn't accept the exemplification at all.

People

THEODORE MILLER EDISON, youngest son of the great Thomas, has a patent on a device to eliminate vibration from machinery. We trust it will prove applicable to our present national financial structure.

Prince Youssef Kamal, of Egypt, wants to be known simply as Youssef Kamal. That's probably better than not being known at all.

Monkeys—swarms of them—recently dominated the Viceregal Capital of New Delhi. At Washington, however, the recent disturbances seem to have been caused by herds of jackasses.

Mrs. Robert Patterson Lamont, Jr., daughter-in-law of our Secretary of Commerce, made her theatrical debut recently in *Rain*. We trust her performance was not all wet.

Walking the Color-Line

THE Methodist Episcopal Church at its recent thirty-first General Quadrennial Conference, equipped itself with a big spiritual eraser and rubbed out the Color-Line.

Alas, this good deed was done so easily as to arouse suspicion that, really, it wasn't done at all. Anyhow, we'll have to wait a while to determine results. The Methodist Church has been rather famous for enactments that look better on paper than in practice: for example, Prohibition. ('Nough said.) And if the Color-Line could have been obliterated merely by words and gestures, it would have been nothing but a memory years ago. But human nature yields slowly, even (and perhaps especially) in the direction of what is sanest and best.

After all, it is only the Methodist Episcopal Church of the North, where the Color-Question has never been so inflammable as in the South, that "abolishes" it. The great Southern division of this Church is as strong as ever, apparently, for racial distinctions and old Jim Crow.

Betimes, it is illuminating to recall the ideas which a Protestant colored man himself, Dr. E. W. Byden, once expressed on the significance to his race of that Institution which is not sliced into Northern and Southern sections but is beautifully one: "The thoughtful and cultivated Protestant Negro cannot read History without feeling a deep debt of

gratitude to the Roman Catholic Church. The only Christian Negroes who have had the power successfully to throw off oppression and maintain their position as freedmen were Roman Catholic Negroes—the Haitians. And the greatest Negro the Christian world has yet produced was a Roman Catholic—Toussaint L'Ouverture. In the modern ecclesiastical system, as was the case in the military system of ancient Rome, there seems to be a place for all races and colors."

Quick, Henry, The Flit!

THE halls of Congress, according to our President, are "haunted by locust swarms of lobbyists."

And why, pray?

Where there is muck, there are always flies and such; but aren't there any brooms and mops and—shovels—in Washington? Any social soap and water? Any legal Flit?

It is whimsical to have our Chief Executive bemoaning a condition as if it were insurmountable, instead of taking measures to remove it, as all citizens expect him and his innumerable helpers in officialdom to do. Strange as it may seem, it is the duty of the servants of the people to keep the halls of Congress politically clean. If they don't, who will? And if it were not pretty evident that Congressmen were "good pickings," the hungry locusts would be far away from them. Eliminate the filthy lucre, and the flies will go with it.

It is criminal to attempt to influence the decision of a judge. Why should it be any less so to bribe or intimidate the leaders of the nation? When lobbyists shall have been duly extruded from the halls of Congress and intimately introduced to jails, our Government will doubtless be one.

Would-Be Wisdom

MANY a man's tongue blackened his eye.

A good appetite (in this era) is bad manners.

A fat head makes a lean income. When a man bites a dog, that's Prohibition.

All shirk and no pay (to the Government) makes Al Capone a cell-boy.

All are not ordinary thieves that dogs bark at.—Some are bank presidents.

Ambition is the last infirmity of noble minds.—Most senators are not ambitious.

A man may cause his own dog to bite him.—Provided, of course, that such a man hasn't taught the animal to respect the pure food law.

An empty purse fills the face with wrinkles.—Which may explain why we've been having, of late, such an abundant national harvest of personal prunes.

Taxes

THE lighter the brains of our Congressmen, the heavier the taxes of our country.

The only draw-back to the plan of heavily taxing huge incomes is that there aren't any.

All things have their ups and downs but taxes. The latter seem to experience only ups.

These be the topsy-turvy times when one has to try to get a loan from his bank, or else turn boot-legger, in order to pay his income-tax.

The fellow that first figured it out that two could live as cheaply as one never dreamed that Uncle Sam would move in as star-boarder.

If Congress should tax nuisances, crooners alone could balance the budget.

Maybe if an amendment prohibiting taxes were added to our Constitution, people would at last like to pay them.

Yawn of a New Era

WOULD it not be a charity, in these weary times, if the poor public were spared the long-winded futility of Congressional demagogues? Citizen Jones opens his evening paper, and settles back hopefully: only to be confronted with the usual escapade of American Natural Gas from Washington. The resources are to bear up, laugh outright, or cave in with a yawn. Most of us Joneses, perhaps, indulge the last.

Once, 'tis said, Talleyrand, sitting in an open carriage with an empty-headed, loud-mouthed diplomat, saw another vehicle passing by, with an occupant who was yawning vastly. "Hush!" hissed Talleyrand, grabbing the talkative diplomat's arm. "You are overheard."

When a nation yawns, Congress should be happy with a realization that America is, at least, listening.

Court Scene

THE JUDGE:

You say your wife assaulted you with weapon fierce, and deadly too.

Now tell us what the weapon was And why she broke your nose and jaws.

THE HUSBAND:

She hated every little way Of mine: my size, my brain, my pay.

Her temper grew red-hot and hotter, Till she beat me up with a—er—fly-swatter.

Discovered

ONCE a public speaker, interrupted by a prolonged hiss in his audience, hotly challenged: "There are three things that hiss—a snake, a

goose, and a fool. Will you come forth that we may identify you?"

Recently some of our leading citizens, among them Alfred E. Smith and Nicholas Murray Butler, sent an earnest plea to Congress to rise superior to politics, balance the national budget and pass a tax bill "fair to all." Could any procedure have been more praise-worthy? But they were, so to speak, only hissed at for their pains by certain congressional snakes, geese, or fools.

Fortunately, however, the hissers, in this case, are identifiable, whether they come forth or not. And this circumstance may well be kept in mind, when votes are being cast in the near future. After all, Congress can get along admirably without a menagerie or a lunatic-asylum annex, and there is no especial reason why anti-common-sense hissing should be tolerated for long in the leadership of the nation.

World News

WHILE we keep fearing that Europe won't "come across," China is at her wit's end with worry because Japan did.

There is a strain in the relations between Russia and Japan. Well, even in one's own little domestic circle, relations usually entail a strain.

The helping hand which everybody offered in the Lindbergh kidnapping case seems to have been all thumbs.

Even Pussyfoot Johnson himself admits that there may be something wrong with Prohibition. That's like a man with a black eye conceding that a fist may have come in contact with it.

There are no ills in the world. If you don't believe it, ah! then, you are away behind in your advertisement reading!

Green Thoughts

THE British banner is at present fluttering wildly in a lot of Gaels. Ireland appears to want peace, not pieces.

Fancy John Bull playing on a harp for centuries.

From the day English interest got well-grounded in Ireland, the trouble-crop began.

Unable after seven hundreds years to "lick" Ireland, England seems to have decided that the best manoeuvre would be to give Irishmen just enough freedom to let them do it themselves.

If Ireland were only allotted dominance at Geneva, what a punch there'd be in those peace proceedings!

No wonder England finds so much trouble in Ireland! She's always piquing.

England is willing that Ireland should have the harp, provided that she doesn't insist on having also the crown.



THE LONGBEARD'S JEST

And they that passed by, blasphemed Him, wagging their heads, and saying: Yah! Thou that destroyest the Temple of God, and in three days buildest it up again: Save thy self, coming down from the cross. In like manner also the chief priests mocking said with the scribes one to another: He saved others, himself he cannot save. (St. Mark 15:29-31.)

THE Evangelist's artless description brings the scene around the Cross vividly before our eyes. These cackling old men wagging their beards live for ever in the graphic phrases of the text quoted.

They enjoy their joke immensely, repeating it so that none of its savor may be lost. There is a sort of hysteria in their senile mirth. They have been under a terrible strain. These last few hours they have been filled with anxiety. There were so many ways in which their plot might have missed fire. It needed clever handling to prevent the people interfering on behalf of the Nazarene. A false move and, instead of supporting the authorities, the mob might have taken it into its head to rescue the Prisoner; things like that had happened before. One never knew what the fickle-minded crowd might do, and Jesus had been very popular with them. Or, again, Pilate might have proved as obstinate as he had been on other occasions. As it was,

By
Daniel B. Pulsford

he had consented through what seemed a fluke—that lucky reference to Caesar.

But the biggest danger was the Accused Himself. Who could have guessed that He would give Himself into the hands of His captors so tamely—He who had driven all before Him in the Temple? A Man said to work miracles was a difficult proposition to handle. One never knew. But the danger was over now. They had Him impaled safely. Never again would He trouble their sacerdotal nerves. So they could afford to laugh. The day was theirs.

REACTING from the previous strain, the greybeards passed their jest from one to another, shouted it at the Crucified, embroidered it and then flung it with fresh zest into His mysterious silence, arguing from that silence that He could not answer; that, in the long controversy between Him and them, they had the last word. A great day for the old men. How they chuckled!

It certainly was true that He had saved others and now seemed incapable of saving Himself. If His threats to destroy the Temple had anything in them, if He was what He declared He was—why, let Him

come down from the Cross. But this impotence, where His own life was in question, on the part of One so ready to exercise power for others was something they did not understand.

THEY were familiar enough with the sort of person who remains impulsive while his neighbors suffer disaster or while public interests are imperilled but who wakes up and becomes energetic directly he himself is touched. Yes, that kind of individual could be reckoned normal; it was the way ordinary humanity behaved. It was of men like that the world was composed. Therefore the fact the Nazarene allowed Himself to be arrested, led away and crucified without resistance must mean that His claims were false. The argument seemed clear, irrefutable.

But this reasoning had one flaw. It overlooked the fact that this Man is God and that God's ways are not as ours. The idea of the Divine Helplessness was beyond them. There was one there who could have told them that He Whose impotence they were deriding had once been a feeble Infant in her lap, yet none the less all-mighty in power. A disciple stood near who could have informed them that, while his Master had fed the multitude in wilderness, He Himself had often gone hungry.

This paradox of love was nothing new to them. They had observed it again and again. But the Jerusalem

wits did not trouble to interrogate these witnesses. Had they done so they might have received some light on the matter. Mary and John had been familiarized by degrees with this aspect of Jesus' character. The fact that He Who might (and according to ordinary notions, should) have exerted royal prerogatives was not concerned for Himself had grown upon them. His utter selflessness had had time, in their case, to make itself known in a thousand little ways.

THAT He had come into the world solely to minister to others, that He had never dreamed of using His infinite powers for His own advantage, but had been ready on all occasions to use them on behalf of people too poor to make any return—this amazing thing they had observed with growing wonder. Some, noting it, had supposed that He was reserving a due display of His supernatural prowess to the last. He was, they imagined, only hiding His thunderbolts. They could not believe that He would persist in His defencelessness to the extent of letting a rabble have its will with Him.

But it was evident now that there were no hidden thunderbolts, no dramatic self - vindication which would show His enemies how they had been fooled by the pose of weakness. Nothing of that sort! It took most of them some while to grasp the fact that He was determined to make a complete sacrifice, but they realized it at last. They learned then that the arguments of throbbing brow, cramped limbs, parched tongue, obscene jest, blasphemous insult, heartless mockery had been quite unable to prevail on Him to assert Himself.

And when they did grasp the fact it shattered all their conceptions of kingship. It made the pride of emperors look foolish. The idea that the Universe is governed by One Who offers no self-defence, One Who will fetch and carry for the least of His creatures and Who has a passion for self-sacrifice is the most revolutionary that every entered the mind of man. That those who had not known Him intimately should not rise to the level of His Divine generosity should not be inexplicable. Had they been merely perplexed, dumfounded, it would have been, in a sense, excusable.

One could understand it if the rheumy eyes of an ecclesiastical caste had blinked at the dazzling splendor of the Cross. But what does damn them in our sight is that God's infinite, self-forgetting love, His refusal to lessen by one iota the price He must pay for human redemption should become the subject of a ribald jest. They stood before the supreme Spectacle of all time, and, because they didn't understand it, their wrinkled faces were contorted into a leer.



Calvary may puzzle us. We may fail to appreciate its significance. Its impact on our hearts and minds may be dulled by insensitiveness. We may even seriously debate whether it is possible for God so to demean Himself. When the skeptic exclaims at anyone believing that a Man executed for some obscure crime in a remote part of the Roman Empire nineteen hundred years ago was God, we can perceive his difficulty and sympathize. We are quite aware that the Cross is a paradox and confounds all the ideas of the natural man; it is what we are always saying. But that they who looked upon the apotheosis of love, its crowning miracle, could salute it with cackling laughter—that is the supreme infamy.

ONE may have a measure of respect for those to whom the Gospel is "too good to be true" and who record their disbelief with a sigh. Such men at least perceive the grandeur of the conception of God it presents. They may call it a fairy tale but they wish

the "fairy tale" were fact. The pagan sadness with which many resign themselves to the verdict of their unenlightened reasoning merits our pity, and, when they declare us fortunate in being able still to believe, our hearts ache for them. But the infidelity which deals in sneers is a different matter. One does not tell a child that his father is dead with a cold-blooded smile on one's face, still less with a cruel witticism at the expense of childish sorrow. Yet a Voltaire and his modern counterparts can go about the world telling men that the Story which has been the strength and comfort of untold millions is a myth, and do it as if it were a great joke.

THE chortling atheist is a monstrosity. It is before the unbeliever which breaks into the sanctuary of prayer with a vulgar guffaw that one stands aghast. The heartlessness of those who propagate their doubts and denials with profane jest is a revelation of callousness difficult to

understand. Think how the long-beards' joke must have sounded in the ears of Mary if you would measure the cruelty of such humor!

AND the irony of it is that unconsciously these fiercely prejudiced men paid one of the greatest tributes to Our Lord that ever fell from human lips. "He saved others, He cannot save Himself" declared a far greater truth than they realized. Jesus was the subject of more than one such tribute. The evil spirits cried out that He was the Son of God. Those sent by the chief priests to apprehend Him excused themselves for not doing so by reporting, "Never did man speak like this man." And then there was that tremendous truth which Pilate ironically nailed to the Cross, "Jesus of Nazareth: King of the Jews."

In the course of its history the Church of Jesus Christ has provoked endless criticism, and it is a striking fact that, if all the praises of the Saints and the arguments of its defenders were lost to us and there were left to future generations only what its enemies had said of it, it would still be possible to infer from these adverse criticisms that it was a divine institution.

Their very contradictions imply a many-sidedness which no human organization could possess. A body which is at one and the same time accused of other-worldliness and of interfering too much in the affairs of this world, of despising art and yet alluring Converts by its aesthetic appeal, of moral laxity and yet of a harsh severity, of showing undue favor to the powerful and rich and

yet of being preeminently the Church of the humble and poor, of being bound by the traditions of the past and yet of having developed its doctrines and practices out of all recognizable connection with primitive tradition, of being proud and exclusive and yet of having welcomed into its fold all of every class and race, of approving of celibacy yet of encouraging, by its ordinances respecting marriage, an undue growth in the population, of having maintained a too conservative attitude with regard to the position of women and yet of having exalted a woman to a degree beyond that of ordinary humanity, of having initiated military enterprises such as the Crusades, and yet of presenting for our admiration a type of saintliness devoid of manliness—a body, I say, which is accused of all these conflicting things (and the list might be vastly extended) is clearly of an extraordinary character.

THE Church's critics are as varied as its membership. Pagan and Puritan, Atheist and Polytheist find common ground in attacking her, and this can only mean that she "stands four-square to all the winds that blow," that she is central, opposed not to some partial evil but to evil as a whole, the focal point at which all the lines of truth meet. Unwittingly her foes, by the wide variety of their criticism and its inherent contradictions, have supplied her with a supreme argument.

The very ferocity of the attack bears witness to her power and authority. Men do not grow passionate about dead issues. It is useless to tell

us that Catholicism is defunct and at the same time to keep up a fusilade of arguments against her dogmas and institutions. If she cannot save herself from becoming obsolete and forgotten, why all this trouble to get her crucified? So harmless an antagonist does not call for such measures as are taken to combat her "errors."

THE very men who sent an armed crowd swarming into the quiet vineyard of Gethsemane to arrest a single Individual derided Him on His seeming impotence. They pursued their tactics with bated breath and in deadly secrecy, yet laughed at His inability to offer any resistance. How many times have we been told that the Church is a moribund body! How many times has it been asserted that modern science and democratic freedom have killed her! How many times have not the "advanced" and the "intellectual" insulted her by their scornful references to the "decline" in her power!

It is the very frequency, however, of these assertions that awakens suspicion. The very eagerness with which any sign of seeming failure is welcomed indicates an unspoken dread that she may not be as dead as supposed. The longbeards' mirth at sight of the Crucified's flowing blood was delirious. They could not contain their joy that their great Antagonist was at last done with. But that very day they were asking for a guard to watch His grave. Did not even they suspect that nails and hammer and a wooden beam are useless to keep out God if He wishes to enter our world?

THE ALIEN

By Theodore Le Berthon

the long months in the hospital. Why couldn't it be just a dream? Might he really waken some morning from this dark dream? But the "dream" lingered, day in and day out; worry wrenches his nerves, worry over his promising young life having been "knocked into a cocked hat." He suffered excruciating spasmodic pains in his abdomen, and recurrent heart palpitations, and much of the time lived at an alert tension of terror, a high pitch of fright and despair.

He was desperately hoping to find, at the core of a curious fantasy that he broodingly encouraged, that it had all never happened—the accident, the terrible night of the amputations,

There were going to be visitors, old friends, aunts, uncles and cousins, and some local persons of note who had read of his misfortune in the newspapers. That he was the famous Professor Phillips' son was another factor in the attention he attracted. Then he remembered that his father would be unable to be at his birthday party, as he had to give a lecture on Comparative Morphology at the University. He wished that no one would come. He thought: "If Mother and Dad only understood that I like to be alone. I grin like an ape, laugh and joke with all these people, but I'm scared stiff inside. I'm sunk."

In a disturbing sense of kinship with the whole mad, vast universe from which he was now isolated, he

thought he understood why animals crept into corners, and shrank and pressed themselves into crevices to die somehow with decent privacy. For more and more he suspected that he might not have long to live.

He savagely shook his head from side to side and closed his eyes tightly, to dismiss tears of utter resignation that came into his eyes as he noticed—as he had on the past few mornings—that the dancing cups he once won were no longer on the little mahogany tabouret in the corner, nor was his football headgear hanging from the crossbar made by his fencing foils. And his mother, with frightened face, had changed the subject the last time he asked to see his scrap book. She seemed bent on hiding his things. He had taken a sad, reminiscent pleasure for several months in glancing back over a few old newspaper photographs of himself in football togs in the scrap book. He especially liked the full-length one—the one that appeared two years ago, just before the game with the State University. It depicted him kicking, getting off a long punt. But now the scrap book had been hidden. Everything was disappearing, every link he had felt with active, meaningful life.

EVERY morning when Howard awoke he hoped his parents would leave him alone as long as possible, and at times hated himself for feeling so alien to them. He knew the very worst thing he could do was to brood. But somehow he liked to be alone, to think, to talk to himself. It seemed to him there were two voices in him, in almost incessant dialogue. He knew some of the fellows from the college would be over, and he would greet them with a great cheerful smile. He knew he would say gaily, "Well, I think I could skirt right end for about forty yards, I'm feeling so doggone good." But of course he would be scared stiff inside. And he would covertly note a glistening in big, handsome Harry Wiggins' eyes, and he would know, in a way of knowing he had acquired, that the others were wincing from his comedy, straining to be jolly and casual, and quite over-doing it—especially in telling him how fine he looked.

He just wanted to be alone to think, to take stock, to adjust himself. But, of course, he inevitably fell to day dreaming, always enacting the same scenes: The spell of his roadster's headlights that made the green leaves of a certain tree seem magically close and ominous, like a thousand dark daggers, glistening. Vivian, in her light, airy, intrepid way, swinging out of the darkness into the seat beside him. "Did I keep you long, dear?" "No."

Why, he thought, as he had thought over and over again so many times, had Vivian played such a

frightful rôle in his life? To what end? Why had she first teased him about his niceness, then provoked him to giddy expectations, and then ridiculed his clumsy advances, so that he felt himself a foolish and rather unclean bungler? Why, angry with himself and her, had he driven back towards her home that night at such a terrifying rate of speed? Hadn't it been because speed was like a drug? You could not think... Now, if he had it to do over again—And then—when they would have been home in five or six minutes more—why had she suddenly, without warning, after a quarter of an hour's silence, thrown her arms around his neck and kissed him so fiercely? Why, feeling as if a paralyzing force was holding him to the soft, warm cushions of the car seat, had he tried to thrust her away... too late... only when that tree rushed forward...?

He had loved her. She did not dare deny that. They had been engaged seven months before the crash. But in less than a month she had married.

Her father had come over to have a talk one night. "You understand, Howard, now don't you?" he had asked, as if throwing his daughter and himself on the mercy of a legless youth. Yes, Howard understood. Later he heard she was drinking a great deal—that one night she slashed her wrists with a razor blade... a doctor had been summoned in time...

It was all a very odd dream, Howard thought. Funny, he never had seen Vivian since the awful moment she flung her arms around him and kissed him....

"Happy birthday, son! Ready to get up?" queried his mother's practical, confident voice from the other side of the door.

"Let me rest another hour in bed, won't you, mother?" he replied, with something of stand-offish dignity.

"All right, son," she advised in a sweet, chiding voice through the door, "only remember that the Christian Science practitioner is coming at eleven, and the d-d-doctor—your father insists on his coming, dear—will be here at twelve."

HOWARD felt a great sorrow rising in him. At the hospital he had come to have a solid respect for doctors. But why must he endure that practitioner, that bland white-haired baby-faced old man? To spare his mother's feelings.... "But I can't stand that babble about error and matter—I can't.... And I don't want to complain to Dad.... I don't want a family quarrel.... He'd get ironic with her.... and I only want peace.... Mother just feels that way about things. She's adamant because she's convinced. And I know how restless, how strained and unhappy she is when Dr. Andrews calls. Yes, that's suffering she goes through, I guess. Poor Mom! The way she smarts

under it when he asks her, in that crisp, commanding voice, to get a tea-spoon or a glass of water or the thermometer. What a cruel position mother's in—to have to take orders from a doctor!"

HOWARD tried to stop thinking. His stomach, he felt, was "jumping up and down." "Some day," he moaned almost inaudibly, holding his abdomen, "I won't be able to stand it longer."

He could not stop thinking. He was all wound up—a thought-clock that seemingly must run on forever. "Poor Dad! The guilty look he wears. He'd like to console me and he doesn't know how. He hasn't anything to say to me and he knows it—after all the things he told me for so many years. What can a poor biology professor like dad do in a case like this? He'd said, so many times for years: 'Son, in all my researches, I never had been able to find the faintest trace of the existence of a God, or of a heaven or hell. There is only nature—and nature is sometimes ruthless. And we must reject the uncheckable. We must never permit the wish to be father to the hope. We must be hard-clear thinkers to the last.' And now, since I've been this way, he seems afraid. He walks in and out on tiptoe half of the time. He keeps looking at me as if he wanted to say something he can't say, that he doesn't dare to say, and I can't imagine what it can possibly be. Oh God, Oh God, Oh God...."

Howard turned to face the mirror.

"Gee," he murmured sheepishly—that agonizing pain still racking his bowels—"the movies lost a swell leading man when they lost me. No fooling, I'm good-looking as any of them. And if mother only wouldn't have taken that scrap book away. Wasn't I president of the dramatic class? Didn't the paper say I was a great Julius Caesar...?" Suddenly he realized he was talking in a low tone to himself and—blushed. Suppose someone should come into the room? That bland, empty-faced, white-haired practitioner... or...

"Darling," there was his mother's voice again, "shall I bring you some orange juice?"

"No, mother."

"Better get up soon, dear."

"All right, mother."

He got to wishing he was back in the hospital. It had been nicest after they had transferred him to a ward. He had made a hit. Most of the rest of them were cripples. They liked him. He liked them. All of them seemed to understand things better than the fellows at school who called on him occasionally and looked self-conscious. One evening a cripples' quartette was formed. When the others heard his baritone they stopped respectfully. "Gee, you'd make a hit in the talkies," a blond

one-armed fellow had suggested. "They're making musical comedies in pictures now, and with your looks and your voice, say . . ."

Howard smiled dreamily at his reminiscences. He remembered how they would insist that he sing to them every night, just before the interne shouted, "Lights out!" In fact, they would not go to sleep unless he first sang to them. Howard's thoughts charged about restlessly. He wondered why he had to suffer this way, why so many were so hopelessly sick or crippled, or miserable in some other way, while others . . . well. . . . He felt hungry for answers. . . . He began thinking of Father Finley, the priest who had visited the ward every day, and wished he had been able to talk to him more. In his heart he felt his mother had whisked him out of the hospital because she did not like his talks with Father Finley. She had seemed so happy when he got back home. He remembered her words: "Howard, dear, you were submitted to so many different things in that hospital. But of course you knew, my boy, you knew that it was all error, all mortal mind . . . you will demonstrate it. Now let's hear you recite the Scientific Statement of Being. . . ."

HOWARD groaned. "She means well," he pondered, "she means well." But he remembered how he never wanted Father Finley to leave, and how, when he held on tightly to the small, thin old priest's arm, Father Finley had said, "My child, you are very strong," and he had said, "Yes, you couldn't get away at all if I really wanted to hold you." And he wondered why Father Finley had never talked religion with him, and wondered if it was because he never had asked him to. And he remembered that Father Finley had somehow made him forget his grief, had unlocked something in him so that he told the priest all about his football days, and even half-forgotten things he had done as a small boy.

It had hurt him when his mother said one day at the hospital, "Howard, beware of superstition—it's nothing but malicious animal magnetism." And he recalled that she made mention of the old priest's greasy, shining cassock disparagingly. And tears sprang into his eyes as he remembered the day he had said good-bye to Father Finley at the hospital. He had so wanted to tell Father Finley that he loved him, but he grew afraid, self-conscious because his parents were standing nearby. His mother had seemed to freeze the air about them with her silence. He wished with all his heart that he might ask her if Father Finley might come out to see him, but he feared her cold, silent reproach. He feared worse her possible frigid assent. The tension in the house would become frightful.

HE THOUGHT of how Father Finley always had called him "My child," and he felt that he longed for someone to call him "My child" again in that way, in that tone, even just once . . . it meant something great, something supremely beautiful, something his own father and mother never had sensed or glimpsed in life, something he wanted to know more of, to clasp to himself intimately. . . . No, he would not hurt his father's feelings, either, by asking that he send for Father Finley. Suppose Professor Willmer, his dad's enemy on the faculty, heard that the son of Professor Phillips was being visited by a priest . . . Dad would be ridiculed, his standing would be damaged. . . . No, it would be better abandoned, the whole idea. . . . Tears again came and to check them he clenched his large, strong hands until his nails sank into the palms.

"Darling! Are you up?" Startlingly, his mother's voice penetrated into his reverie, dispersing his thoughts. "You must get up, Howard. Mr. Reeves, the practitioner, is here."

The shooting and gripping pains in the boy's abdomen returned with a furious intensity. A cold perspiration on him, he managed to gasp raspingly:

"I'm dressing, mother. I'll talk to him while I eat breakfast."

"All right, son, and remember, you're having your birthday party this afternoon!"

"Yes, mother," he gulped the words forth painfully.

Suddenly, he seized himself with both hands over his heart, and rolled upon the bed in an excruciating agony. Once during the spasm he almost bounded off the bed into the air, like some grotesque ball. But

there followed the most soothing relief he ever had felt. He seemed day-dreaming he was a little boy, walking through a garden. There were, on all sides of him, brilliant flowers, roses, tall tulips, and what seemed, at a short distance, a whole field of lilies . . . but no, this was a football field . . . he rushed down one sideline, the ball under his arm . . . he straight-armed first one, then another, he put the last tackler behind him . . . he felt he could not run a step further. . . . He saw the goal posts . . . and shivered all over. . . . He was not on a football field, he was in an automobile. Vivian was leering at him in a way he did not like . . . a tree rushed up to meet him. . . . But it went by, and he was alone, walking with Father Finley. . . . "I'm no longer out of breath, no longer out of breath, breathing easily now. . . . Father Finley, we can keep on walking. I saw a garden. Roses, and . . ." They walked through them . . . slowly. . . . The sun was setting, dusk was peaceful. . . . "You have nothing to fear, my child . . ."

Ten minutes later the practitioner, a white-haired man with a serene countenance, knocked at Howard's door.

There was no answer, so he opened it gingerly and walked in.

The boy was asleep, apparently, on the inner side of the bed, his head drooped low as if he were pressing his face into the crevice between the bed's edge and the wall.

The practitioner shook him by the shoulder—several times. Then he walked, a little agitated, into the drawing room. He composed himself, however, as he approached Mrs. Phillips to whom he quietly announced: "Your son has passed on."

Vigils

By T. M. Howard

AT night as I look at the stars,
Their number doth increase;
My thoughts reflect beyond the bars
Of life, to things of peace.

At dawn before my Heav'nly King
My vigil lights shall glow;
As I recall that starry ring
God lit some time ago.

Before His throne in heav'n, on earth
Each flick'ring blaze in time
Of solemn moments doth give birth
To prayer and acts sublime.

The WORLD'S WICKEDEST CITY

RIIGHTLY speaking, of course, it is all exceedingly wrong and really one oughtn't to do it. Only somehow when one is very young indeed one does, or anyway at least I did. Take an interest, I mean, in the things that one shouldn't take an interest in. And when I was a boy I remember meeting another boy who was about two years my senior and had left school before me and had gone to sea, and asking him which was the very toughest place that in all his travels he had so far encountered.

And at first he annoyed me by pretending to think that I was too young to be told such things, and then as I waited with bated breath he guessed and calculated—all this was of course in Pre-Talkie Days and so it was extraordinarily hard for the youthful adventurer properly to catch every refinement of Gangster Culture—that of all the really rough-houses he had been forced to fight his way out of, that place in Port Said was easily the worst; one rather gathered that what was left of the police there were still talking about it.

And I was extremely impressed not finding out until afterwards that, though my fighting dare-devil's ship had certainly passed through the Canal, he himself as a very junior apprentice had never once been allowed ashore, doing indeed his entire dare-devility while shining-up brass rails aboard the boat. And anyway I am now inclined to think that even his imaginations of the Sinful Port must have been colored by readings of books already many years out-of-date. Because I have in manhood since met somebody who really knew Port Said, and while he angrily agreed it to be one of the world's Cesspools of Vice, he went on to add that they had sold him some cigarettes there that really were barely fit to smoke.

Callao, somewhere down in Peru, that's another place that you hear stories about as you go through life, and once I met an American who would have it that Earth's Most Depraved City was London, where apparently he had met with the misfortune to have his pocket picked. But then, against this, I knew another American who stuck up stoutly for the claims of New Orleans; he lived himself, by the way, in Connecticut. It's very difficult, you see, to decide the point without prejudice or injustice.

By
John Gibbons

For my own part, I always hold that the world can contain no murkier town than Attalla. I think it's Attalla that I mean, somewhere near Birmingham in Alabama, and if it is the place I have in mind and what I was told about it was true, then out of its population of 3,462 inhabitants (as given in my out-of-date Auto Road Map), exactly 1,732 ought immediately to be overtaken with Fire and Brimstone. Port Said and Callao and poor old London Town simply aren't in it with the iniquities of Attalla.

PERSONALLY I haven't been actually in the Wicked City so far as I know, but came within its sphere of influence at Birmingham some time fairly late at night. The road-coach tipped me off there and with the driver's announcement that we were now in what he called the Magic City I naturally looked round for somewhere to sleep. If I had had two cents' worth of sense I should, considering my pocket, my baggage and my general get-up, have enquired of one of the Negro porters who were hanging round the coach depot for a cheap rooming house.

As it was, hungry and pretty well worn out with the heat and the travel, I didn't think of it then and simply marched into what looked perhaps the second or third best of the several quite biggish hotels round there. And signed the book without a blink, and What about a room, please? And certainly there was a room, the desk clerk said, and What about some money, please? As I saw him looking at my boots and trousers and things, I could hardly find it in my heart to blame the fellow. One imagines that comparatively few people go to a quite decent hotel with their complete baggage squeezed untidily into a very ancient soldier's pack tied up at the top with a bootlace. For tramping for amusement, I understand, is scarcely an American habit, and it must be some years now since the British Army marched through Alabama. Anyway, as the man seemed well after his sordid money I handed him with hauteur his miserable two dollars and a half.

Going up in the elevator with the colored bell-hop it struck me (a) that the great African race was shortly go-

ing to undergo yet one more grave injustice and (b) that I had been a bit of an ass to part quite so readily with well over fifty per cent of my entire capital. Then when, with touching diffidence and a really rather overwhelming anxiety as to his guest's further wants, the boy had left me to my room at last and had actually shut the door behind him, I was able to strike a strictly confidential balance-sheet and to look into things.

With exactly two whole dollars and a few odd cents left, I didn't think much of them. Then as there didn't seem much else to do about it at that time of night, I just left the business side of my affairs, washed myself and changed my collar, put on my rather ancient pair of shoes and did my best to turn my tie to the cleaner side, and so sauntered into the eating place lazily clinking my cents.

We British, you know, understand the art of dining, and I suppose I must have read through that menu-card several times over. If is possible to do it even in a decentish hotel, but you've got to be most awfully careful with your items if you're not to get the total all wrong. I did it anyway, but I am bound to say that it was a bit of nervous strain. Then when it was over I went and sat on a chair outside the hotel and just watched the side-walk, and smoked one of my very last cigarettes.

Late as it was, I remember that they were still selling newspapers and I irritably waved the man away. A gentleman taking his pleasure in a foreign country, what does he want to be worried for with the latest quotations of the Money Market! What I wanted was to be left alone, and I sincerely hoped that none of the long line of other guests sitting in their chairs would speak to me. There seemed a risk of somebody wanting a match or something.

AS A MATTER of fact, nobody was speaking at all and in that sweltering Alabama heat the long line just sat in silence. There was a woman next to me, and when I had taken the only vacant chair I had paused a moment in case she had a husband or anything, and then had bowed slightly before sitting down. And she had just sort of nodded and then gone half to sleep again. There was a paper on her lap and as it fell to the side-walk I picked it up again and handed it to her and said something like "Excuse me, Madam." Nine

Englishmen out of ten, you know, will say "Madam" to a strange lady.

But at the word she was up and awake in a moment, and I was French, was I? And I suppose that she'd be mixing it up with their "Madame." But anyway, even my Englishdom was better than nothing; for at least I was a foreigner of sorts. And within a minute she was talking as fast as her tongue would let her. It scared me a bit. In France or Italy or any of those countries if you suddenly and without a formal introduction began a close conversation with a respectable woman you'd pretty soon come to grief and some indignant male would be asking what on earth you meant by it.

ENGLAND is not quite like that, but anyway it's my own country and I know precisely what you can do and what you can't according to each separate set of circumstances. But this was America and foreign as far as I was concerned, and one doesn't want to make any false steps. And I wasn't a bit too happy about the etiquette of strange ladies on hotel sidewalks.

She seemed contented enough, in all conscience, however, and about as full of curiosity as a child. For an elderly middle-aged woman, even if she was made up like Miss Twenty-one, she struck me as almost pathetically eager to know about things. France, and couldn't I tell her about Paris? Paree, she called it, and she'd heard that it was a Gay City and that the dresses were wonderful. And Italy and Rome (that's where the Pope lives, and Al Smith had something to do with it) and she was just the same. Well, I suppose for an ordinary man I know quite a few of the European cities, Vienna and Buda and Lisbon and Madrid and Amsterdam and Brussels and all those little ones in the Balkans and then that other lot round the Baltic, I suppose I could tell her quite a lot if I'd got all night to do it in.

Only I hadn't, and besides I was nearly as interested in her in a quiet way as she could ever be in me and my bits of wanderings. It's not a type that we get over with us. By her dress and so forth, she must have been quite rich by our standards, and then coupled with a rather wonderful book knowledge went about the most astonishing practical and pathetic ignorance of realities I had ever met with. Extraordinarily odd it all seemed to me, and when towards midnight with the line of chairs now rapidly thinning off I got sick of it at last and begged excuses for my retirement, she said to my mind what was the most surprising thing of all. That above everything, I was to remember to Read my Bible.

Infernal impudence, I call it, even though it may be a touch of religious mania. I was thinking of it as I un-

dressed. And then half as a joke and half out of curiosity I did open the Gideon Bible on the hotel bedroom table. St. Mark, II, 22, it opened at, with something about New Wine and Old Bottles that obviously didn't apply to Alabama and an hotel with notices calling its Guests' Attention to The Law and to their not applying to the hotel staff for corkscrews. And then the verse above was all about not Sewing Raw Cloth to Old Garments. Well, anyway I hadn't been thinking of calling the advertised Valet Service to my sort of trousers. And giggling half with amusement and half with fatigue I climbed into bed. Something would have to be done about things in the morning. That was certain.

The end of breakfast saw me with slightly over half a dollar to my name and perhaps four thousand miles between myself and home. This stunt of wandering like a hobo through foreign countries may have its points for the paper that sends one out, but for the wanderer it has its anxious moments. Before now I've been broke in Tarbes in the extreme South of France, in Sarajevo in Bosnia, in Lisbon in Portugal, and in Naples in Italy. I rather wondered whether Alabama, as number five, was going to make a lucky or an unlucky number. Incidentally I wished that I had cabled the London newspaper office a bit earlier and before I had cut it quite so fine. If they'd done as I had told them, there'd be something at the cable office waiting me. Only if they hadn't, Birmingham looked rather an awkward place to be left in with half a dollar.

And then when, sweating with the heat that even at nine in the morning seemed to be burning up the very breath in my mouth, I had found my strange way through Avenue after Avenue, not a soul at the office had ever heard of my name. Nothing for me. And I staggered out into the last Avenue of all, almost poleaxed by the shock. Also it was no use trying any of the other offices, I'd made them telephone the round for me. The memory of that breakfast of mine struck me as extraordinarily remote.

THEN a second later as I was counting up my dimes and nickels and wondering what on earth a telegram to New York might cost, the breakfast came back to me again as almost grotesquely enormous. The Roman Emperors probably had breakfasts like that, but had I the right to? That extra bit of toast stuff might have made all the difference; probably now it had done me even out of the chance of New York. I am now not ashamed to say that I said a prayer about it to myself as I loafed back in a bored way into that Telegraph Office again. The prayer by the way acted. I could wire to New York, and I could have exactly eighteen cents left over after-

wards. I had a friend there, you see. Whether he would be at home or not, whether my wire might reach him, whether he would understand it if it did—I didn't know any of these things, but I hoped for the best, wired for Ten Dollars, and loafed casually out of the Office with my eighteen cents on which to See the City.

PERSONALLY I hate Birmingham, Alabama, even more I think than I hate Tarbes, Naples, Lisbon, or Sarajevo. The people there for one thing looked so abominably prosperous, and for another thing the heat nearly killed me. What with the temperature and what with anxiety, the sweat was running off me now like water. There was a huge cinema place I came to in, I think, Fourth Avenue, and as I passed I saw that morning prices from 10:30 were fixed at 15 Cents. After all, 15 Cents wouldn't keep me many days in Alabama, and I went inside. It would at least be cool. A poorer show I think I never saw, the one possible advantage about it in fact being its length. Every reel of the drama gave a telegram more chance to get through, you see.

Then when the thing was over at last I walked out and the vestibule was crowded with people who daren't go home. The rain had come at last and the streets were aflood, a cheering sight for farmers and for people with only one torn alpaca coat in the world and three cents in the pocket. I like travel; it broadens the mind. But then I think that the Editor's mind ought to be broadened as well. And taking advantage of the crowd I sneaked back past the attendants into the Hall and saw part of that weary movie show round again.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon I took myself and my three cents out into the streets again, it struck me that I'd better pray all the way back to the telegraph place. I don't know how it may go in America, but in Europe an hotel bedroom tenancy expires at noon. The situation was getting a little too near the knuckle for my tastes. Incidentally, I could have eaten an ox by this time. Only you can't buy much ox for three cents.

Ten Dollars the telegraph girl handed over to me; it had just come, she said. And though I trust that I took it with a nonchalant carelessness, she was a telegraph girl who came very near to getting publicly embraced. Nine Dollars that left me; one would have to go for a Night Letter Cable to London to enquire what had happened to my real funds. One can't live in Alabama for ever even on Nine Dollars; I simply daren't ask the New York man for more. After all, it wasn't his job and I'd got no real claim on anything at all. And I walked back to the hotel a trifle thoughtfully.

I'd have that room another night,

I thought, and the desk clerk again thought that he'd have another two dollars and a half. Then I tried to economize over an hours-belated lunch and messed it up and spent more than I'd meant to. It looked as if I was pretty soon going to be broke again if nothing happened from London, and in an almost desperation I suddenly went to bed at four o'clock in the afternoon. I've paid for that bed and I have a perfect right to use it if I wish. Also one isn't using up tissues that have subsequently to be repaired by heavy and expensive meals.

By six o'clock or so I was up again and in the comparative cool after the rain was walking Birmingham a bit. There is a Church of St. Paul there, by the way, with a very fine Image inside of Our Lady of Lourdes; as I know Lourdes it made me feel a trifle less far away from Europe and England and London and Home. But on the whole it wasn't at all a gay evening. Then after a very carefully selected meal I was sitting out again on one of the side-walk chairs; at least they have the merit of costing nothing. Only there again was that woman, and she had been waiting for me, she said, to continue our little talk. And there we were off again.

Not only travel and Europe it was this time, but herself and her life and her views and, of all funny things, her beliefs. I couldn't make head or tail of half of it, but mixed up with the Bible was a lot of what I should call silly fortune-telling, and she was taking a Correspondence Course, it seemed, in Modern-Day Astrology. How it fitted in with the Old Testa-

ment I simply don't know, but she made it fit somehow, and her blessed Stars and Planets and things seemed to be worked up into a positive religion of sorts. She actually wanted to know when I was born, year and place and month and day and time, and she'd work it all out and tell me next morning what was going to happen to me. I haven't a notion what time it was when I was born, but just to humor her I had to say something. Ten at night I think I said. I hate to see an elderly woman making a positive fool of herself like that.

About the middle of the night it seemed, but really about six o'clock in the morning the telephone bell by my bed-side rang and I got up with a positive jerk of alarm. Half asleep, it struck me that the hotel had discovered the true state of my funds and wanted me out. Though of course really that would be absurd at that time in the morning. Then, as I slightly recovered and picked the thing up, the night-clerk's voice came through that there was a cable for me and I told him to open it and read it out to me. London money quite all right and I was to call at some bank or other for it when I liked. Regretted delay; slight misunderstanding. It's a good job, isn't it, that papers send intelligent descriptive writers out on the road and keep Editors in offices at home where they can do as little harm as possible? And I climbed back into bed with a comfortable sense of righteous indignation.

You get quite a decent breakfast in Alabama, you know, and in fact if

any reader is looking for a thoroughly delightful all round vacation centre I can conscientiously recommend Birmingham. As one sees it under the sunlight with all those happy smiling people it really is a Magic City.

If however you press me on the point, my idea is that if there is a single blot on the entire State, then it is Attalla (or possibly Anniston or even Pell City). I know it is one of those places near, because the Fortune Telling woman came from one of them and she told me so.

Just before I left she rushed up to me with it, that Horoscope thing she'd been making. And I couldn't make anything of it at all; just a pathetic mess, it looked to me. Only, of course, I thanked her for her trouble, and had the Stars foretold, I jokingly asked her, anything about My Coming into Money? And the poor thing looked quite troubled, because apparently there wasn't anything of that sort on the Chart. Perhaps her Correspondence Course hadn't yet taken her so far. (I didn't, of course, mention anything about the circumstances or my having gone to Our Lady of Lourdes the evening before.)

Only as if she was seriously arguing about a serious thing, her Horology or whatever it was simply must be right. Because most of the Folks down in her home town were like herself and believed in it all. If that is literally true, all I can say is that half the population plus one of Attala or Anniston or wherever it is deserve to be wiped right off the map as the very stupidest town in the world. And that in its way is in the same class as Wickedness.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

THE WORDS OF THE MISSAL. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.00.

Those who have read *The Mind of the Missal* by Father Martindale will look forward with keen and pleasurable anticipation to this his most recent work. There is an exceedingly trenchant quality in the insight of the author that pierces to the deeper meaning of things often hidden from our eyes, and, withal he has the ability to pluck out those secret beauties and significances and hold them up to our inspection.

And what extraordinary beauties and significances, intellectual and mystical the words of the Missal possess when we come to examine them. We remember that Mr. Cram, the architect, once remarked that the greatest of all human works of art must have been the celebration of High Mass in a great Gothic Cath-

edral in the old Mediaeval days before any of its glories had faded, and it may be said with equal truth that the greatest work of literature are the words of the liturgical offices of the Church taken together.

This searching commentary on but a few of the "favorite words" of the Missal should do much to reawaken

an appreciation of them in those for whom familiarity has bred, not indeed contempt, but indifference.

THE FOUR KNIGHTS. By Gerald A. Kelly, S.J. The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee. \$1.50.

There was a story much read by children about forty years ago in which a brother and sister figured respectively as hero and heroine. The brother was a very good little boy, the sister, it is to be feared, was of that unregenerate type whose curl's hang down in the middle of their "forrids." They both had dolls and while that of the sister was a dancer or actress or some other wicked person, that of the brother was a pious minister who was always dressed in severe black and who preached continual sermons of a pointed brevity that should have appealed to ex-President Coolidge. The little girl's

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cup of bitterness brimmed over when she was obliged to listen to these sermons which consisted of the perpetual repetition of two words—be good, be good, be good. Then it was that the little girl became horrid, so much so that she felt like tearing draperies, breaking up the furniture and similar kinds of exercise.

Perhaps it is that little boys are more patient, but truly it seems that the very obvious sermons preached in the school stories that follow each other so regularly and in such profusion have almost the monotony of the doll minister's "Be good, be good." But then the reviewer is no longer a little boy—alas!—and so, perhaps, has no right to an opinion.

CRUSADE FOR THE ANEMONE. By Princess Marthe Bibesco. Translated by Thomas Kernan. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.00.

Five letters are contained in this volume, five letters from the Holy Land written by the Princess Marthe Bibesco, one to an Abbe, one to a Knight, one to a King, one to a Gentleman and one to the Dead. A diverse correspondence which the author collects under the title of *A Crusade for the Anemone*.

Certainly the titled author has here very clearly revived what we have called the lost art of letter writing, though, indeed, the letters have more the proportions and perhaps the manner of essays. However that may be they make up an extraordinarily eloquent plea for faith in God and in His promises. Nor is it eloquence only that she employs but a very happy combination of wit and wisdom.

The recipients of these epistles were a famous canon of Notre Dame de Paris, her uncle, Lord Thomas of Cardington, to whose memory also the book is dedicated, whose brigade was the one which delivered Jerusalem from its Turkish masters and who met his death in the burning dirigible, R-101; King Ferdinand of Roumania; and, we do not doubt, the members of her family who, though dead, are still living.

The title is derived from her plea for that lovely flower's claim to be the "Lily of the Field" that Our Lord sets before Solomon in the glory of its raiment. The whole conceit is quaint and charming and the matter and manner are equally delightful.

MAN. Papers read at the Summer School of Catholic Studies held at Cambridge, 1931. Edited by the Rev. G. J. MacGillivray. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$2.50.

The subject of the twelve papers contained in this volume is Man in his theological aspect. The season before the subject had been God and at that time it was pointed out that the subject of theology is God and the creatures in their relation to

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Him. Consequently Man, the creature of most interest to ourselves, was appropriately chosen for consideration next in order. But the aspects of man in his relation to his Creator are practically endless and accordingly we have here a fascinating variety of sub-headings which are, however, all logically and progressively connected.

Few examples of the vitality of the Catholic renaissance in England can be more impressive than the existence of such conferences as those held each Summer at which, under the guidance of the most eminent theologians, the fundamental principles of Catholic belief are studied and discussed. There is a whole-hearted grappling with fundamentals there that speaks well for the continued success of Catholicism in England and explains the great progress already made.

A list of the subjects treated and the names of the authors is very impressive and it is certainly appropriate that they should appear in this permanent form as a valuable addition to Catholic apologetics.

THE SCHOOL OF JESUS CHRIST. By Père Jean Nicholas Grou, S.J. Translated by Mrs. Rudolph Stawell. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$3.75.

Among the emigrés whose residence in England was enforced by the French Revolution and whose presence in that country was one of the factors in beginning the movement which has since developed into the Catholic revival, Père Jean Nicholas Grou was a prominent figure. Prominent, that is, as a result of his labors although personally he lived during a good part of the time an almost eremitical existence.

A man of the most intense religious fervor, his works on true Christian life with his insistence on the awful responsibilities of the soul to God, made a great impression on the devout of his time though not more so than his rigid yet humble observance of his own precepts.

Some of these works were translated into English in his own day by Father Alexander MacKenzie, who wrote under the pen name of Alexander Clinton, and who was one of his most ardent admirers, but it is curious that no complete translation of his most important effort, *L'Ecole de Jesus Christ*, has appeared until today.

The School of Jesus Christ is a work of the most intense devotional character and is another example of the profound religious ardor that stirred the souls of the true children of Holy Church as a sort of reaction against the "Rationalistic" skepticism of that age of violent upheaval. We owe to Mrs. Stawell a debt of gratitude for this new instance of her unusual ability as a translator.

A LIFE OF SAINT JOHN EUDES. By Henri Joly. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$2.15.

The seventeenth century, especially in France, marked, beyond doubt, one of the great crises in the life of the Church. That country, for so long one of the chief bulwarks of the Faith, had never had its fidelity so strongly threatened for then the heresy—not yet so pronounced—of Gallicanism was being pushed to limits that threatened an implicit agreement with the claims of the "Reformation."

It is, of course, true that throughout its history the Church has had to face an almost continuous series of crises each of which in succession human foresight would have held impossible to weather and from each of which its actual escape has seemed to be literally by a hair's breadth, but the seventeenth century crisis in France held elements that differentiated it from what had gone before and which caused the friends of the Church to all but despair.

In the first place it was from within for there then appeared a culmination of many adverse forces met at last in the most sinister of unions, and if these perhaps the most sinister was the debasement into ignor-

ance of the parochial clergy. The immediate evils of the "Reformation" were sweeping the country from end to end and the conflict had become so confused with political issues that men scarcely knew for what they were fighting or for what the leaders whom they were following stood.

The kings, who claimed to be Catholic, were actuated by ambitious policies, more inimical, if possible, than the open rebellion of the Protestant princes of the north. The Catholic nobility had many of them come to despise the local clergy and even sacred objects and carried their violent personal rivalries even into the very sanctuary. The greater clergy had grown adepts in political intrigue and considered the immediate ambitions of the state or even their personal ambitions as having precedence over the advancement of God's cause on earth, and to cap the climax the parish priests had become ignorant and indifferent.

To meet these appalling conditions leaders of exceptional virtue and force were needed and as ever in such emergencies, they were found.

Among these one of the most fearless and successful, although the full measure of success did not appear until after his death, was Saint John Eudes whose missions throughout France exerted an influence that can hardly be exaggerated.

One of the most important of his achievements and one that has gained a universal response was the institution of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, an achievement for which he deserves to be more generally known than he is.

The inspiring story of his life and work is most capably set forth in the present volume of Henri Joly and should be widely read by Catholic students of that perilous but great period that produced a St. Vincent de Paul, a Bossuet and, last but not least, a Saint John Eudes.

ROUGH NOTES ON THE SUNDAY GOSPELS. Price \$1.35.

HOMILY NOTES ON THE SUNDAY GOSPELS. Price \$1.25.

SERMON NOTES ON THE SUNDAY PROPS. Price \$1.25. By Rev. F. H. Drinkwater. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo.

The author contributes but one preface to these three books. With regard to *Homily Notes on the Sunday Gospels* he says "there is room for every kind (of sermon notes), and perhaps it may be that some priests will find these notes—slender and casual though they are—useful for suggesting trains of thought." This sentence sums up pretty well the purpose of the three volumes. The author does not follow a specific thematic scheme, but develops the

words of the text and the text itself in a very distinctive manner. Such a method will, as the author says, suggest trains of thought. That is what many of those called upon to preach are anxious to have at their command. We believe that Father Drinkwater's books will prove helpful in this matter. *Sermon Notes on the Sunday Propers*—the latest work—is especially worthy of the attention and perusal of the Reverend Clergy.

THE MAN WITH TWO MIRRORS. By Edward Knoblock. Henry Holt and Company, New York. \$2.50.

Nothing is more interesting and instructive if one has the time and disposition than to follow the trend of modern fiction with a view to discover in what degree it reflects actual life today.

Realism is the shibboleth of the time, the object, save in the case of detective stories and in those of a few exceptional writers, that authors set for themselves to achieve, so that it is quite fair to judge them by that standard.

The realists may be divided into a number of schools of which that which may be called the Decadent School at present attracts the most attention at least in literary circles. Beginning in Continental Europe with such great writers as Maeterlinck and Ibsen, it has steadily developed along its own logical path to its recent blossoming in the United States in what, to borrow a title from Baudelaire, might be termed "Flowers of Evil."

An extraordinary technical skill, a trenchant power of description often marks the writers of this school which gives them a persuasive influ-

ence unfortunate in view of their preoccupation with the gospel of evil that it is their business to preach. Their failure lies in the fact that they deal with one side of life—the ugly side—only and thus, though their individual pictures may be true in detail to their chosen scenes, to the abnormalities of isolation, the madhouse, the lonely farm, the introspective soul, their work as a whole is not true to life and their realism falls from its own lop-sidedness.

Midway between this unholy growth and the more legitimate fiction which is represented by the detective story, there has grown up a school for which we can think of no better name than romantic realism, a sort of compromise between the frank despair of the "realists" and the "lived happily forever after" novel so popular with our Victorian ancestors. This school has its own great names such as Galsworthy and Warwick Deeping and one of its most characteristic features is an adherence to the decencies of Christian culture while abandoning the formal convictions that made those decencies possible.

The author of *The Man With Two Mirrors* is a new example of this school and this recent story of his, not less than his earlier work, *The Ant Heap*, marks him as an author to be seriously considered.

Mr. Knoblock has taken as his hero an Anglo-Greek and drawn with great vividness the development of his character with due reference to the national traits that drive and pull him in diverse directions until at last they finally become, if not reconciled, at least well blended in a truly fascinating figure. Mr. Benjamin La Caze, alias Benjamin Smith, holds our sympathies from start to finish and, though he remains a pagan he becomes after many trials a noble pagan. It is to be hoped that we shall hear from Mr. Knoblock again both soon and often.

A HANDBOOK OF FUNDAMENTAL THEOLOGY. By the Rev. John Brunsma, S.V.D. Adapted into English by Arthur Preuss, Vol. IV. B. Herder Book Company, St. Louis. \$3.00.

This is the fourth and final volume of Dr. Brunsma's valuable treatise on fundamental theology, the purpose of which is to examine into the foundations of Catholic belief. It has amply maintained the high standard of the preceding volumes and takes up some of the most interesting and vital principles of the Faith. It is divided into two parts, the first of which deals with the "Teaching Office of the Church" under which head are treated the subject of Papal infallibility and infallibility in general together with the sources of its sanction.

The second part deals with faith and in this, too, the author is most

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clear and accurate in his definitions and analysis. In this age when faith even among professed Catholics is less stable than in times past, the work is of extreme interest and importance and its clearness and precision should serve as a support to doubts which arise from ignorance rather than ill will. It is to be hoped that Dr. Brunsma's writings may find a very wide public.

THE MEMOIRS OF SAINT PETER. By James A. Kleist, S.J., Ph.D. The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee. \$2.50.

The Memoirs of Saint Peter is the title chosen by Father Kleist for his new translation of the Gospel of Saint Mark since the latter, according to authentic tradition received his information from the lips of the Prince of the Apostles himself, or rather wrote down such words as he heard his leader speak in the course of his instructions to the people of Rome.

The translation itself is a very remarkable piece of work being given in the Colometric form very much in use in the early Church. It consists in dividing the writing into what the author terms "sense lines," each line containing a single complete thought. The principal object of this is to allow the reader, especially if he be reading aloud, the opportunity to group together the words that actually belong together for the expression of the thought so that confusion is done away with as far as is possible.

Another feature of the translation is the placing of the text in an entirely modern idiom so that all may gain in a complete understanding undisturbed by terms or phrases that are becoming obsolete.

In addition to the translation itself Father Kleist has introduced a brief commentary sources, the quality and finally on the theology of the Gospel.

The effort on the whole is very successful for, though the text may not compare with those of more familiar versions in the matter of beauty and power, it is certainly very clear in meaning and the commentary is full of most important and interesting information, as might be expected from the pen of so profound a scholar as Father Kleist.

The present volume is intended for the use of the ordinarily well educated man but he intends to follow it with three more volumes especially adapted to scholars, all on the same subject. The book is one of the Science and Culture Series under the general editorship of the Rev. Joseph Husslein, S.J., Ph.D.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF SAINT TERESA OF THE CHILD JESUS. By the Rev. Father Xavier, O.F.M. Translated from the French by Mother Mary St.

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The footsteps referred to by Father Xavier are spiritual footsteps and his whole book is made up of no less than fifty-two short chapters, each containing one or more sayings of the Little Flower of Lisieux about which he weaves a running commentary on their significance and the aid they may afford to us all.

Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus has an almost universal appeal to Christians in this age to the excesses of which her virtues are in such striking contrast. To her more than to almost any saint if we except the Little Poor Man of Assisi, the term of affection, "little" is generally applied and yet, if we examine closely, what great virtues all together find room within that littleness. For surely, having regard to Our Lord's commendation of little children, the Kingdom of Heaven itself had truly come to earth in her sweet person.

Our thanks are due to Father Xavier for collecting together in the compass of one short volume so many of her precepts which have about them the absolute simplicity and directness of childhood and are so well calculated to lead us in her "Little Way" of Love.

THE AMERICAN CONVERT MOVEMENT.
By Edward J. Mannix, S.T.L. The Devin-Adair Company, New York. \$2.00.

Some very interesting figures relative to the growth of Catholicism in the United States are given by Father Mannix in his work on the convert movement here. In the report of Bishop Carroll made to Rome in 1785 there were but 30,000 Catholics out of a population of 3,000,000, with but twenty-five priests to serve them, while today, according to Father Mannix's figures, there are 18,260,793 Catholics with a hierarchy consisting of one apostolic delegate, two cardinals, seventeen archbishops, ninety-four bishops and 22,545 priests.

The author makes an interesting analysis of the process of conversion drawn from many individual cases and arrives at certain conclusions as to the character of the American convert and the type of Catholicism represented in the country.

The work contains much valuable information but, we think, leaves out of consideration the vital problems that face the Church in this country in these troublous times and which, if satisfactorily solved might point the way to an even more rapid advance in the convert movement. Another unfortunate aspect of the work is the somewhat exaggerated type of nationalistic feeling displayed by the author which causes him to quote with approval Brownson's remark: "Never, since her going forth from

that Upper Room in Jerusalem has the Church found (as in America) a national character so well fitted to give her civilization its highest and noblest expression."

This rather bombastic flapping of the eagle's wings is out of place in dealing with a religion one of whose chief precepts is humility, and especially when, up to the present, the statement is simply not borne out by the facts. There is no telling where, by the Day of Judgment, the highest type of Catholicism will have been found and this sort of thing merely causes the discriminating to sigh and wonder if America will ever outgrow the childish age of boasting.

THE PAULISTS. By James M. Gillis, C.S.P. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.00.

Father Gillis, the learned editor of *The Catholic World*, has given us in this little volume an interesting and vivid sketch of the order to which he belongs. The work of the Paulist Fathers is too well known to require recapitulation here, but in his dealings with the great founder, Father Hecker, and the ideals for which his order stood, and still stands, Father Gillis is most illuminating.

Perhaps the most delightful section of the book is the account of Father Hecker and his search for the truth that finally resulted in his embracing the Faith. The whole book is full of the vigor and energy so characteristic of its author.

SAINT AUGUSTINE, THE ODYSSEY OF HIS SOUL. By Karl Adam. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.00.

There appears to be a very definite revival of popular interest in Saint Augustine at the present time judging by the number of books being published about him and this is particularly appropriate in view of the similar reawakening of Scholastic philosophy as represented by St. Thomas Aquinas. These two profound minds, perhaps the most profound among the doctors of the Church, represent the philosophy of the Church, the one in the early centuries and the other in the full flower of its development, that is so greatly needed today as a corrective to the loose thinking that is one of the chief enemies of the Faith.

The present work is of peculiar interest to thinkers since it is not so much an account of his external life as an interpretation of the development of his mind and soul. It is a translation by Dom Justine McCann of a centenary address entitled *Die geistige Entwicklung des heiligen Augustinus*, originally delivered by Karl Adam before the University of Tubingen in 1930.

The work of Karl Adam, especially his *Christ and the Western Mind*, place him definitely among the

group of great Catholic authors identified with the Renaissance of the Catholic spirit and culture in Germany. His "Odyssey of the Soul" of Saint Augustine illustrates most admirably his powers of analysis, and is of peculiar interest in the light it throws of the conflicts between the great schools of thought existing in Saint Augustine's day.

MOTHER FRANCESCA SAVERIO CABRINI. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. Benziger Brothers, New York.

In the life story of Mother Francesca Saverio Cabrini, foundress of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, we may see a modern reflection of those great women of Italy in times past whose saintliness took the form of amazing practical results, who founded orders, affected the destinies of states and even saved the Papacy itself from the scandal of banishment, a practicality which, however, was directed solely to spiritual ends.

An invalid from childhood, this slight, delicate little woman handicapped by a shy, retiring disposition, accomplished a task that might have terrified the strongest man. In twenty-five years from the founding of her first little school in Italy she had established fifty houses including colleges, schools, hospitals, missions, orphanages, etc., distributed in every continent save Africa and housing fifteen hundred Sisters of the order.

Father Martindale's short account of her, based on a much larger Biography in Italian by one of her spiritual daughters, is a most delightful and sympathetic work which deserves to be widely read.

NEW SCHOOLS FOR YOUNG INDIA. By William J. McKee, Ph.D. University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, N. C. \$4.50.

In reading this treatise on a practical type of education for India from the pen of Dr. McKee whose interest in the problems of that newly awakening land and whose zeal for its future are evidently of the sincerest and most self-sacrificing kind, one's first thought must be the extraordinary avoidance of any mention of the work being done by the Catholic Church there.

Dr. McKee begins with a very interesting account of the early native schools of India and of how these have gradually deteriorated until they now fail to meet any of the practical needs of the great mass of population. Even at first their intention was rather to provide a religious and philosophical training for the highest castes than to reach the masses, so that this failure, if that can be called a failure where success was not even intended, is no new thing.

He then proceeds to review the at-

tempts that have been made to educate the people since the sovereignty of England was established and notes the difference between two types of educator, namely those who have sought to force a European brand of education upon the natives and those who have attempted to extend a modified form of native learning until it became general. His own work at Moga, where the primary intention is to fit the individual for the practical work he must perform, be it on the farm, the field or in the shop, and where the Christian religion appears to occupy a secondary place in the curriculum. It is all very interesting but why this complete silence regarding Catholic efforts? The author's attitude is shown by a quotation that he makes with evident approval to the effect that the history of Western education in India might be contained in the biographies of one or two Scottish missionaries.

Viewing the situation as we know it to exist today, when the Church is making extraordinary progress in many sections of that vast population, and not the least notably among the intellectual Brahman Caste, it strikes one that the work condemns itself for its lack of adequacy.

MY CONVENT LIFE. Adapted from the German of Father Karl Gerjol by Sister Mary Maude, O.S.D., Ph.D. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$1.50.

This is a very original little volume intended to form the basis of meditation on "every-day phases of the religious life for members of all religious orders and communities." It takes up one by one the convent itself and each room contained therein, showing the significance of them all for the inmates. Brief and to the point, it makes an instructive and inspiring daily companion, a reminder of the tasks and duties devolving upon the religious and continuing the thoughts that the retreat is intended to supply.

We find ourselves particularly interested in the chapter devoted to "The Guest Rooms" because of the application to that great aspect of the Conventional life which is concerned with charity and hospitality to the poor and needy of the world.

Once upon a time, it may be recalled, this charity was so widespread and effective that throughout the major part of Christendom the problem of beggary was well nigh solved, an ideal that should be ever before the eyes of religious orders today. In this connection it is interesting to learn, as we are here informed, that on the walls of the great dining room of the magnificent Benedictine Monastery at Melk, on the Danube, there is inscribed the words from the holy rule: "Hospites tamquam Christus excipiuntur"—"The guests should be received as Christ Himself would be."

THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA



FROM OUR HANKOW DIARY

By ALFRED CAGNEY, C. P.

HERE at Hankow we are hundreds of miles removed from our mission district of northwestern Hunan. Yet we are in close contact with it in handling all its business and by conversation with the missionaries who must travel all that distance to receive here occasional dental and medical treatment. Besides, we are in a position to feel the pulse, as it were, of China's life. The national Capitol is at no great distance, the Red armies are at our very doors, and the military and political figures that have this country's destinies in their hands are well known here.

In Hankow as elsewhere along the Yangtze Valley the effects of the recent clashes at Shanghai were unmistakably felt. While indeed no untoward incident brought war without a declaration of war to our doors, yet in a commercial way Hankow suffered much during the days of battle near the coast. Full preparations were made here by the Japanese to defend their Concessions against any attack. Their boundary streets were strung with barbed wire and at the entrances to the avenues immediately inside these limits strong defenses were erected behind sand bags. Blue-jackets were landed. They brought with them modern implements of war, even to anti-aircraft guns. In the Yangtze River Japanese gunboats lay ready for action.

It was rumored that the garrison troops of the Chinese Army, more numerous than the Japanese forces but far inferior in equipment, were digging trenches in their own territory just outside the Concession. Naturally, there was much uneasiness lest war bring further sufferings to the already hard-tried, flood-stricken cities of Hankow, Wuchang and Hanyang.

At the same time missionary after missionary was making his escape

from the hands of the Red armies of Ho Lung who was threatening to take Hankow itself. On one occasion the Communist troops were only eight miles from the city of Hanyang which is located just across the Han River from Hankow. The Columban Fathers and the Sisters of Loretto who for months have been restricted in their work to the city of Hanyang itself were now forced to flee for safety to the foreign Concessions in Hankow. With light hearts indeed they suffered the days of distress. When the situation improved a little we looked for them in vain, for they had returned to their stricken district.

WE VISITED them at Hanyang a few days later and marveled at the stupendous works of zeal they were engaged in, rendering help to their flocks who had been so sorely tried by

flood, famine and banditry. Yet all remarked that the very nearness of the Reds was a restraining influence, and very likely helped to prevent the Chinese troops from clashing with the Japanese. We are still hoping that the local troops will exhaust their war-like propensities in fighting the bandit and Red armies that have been a menace to this region for the past year or more.

The past few months especially have brought the Communist forces and their allies within striking distance of the city. Shipping to the west of us is almost paralyzed. Northeast the first Red Army is in action along the railway. Ho Lung's horde has attacked Yingcheng and is now on the banks of the Yangtze, harassing merchant vessels. The area between that river and the Han is entirely under Communist control. The province of Hupeh is in great part under Red domination. In fact, we are almost surrounded. The Reds have boasted that they can take Hankow at any time, even though they might not be able to hold it. The danger at one time was very real, because the local garrison was far in arrears in its pay and a revolt was feared. Prompt action by the Chinese Chamber of Commerce in raising funds prevented a serious disturbance.

How much actual impression the doctrines of Communism are making is difficult to learn. The general opinion seems to be that in sections where the Reds have met with least resistance and have established themselves, the people are in desperate straits economically. On these folk the propagandists work, denouncing rich farmers, wealthy land owners, money sharks and imperialist government authorities. Great promises are made and in the beginning payments are forthcoming with some regularity.



A new postulant for the Sisters of Charity. Mary Tsang has journeyed westward from Changteh, Hunan, to apply for admission to the Sisters in the Passionist Mission at Senchow. But neither the Sisters nor Mary will have a home in the central mission until their Convent, which was destroyed by fire, is rebuilt.



Luke Yao was the first person to be baptized by Father Gregory McEtterick, C.P. In the village of Ngan Kiang. After he had given many proofs of his sincerity this young man was received into the Church when he apparently lay dying of fever. He recovered. Recently Luke had the happiness of seeing his mother and his wife, pictured with him here, become Catholics.

It is claimed that some of the literature now being circulated by the Red propagandists is from the supply prepared for use in central China in 1927. Explanations differ, but the fact is that Communism continues to spread. And if you come north on the Siang River in Hunan, skirt along the Lake and turn upstream at the Yangtze you see a large wooden pillar. Marked on it in Chinese characters is the inscription telling that this is the beginning of the present "Soviet Government in China." There is little reason to believe that this movement is going to break up of itself. Neither will military tactics alone crush out the evil. Only an effective plan to better the lives of the people can successfully wipe out Communism.

DURING this period of strain and uneasiness we were startled out of our sleep one midnight by what sounded like bursts of machine gun fire from various parts of the city. For some time past there had been martial law in Hankow and the use of firecrackers had been banned in the city for many moons. We made our way to the mission gate to learn what all the noise meant. A Chinese policeman was standing at the corner talking with a few of the citizens who had also been aroused from their sleep. We inquired what great event was being commemorated at this hour of the night. They replied in chorus that their armies had been victorious in Shanghai, that the Generalissimo of the Japanese had been killed in battle and that in a short time the invading troops would be driven out. From reliable sources we knew that this was the fiction of irresponsible newspapers and propagandists. In the

morning the true facts became public, that whilst indeed the Chinese armies had fought gallantly, they were gradually being forced to retreat. The next day a government order forbade the publication of such wild rumors.

ONLY a few days ago the Commission of Enquiry sent by the League of Nations visited Hankow. Before their arrival we washed our faces, put on our best uniforms, cleaned our streets, whitewashed our trees and fences and put all our dirty looking coolies out of sight. Thus the Commission saw us, and many of us shook our heads and asked, "Are they getting the right information on China?" Or would they understand better if the Commission was caught by bandits and held for a couple of months to eat bad rice and to grow scraggly whiskers?

But oh! could they be allowed to see the unspeakable misery within the radius of a few miles! Hungry men and women and children fight for a few grains of wheat that fall from the sacks sent from America. One poor fellow was caught gathering a few grains of this wheat. For this "theft" he was punished. His punishment consisted in interlocking his fingers and hanging him from a stake projecting from a wall until life nearly left his body. In all probability this wretched creature was a flood refugee in extreme necessity, and what he "stole" was what had been sent for flood relief.

Personally, I have come in contact with very little of this human misery provocative of infinite pity, for I have been tied down to the office with its thousand details that leave time for

little else. But the missionary Fathers and Sisters in other parts of this Wuhan area, noble and brave souls, have spent their last copper and have worn themselves out day and night in their efforts to bring a little relief in the way of food or medicine to the unfortunate refugees. These missionaries could tell blood-curdling stories of the agony in which men, women and children died after eating whatever to them had the appearance of food.

THE distribution of food was a tremendous problem, for the moment a crust of bread was offered to one unfortunate the missionary was set upon by hundreds of hunger-crazed human beings. In their poverty the best the missionaries could do was to give seventy cents in local silver money, about twenty cents in American currency, to each individual. On this he was supposed to live for two weeks!

Here we have extremes of high and low, good and bad, of rich and poor. Beneath the few who gorge themselves with the wealth that should make China a great nation is an innumerable horde of tax gatherers who are bleeding white the millions upon millions of the most harmless and industrious people on earth, people whose sole desire is to be left in peace to enjoy the little food and scanty clothing which they earn by their hard toil. One's heart bleeds for millions of good simple people who ask only to be allowed to live in peace, and who under half decent circumstances would be the noblest and kindest people on the face of this globe.

Many schemes are advocated too for the betterment of China and the opening of her immense resources to the markets of the world. We hear, for example, of dismemberment amongst foreign nations, or of the policing of China by foreign nations and other solutions scarcely within the bounds of possibility as the world exists today. But this foreign intervention as suggested in former days is hardly thought of by those who know the Far East today. It seems to me the less drastic and more feasible idea would be some plan whereby China would be forcibly taught the methods of sound and honest democratic government and especially the proper control of finances. It is quite reasonable that the government should invite and profit by expert foreign advice. In this way the number of idle predatory officers and men who now form China's immense army could be diminished. The staggering burden of taxation could be reduced, an army of reasonable limits maintained and so well paid that they could be depended upon to carry out their duties. Thus China would be in a position to open up to the markets

of the world her limitless mineral and agricultural wealth. Her financial problem, so utterly hopeless today, would be far on the way to solution.

IT is remarkable that in spite of tremendous difficulties so much has been accomplished in the way of flood relief and reconstruction work. Dyke-building has progressed with perseverance, in some cases the builders toiling whilst a guard of soldiers stood by to protect them from possible attacks of the Reds or bandits. It is now estimated that eighty per cent of the dyke work undertaken by the National Flood Relief Commission has been practically completed. In many cases it was finished in the face of grave personal risk. Though everyone wishes that this protection against future ravages of the River could be multiplied, yet it is a hopeful sign that so much has been accomplished.

Indeed a spirit of courage and a power of recuperation are in evidence

that is unusual. There was formed here, during the torrential rains, an inland lake nine hundred miles long and forty miles broad, so it is not to be wondered at that there are still traces of the flood. Yet those whose lives are spent in safeguarding navigation, members of the flood relief bodies and the civilians here in general have put themselves with an energy that past disappointing experiences have not checked into the work of reconstruction. But last year's catastrophe, the recent entanglement with Japan, the political unrest, the closeness of the area of Red activities have all combined to place this once prosperous city of central China in an unenviable position.

THE outline here given of present conditions is not drawn in any pessimistic or antagonistic spirit. Quite the contrary. The spirit is one of sincere admiration and sympathy for the great mass of the Chinese people. Much ink has been spilt on the pe-

culiar characteristics of the Chinese, whereas it would be truer and more profitable to emphasize their common human nature in which good and bad are mixed in proportions no different from those of any race under the sun.

But we cannot help asking ourselves whether peace is going to settle down on this poor country or whether we are merely enjoying an illusive calm before another storm. Politicians and war lords, treaties and truces, bandit activities and troop movements, all these have an indirect bearing on the work and lives of our missionaries in Hunan. We here at Hankow, together with all who are keenly interested in the progress of the Church in China, are watching closely and with hope the trend of events in this vast, disturbed country where mighty forces are in motion. God grant that affairs may so shape themselves as to give the Church full opportunity to use its saving influence in the re-shaping of this great nation.

RITA BRINGS A SOUL

By WILLIAM WESTHOVEN, C. P.

LATE November and early December brought a flu-cholera epidemic to Chenki. Dozens lay dying daily in the streets and homes of the city. We had to dismiss all the catechumens from the Mission. But since we had the Shenchow orphan girls here naturally we were greatly worried. Suddenly the epidemic found its way into the Mission. An ancient grandmother would have her dried fish from the reeking fish market. I do believe she added a few sour delicacies to her menu that day. Anyway, the following day just before Mass, Sister M. Finan called me to the girls' school—one of the girls was dying. Just that sudden!

Poor Rita, daughter-in-law of the old lady, lay on a bed of pain, paying heavily in suffering for her share in the fish and sour vegetable feast of the day before. "No mistaking the symptoms," Sister Finan said. Cholera had broken out and would take its toll of human life. Rita was prepared for death. Two hours later God took her soul to Himself.

The Chinese are ever willing to do you a favor. Before death claimed Rita we asked her to remember us when she had come into the glories of Heaven. She promised. Directly from her deathbed we attended a sick call that had at that very moment come in from the street. Upon our arrival at the home we found a little girl of ten years nigh unto death. Mind you, this child had never seen

the priest, but she had met the Sisters. Through them she sent word for the priest to come and baptize her. Sick unto death was this child, yet she did not forget her manners. She called feebly to her adopted mother to pour the priest a cup of tea, and herself invited the priest to help himself to some candy, chestnuts and oranges on the table nearby.

"My little child, the spiritual Fa-

ther has come to prepare your soul for Heaven."

"Yes, I know," she interrupted me. "I believe in God. I want to go to Heaven. The Sisters told me that God loves me."

I MARVELED at the child's directness, her earnestness.

"Tell me," I said, "do you know who the priest is?"

Without the least hesitation came



Women catechumens who were living in the Sisters' compound saved their bedding and a few of their meager belongings. Often in China a fire is a scene of wild confusion and looting. In Shenchow the authorities gave the fullest protection, throwing a cordon of soldiers around the mission to prevent all disorder.

the answer, "The priest is God's representative."

"Now tell me who God is and where God is."

Wonderful to relate, this little child fairly beamed out the answers, manifesting a supernatural hurry to receive holy baptism. Taking a Crucifix in my hands, I explained in simple words the bitter Passion and Death of Our Savior. Not a word did she

utter until I remarked, "Jesus suffered all this for you, my little child, because He loves you."

I shall treasure eternally the look that came into that child's eyes, the expression she put into her next words.

"*Sen Fu*, you say Jesus suffered all this for me because He loves me."

She spoke so slowly, meditatively, her child's mind endeavoring to grasp

the sublimity of the doctrine of a God-Man suffering for her.

"Do you believe, and do you want to return this love of Jesus Crucified?"

Quickly came the answer, "Yes, *Sen Fu*, tell me what I must do." The child was told and then baptized with the name Rita.

The priest's joys cannot be numbered. Dying Rita had kept her promise. Rita brought another Rita.

A BANDIT VICTIM AS PATRON

By ANTOINE DE GROEVE, C. P.

THOUGH my whole country is often a sort of happy hunting grounds for bandits, they have been inactive in these parts for some time. Indeed, I believe that we have hung up a record for law and order these many months of which we may be proud and for which we are truly grateful. General Tsen Yu Mo, who has proven himself our friend on so many occasions, deserves the highest credit for the way he has kept order over a territory that is difficult to patrol. The success of his efforts to suppress banditry in this section has made it possible for our missionaries to travel over the entire district without an escort of soldiers. A recent highway robbery caused a great deal of apprehension as to whether it was just a passing incident or an attempt on the part of the bandits to start a fresh outbreak of widespread lawlessness. The affair was of special interest to me because I was so near to being one of the victims.

I owe my escape in part to the fact that I had a guest. My quarters are very crowded here. Since I wished to add a catechumenate, I received permission to build. The Prefect had sent Father Basil, C. P., to Luki to assist me in planning improvements and extensions for my growing mission. For me it was a surprise visit. But I told him that the previous Sunday I had announced to my Christians that I would not have Mass in town since I planned to go to the country station of Ngu Ch'i. My flock here is very poor, but I know the people have the Faith. One hundred and twenty were in attendance at the latest feast. From experience I can testify that it is not easy to trudge along mile after mile over mountain paths. Yet some of these folks had walked in great distances to attend Mass and to receive the Sacraments. Because the scattered members of my congregation have been so faithful to their duties I make a special effort to visit them in the country when I can.

To my visitor I suggested that he stay in the town while I went out to the village of Ngu Ch'i over the weekend. Father Basil told me that under



Just a shell of the former Convent remained after the fire. Ladders were run up that furniture and other articles might be salvaged. But the flames had run along the beams, gutting the roof until it crashed through the building. The wooden buckets in the foreground were used to carry water from the river to the mission.

other circumstances he would be happy to remain with me some time, but that since he had to leave on Monday the arrangement would hardly do. His time was so limited that I had to remain at my Mission to talk over plans with him. It was fortunate that I did, as I learned a couple of days later.

HALF-WAY between the city here and the small village of Ngu Ch'i stands an old pagoda. It pierces the sky-line on a mountain top at the juncture of three trails. This was a place I would have to pass going to and coming from my country station.

Out at that spot thirty travelers were surprised by five bandits. Armed with guns and pikes the robbers took everything of value from their victims and then escaped. The robbery occurred just at the time I would have been returning from Ngu Ch'i. You may imagine how grateful I am. In my own case it would very likely have meant capture, for they would have considered me a prize worthy of ransom.

One of those who was robbed was a Christian who had come to Luki for Sunday Mass. Meeting him Sunday evening, I asked him why he had not gone home. He said he had business in town. When he came later to tell me of the robbery he said, "Father, God punished me for loafing around the town instead of returning to home at once."

The next morning he came to see me again. He was excited and very happy.

"Father," he blurted out, "I have good news. Another son has been born to me. And to think that I was not home!"

"There," I answered, "you see God has blessed you with a baby. To help you to remember that the Lord gave it to you the day after you were robbed by bandits, we'll see to it that the child receives the name of Tillo in baptism. The Chinese words which make up the name sound like the words for happiness. Besides, it will interest you to know, Simon, that this Tillo was a native of my own province in Flanders."

"He lived in the seventh century. When he was sixteen years old and yet a pagan, he was caught by French bandits. Later he was redeemed by a French saint, Eligius. Eligius was a goldsmith and master of the mint for Clotaire II. He made Tillo his apprentice and in time the former bandit captive became a Christian and a monk. When Eligius was made a Bishop he took Tillo with him to Flanders to assist in converting his own countrymen and the barbarian tribes along the coast. So Tillo's

capture, in God's designs, was the beginning of an experience that led him into the true way of happiness and into becoming an apostle in his homeland."

"That is an unusual story," Simon answered. "I shall be very happy to have my boy named after a saint and apostle who knew so much suffering and who brought such glory to your country."

A few days after my conversation with Simon I learned that three of the five bandits who had robbed him were killed in a skirmish with the local home guards. The other two

were caught and brought before the general for sentence. We hope that their quick punishment will be a warning to other robbers. Luki has lived up to its name as a buffer county for defeated troops and outlaws in the past, but we should be happy to have it lose that reputation.

I continue to have baptisms. A couple of those who were just received into the Church are young people who are preparing for marriage. Two others are old ladies who have passed their seventieth year. But I am looking forward especially to the baptism of the little boy who is

to be called Tillo. Word has come from Simon that he is soon going to bring the baby to Luki. But the proud young father is not going to take any chances of having his son fall into the hands of bandits as did the patron who has been chosen for him. As I write I cannot help thinking that Tillo's life will be an extraordinary one if he does not have some experience with robbers before he grows to old age. The young father is of the same opinion, but he is sure that his little son will be well protected by the bandit victim who became a saint.

A MODERN ENTRY BY ANCIENT TRAILS

By JEREMIAH McNAMARA, C. P.

TRAVEL is always something of an event here. Speed and comfort are such strangers to us that my recent journey from Hankow to our backward section of Hunan stands out as a new experience. Sister St. Ann, together with our Chinese Sister Therese, and two of our Christians accompanied me on the trip. Instead of taking the slow barge across Tung Ting Lake we ferried to Wuchang to board the train for the capital of Hunan. First, second and third class passengers scrambled on to the ferry, somehow getting aboard with all manner of baggage and bundles. Trunks, boxes, suitcases, bedding were piled into every bit of available space and, with a shrill whistle of warning, the ferry pushed out across the broad Yangtze River.

On the Wuchang side of the river we jostled along with the crowds up the stone steps and along a dirt path until we reached the railroad station. We from Hunan, accustomed to delays of hours and days, were pleasantly surprised to find that the train was actually to start on scheduled time. As we left the city we saw the miserable hovels that served as refugee camps for the flood victims. Some of these straw huts were no more than knee high. Yet the poor people who had lost everything when the waters rose called these makeshift shelters homes. Littered about the camp were the coffins of those who had not survived the struggle to exist in those unhealthy quarters.

As our train approached the city of Yochow in Hunan rumor spread amongst the passengers that Red armies were near at hand. The conductor assured us that there was no danger since the railroad was well guarded. But we were not wholly satisfied since some of the glass in the windows of our coach had been shattered by shots fired at the train

on one of its recent trips. The train swayed over tracks that needed repairs. At one stage of this our first



Father Timothy McDermott, C. P., inspects the damage done by the fire in the Sisters' Convent. The walls are weakened, he writes us, so that they have to be razed. He is directing the operation which may cause damage to the adjoining church unless the very greatest of care is used.

train ride in China we had what seemed like a flat wheel. Finally we stopped and the wheels of our coach were given attention.

WE WERE distracted from further thoughts of danger when the menu was presented to us. It was written in lead pencil on the back of a cigarette advertisement. The porter informed us that though the bill of fare was written in Chinese the dishes were prepared in western style.

We had a choice of chicken soup, pigeons, potatoes, ham and eggs, fish and pudding. This last item was very quaintly romanized by two Chinese characters, *poo-ting*, one of the words meaning nails. We ordered soup, only to regret it. The soup was first rate but we had difficulties in keeping it in the plate. It would have taken a juggler to manipulate any liquid. We resolved for the future to be content with solid foods and with a half-filled cup of tea. Putting the cup to our lips we risked injury to our teeth, and it was to secure dental treatment that we had some months before visited Hankow.

OUR train, though travelling at an average speed of only twenty miles an hour, kept to schedule, so that after a sleepless night we found ourselves in Changsha. Our bags and baggage were thrown off at what looked like a small country station, but was really the terminus city, the capital of Hunan. At the gate we were surrounded by the soldiers of the Customs.

"Your suitcases have to be searched for contraband by orders of the Governor," we were quite politely told. Imagine the inconvenience to us as quite a large crowd gathered to see us subjected to the searching. As the Sisters bent over their suitcases I heard them saying, "Yes, this is a bar of soap and not opium." With great patience they explained that the cloth the soldiers were admiring was not to be sold for business purposes but was material for Church vestments. I could not help wondering whether any of these lads, now so comparatively well-mannered, were amongst those who in this very city of Changsha had despoiled the Cathedral of just such vestments. We spent a full half hour passing this examination before the customs officials finally told us they were satis-



The interior of the Convent of the Sisters of Charity after the fire. The Fathers at Shenchow describe a night of terror when they awoke to find the building in flames and the fire beyond control. The Sisters were staying at the Chenki mission awaiting the completion of repairs and additions to their home. A novitiate annex and larger quarters for the orphan girls were almost finished when the fire broke out.

fied and that we might move on. We closed up our suitcases, glad to be off from that scene of confusion.

But before we had gotten very far we were set upon by what seemed a herd of wild animals. The coolie ricksha men who had been watching us at the customs, now sprang upon the baggage. Some seven or eight of the lads captured our suitcases and ran off in as many different directions. Our party scattered in wild pursuit, the Sisters following together after one suitcase, the Chinese girl after another, our guide running as if off to the Shanghai front, whilst I stood bewildered which direction to take. I stamped my foot and called out in a loud voice after the manner of the country, trying to persuade the coolies to bring the suitcases to one place where we could talk prices for the ride.

AFTER a deal of wrangling we came to an agreement and soon we were on our way in the rickshas to the Catholic Mission of Changsha. We had a good laugh at our guide, Benedict's, expense. He betrayed that he was from a country district of Hunan, by insisting on talking in terms of coppers, while these lads from the big capital would bargain in nothing less than dimes and quarters. At the Mission we visited the Church and saw how the hectic days of the Reds in Changsha in 1927 had left the Mission Church stripped of its beautiful side altars. In place of the artistic main altar of other days was a

poor, temporary affair of wood. We were overjoyed to hear, however, from the Fathers and Sisters of the Mission at Changsha, that even though the buildings had suffered ruin the spiritual edifice is building solidly and surely in the capital of Hunan. Recently, besides great progress in the work of the Embroidery School, a Petite Seminary has been opened and the Fathers tell with joy of its success.

AGAIN we hired the man-pulled carts called rickshas, and after further bickering over rates, we started for the riverbank. There the coolie pullers caused us such trouble that they attracted the attention of a policeman standing nearby. Very politely he advised me to give only the price bargained for, but to add by way of a tip a few coppers to each of the coolies for what in China is called "tea money." So, by insisting that I would give only the price bargained for, I saved my own "face" and by adding a few coppers for tea money I saved the face of those who had treated us so impolitely.

As we stood on the sandy beach of Changsha we could not help thinking that, after all, times were changed for the better, for on this very shore in 1816 the first priest to attempt to dwell among this same people suffered martyrdom. Here on this very soil at Changsha flowed the blood of Blessed John DaTriora, O.F.M., that the faith might be planted firmly in Hunan. Others also had here given

their lives for the faith, among them a Bishop and several priests. The remembrance of their sacrifice for the people of Hunan made us patiently suffer annoyance and ridicule.

ON A ROWBOAT we crossed the Hsiang River at Changsha to the small island in the middle of the stream, and after a short walk through the flood refugee camps on the island boarded another small rowboat that took us slowly to the opposite bank. At the bus station we announced in Chinese that we were five in number, and were passengers for Changteh. We were invited to be seated and told to wait a little while before purchasing tickets until the full quota of passengers had come in. Chinese venders went about selling their foodstuffs, and small boys sang about their fine hot rice cakes and every brand of Chinese cigarette. Having purchased our tickets for Changteh we saw our baggage weighed on a foreign scale. Due to the fact that our suitcases were overweight we were charged a few extra dollars. Our suitcases were put on the roof of the bus and tied securely.

The passengers, all too numerous for the bus, made one wild rush to secure seats. Good manners were dropped in the fear of being left in the lurch. We had to join in the scramble. One of the Sisters found it quite difficult to get her head into the low doorway of the bus, even though the rest of her body was already pushed inside the machine. She struggled to bend low and, through the kindness of a Chinese lady, at last got into the already crowded bus. I had better luck with my head but quite a deal of trouble with my feet, or rather my footwear. An extra bus tire was kept inside the machine on the floor. In the jam I did not see it and got my feet caught in it. Crowded on, I found myself being gradually pushed out of my shoes, so to speak. I stood there in stocking feet, looking for a vacant seat. One young lad spotted me and remarked jokingly about my weight and size. He added that if I were a just man, I would have hired a whole bus for myself. As the seats were filled, I looked in vain for a vacancy till two Chinese School girls took pity on me in my plight. Rising, they said they would get off this terribly crowded bus and would rather wait for the next one. They kindly offered me the two seats they vacated, which were just spacious enough for my massive frame. All had a good hearty laugh.

The automobile ride over a rather rough road, if trying, was none the less a novel experience for foreign missionaries from northwestern Hunan, where as yet an automobile has not been seen. The scenery, though far less beautiful than that of our section of Hunan, was picturesque indeed. The road is laid through

many mountain passes and in and out among rice fields. The busses are modern machines, but due to the rough manner in which they are handled they are much the worse for wear. The day we made this trip, though in springtime, was quite chilly. As the windows have been damaged a good deal by the shaky rough riding and are a bit displaced, I spent much of my time, that day, endeavoring to keep the window closed. An old Chinese gentleman leaned heavily on my arm for head rest, fast asleep.

As we covered the first thirty miles of the trip we approached the city of Ningshang where we were on the lookout for the new bridge lately constructed there, with the help of foreign engineers. In passing over this bridge we saw below the clear waters of the Kwei River. A few hours later we neared Yiyang City. As no bridge has yet been built there we had to leave our bus, walk a short distance, ferry across the Tzu River in a small rowboat and walk again to a waiting car, on which we would make the last stage of our journey. Our bus started off with far greater speed than the machine we had just left on the opposite bank of the Tzu River. But I would have preferred the driver who took the other bus out of Changsha, to this reckless chauffeur. He seemed to have gotten his diploma from some automobile club for having proven himself the most expert pupil in skillfully passing telegraph poles by just a margin of an inch. As we proceeded in fear and trembling, we were thrown forward in the machine by the quick application of the emergency brakes.

A PIG, not knowing the tempo of other vehicles than sedan chairs, timed itself accordingly, and in what might be termed a pig going at snail pace, crossed the road in front of our bus. Were it not for the perfect working of the emergency brakes, that little pig would not have gone to market or to any other place again. We recalled how a few months ago the bus in which Father Quentin O'well, C.P., was going to Hankow, suddenly came at full speed on a huge porker and struck it dead. But the pig was too much for the Ford Company's product, and Father Quentin went with the rest of the passengers over the side of the road and down into the rice fields below. The machine skidded threateningly on one side when, providentially, it hit a slight embankment in the rice fields and righted itself. Many of the passengers complained of bad bumps on the head, and one old Chinese lady seemed to have been wounded internally quite seriously. Father did what he could for some other passengers who had slight cuts, while the old Chinese lady was removed to a hospital at Yiyang. Fear of a like

accident was ours when we saw ourselves just miss striking another road pig.

IN ANOTHER place a small water buffalo caused the driver some inconvenience as it was about to charge on this strange means of modern transportation. We were told by a fellow passenger how this bus was once charged head on, by a drove of these fierce looking but usually gentle buffaloes. The domestic animals of our district will be as long getting used to the automobile, if it comes, as have the pigs, dogs and buffaloes here in central Hunan.

After some further rough riding we alighted at the bus terminal, three miles from the city of Changteh. The jolting ride left us with the feeling that we had been seized by a sudden fever. By small steamboat and sampan we went to the East Gate of the city and the Catholic mission in charge of the Augustinian Fathers. The Sisters stayed at the Convent of the Spanish Sisters, while I busied myself in hiring a boat to take us to Shenchow.

Changteh is the last city going westward into Hunan where rickshas or manpulled carts are in use. There is a gradation even in the kind of ricksha, for in Changteh unlike those in Changsha the vehicles are not rubber-tired but ironbanded. That night we got aboard our sailboat to be ready for departure early in the morning. A small tug was to pull our boat thirty miles upstream to Taoyuan. The next morning, St. Patrick's day, we had what seemed ill luck but which we later knew to have been

God's loving Providence watching over us. Our boat was just being secured to the tug when soldiers came aboard and forbade us to leave Changteh that day. An extra tax was asked. It took the best part of the day for the boatman to talk the soldiers into accepting a few dollars tax instead of the ten dollars first demanded. Had we not been delayed in Changteh ours would have been the fate of the other boats which left that day and which were robbed before evening. We thanked God who through the prayers of St. Patrick kept us in Changteh against our wishes.

By two o'clock the next afternoon we were in Taoyuan. As our boat was loosed from the tug, we realized that we had left behind every manner of modern conveyance. Our boat was now pulled by six poor men, who attached ropes strung about their shoulders to a large bamboo cable that led to the mast of our sampan. They dragged us along that day ten or fifteen miles. The following morning an excellent breeze gave our boatmen some well-deserved rest from the hard labor of pulling the boat against the current of the swift flowing waters of the Yuan River.

WE HAD no mishap or worry until our third day out of Changteh when, towards midnight, we heard unfamiliar voices on our boat asking if there were foreigners on board. Naturally, we were somewhat frightened, but our guide, Benedict, came to assure us that it was merely the homeguard police of the place who, according to custom, were obtaining



A farmer boy of Hunan leads a water buffalo to pasture. These bulky, fierce looking creatures are valuable in a section where plowing is done in flood fields. Usually quite peaceful the water buffalo, when aroused, is dangerous. Father Jeremiah McNamara, C. P., tells how a herd of these animals, on seeing a motor bus for the first time, charged on it and almost wrecked it.



One illustration of the havoc wrought by the recent flood in our Mission district

necessary information about the number of passengers on the boats.

At noontime the next day we were at the first mission of our Prefecture, Liulingcha. We visited our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament in the little chapel which faces the Yuan River. The missionary of the place, Father Dunstan Thomas, C.P., was very glad to see us come to this lonely spot. As we went about the mission, one of the Sisters remarked its neatness and cleanliness in spite of its poverty. Sister added laughingly that this cleanliness was not just for the occasion since our visit was unannounced. On entering the mission we nearly tore our clothes on large spikes with sharp points that covered the mission gate. Joyful Father Dunstan explained that those spikes were to keep pigs and buffaloes out of the gardens. In leaving Liulingcha a few hours later I could not help feeling somewhat like one who is leaving home, for it was in this little mission that I spent the first few months of my missionary life. It was from this mission too that I was driven away by bandits after only

three or four months residence. Strange to say, it was the anniversary of my flight from Liulingcha that we visited there on this trip from Hankow!

The fourth day our trip from Changteh saw us in great danger of being shipwrecked. Our boat was sailing along swiftly when of a sudden we crashed into a large boulder. An hour's work by the boatmen got us under way again. During that time I suffered some anxiety in the thought that our boat might be delayed and separated from the other boats of our convoy, thus leaving us exposed to possible robbery. Yet a new danger was in store for us that day. When we were struggling through a swift rapid a sudden rush of the waters dragged us into a whirlpool. Around and around our boat spun. A rope was thrown to men on shore who fastened it to hold us from further whirling. The natives on shore were yelling that one more spin around would see the boat under the rushing water of the wild rapids.

We were all greatly frightened and prayed that our dear Lord Who had

granted us safety in all manner of danger on modern means of travel would save us also in this ancient method of man-pulled boats over the rapids of the Yuan River. Sister Therese, the Chinese Sister of Charity, was deathly afraid, no doubt because she understood better the real danger. But with great confidence Sister begged the dear Lord through the prayers of His Saints and through the help of our priests who had been slain only a few years ago, especially calling on Father Godfrey, to help us through this hour of danger. Our prayers were answered; our boat was saved from sinking.

The rest of our trip to Shenchow was uneventful and enjoyable. The hill-sides were covered with cherry, pear and orange blossoms. Add to this the beauty of twenty or thirty sailboats swiftly cutting their way through the clear waters of the Yuan. Under full sail we came into Shenchow just as the sunset was making the waters golden. The Angelus bell was ringing, recalling that through Mary's help we had just completed a safe journey.



Monsignor Cuthbert O'Gara, C. P., and Father Leo Berard, C. P., visited the Luk mission for the Feast of Christ the King. A large number of Christians had come to town, some from distant country villages. Their pastor, Father Antoine, C.P., is well pleased with the spirit of faith they have shown in tramping long miles to attend Mass on feast days.

Gemma's League of Prayer

GEMMA'S LEAGUE is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of intercessory and united prayer.

The Object: To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

The Methods: No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

Membership: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer.

Obligations: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly *spiritual society*. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are generous in their regular money con-



GEMMA GALGANI

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE

Masses Said	2
Masses Heard	21,401
Holy Communions	15,805
Visits to B. Sacrament.....	39,002
Spiritual Communions	85,711
Benediction Services	13,954
Sacrifices, Sufferings	36,605
Stations of the Cross.....	12,963
Visits to the Crucifix.....	29,633
Beads of the Five Wounds.....	7,480
Offerings of P.P. Blood.....	137,400
Visits to Our Lady.....	33,551
Rosaries	34,612
Beads of the Seven Dolors.....	6,150
Ejaculatory Prayers	1,365,602
Hours of Study, Reading.....	18,187
Hours of Labor.....	65,383
Acts of Kindness, Charity.....	40,960
Acts of Zeal.....	112,494
Prayers, Devotions	403,375
Hours of Silence.....	39,611
Various Works	74,402
Holy Hours	194

tributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet is expected.

The Reward: One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle for their spiritual works of mercy.

The Patron: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Her "cause" has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

Headquarters: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

+ + + + + "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.) + + + + +

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

RT. REV. MSGR. GEORGE W. SCHUHMANN.
RT. REV. MSGR. M. J. FITZ-SIMMONS, V.S.
CONFESSOR LUKE BOYAN, C.P.
REV. MOTHER ALESSANDRI-NA FILIPPI.
SR. LOUISE AUSTIN.
SR. M. ADA.
SR. M. INEZ.
SR. M. PULCHERIA.
SR. M. GABRIELLA.
SR. M. OLGA (O.P.). ANDERSON).
SR. M. ESTHERA.
SR. M. OCTAVIA (HOBBS).
SR. M. AGNES DE SALES.
SR. M. OLGA.
SR. M. LYDIA.
SR. M. PRAXEDES (FOX).
DR. GERTRUDE LAWLER, M.A., EDWARD J. HANRAHAN,
LAWRENCE DONOHUE.
MRS. MICHAEL O. DONOHUE.
MRS. MICHAEL SULLIVAN.
CORNELIUS F. BOHEN,
MARY SULLIVAN.
JOSEPH E. L. KNEE, JR.
RITA MARY GREEN,
MARY DONOHUE,
ALFONSO J. ROJAS,

DAVID TOBIN,
MICHAEL GRIFFEY,
MR. F. F. GILLEN,
WILBUR J. HARBON,
MARY KELLY,
MRS. WILLIAM MURPHY,
MARY G. MOHAN,
JACOB J. BUSCH,
MARGARET MALONE,
PETER LUCAS,
ROSE MCROSSON,
MRS. JAMES HUGHES,
CAROLINE MCGLOUGHLIN,
DANIEL CADOGAN,
PETER DWYER,
ROSEMOND NOLIN,
MARGARET BANVILLE,
MRS. M. McDERMOTT,
MRS. C. DUFFY,
THOMAS A. COLLINS,
LORETO O'BRIEN,
CATHERINE O'DOWNEY,
MARGARET QUINN,
MARY McCALLISTER,
JOHN G. SULLIVAN,
WILLIAM ROTH,
EDWARD SCHEFFEL,
ANTHONY H. TIERMAN,
PROSPERO OROFINO,
M. QUINLAN,
M. CLIGGETTE,
M. LEWIS VERGE, M.D.,
MRS. T. C. DILLON,
E. J. JENNINGS,
NUGENT WM. CRONIN,
MARY A. SHARKEY,
MRS. E. J. MADIGAN,
THERESA BURNS,
WILLIAM MATTHEWS,

DENIS O'NEILL,
MRS. D. L. BRODERICK,
GERTRUDE LEWIS,
WALTER V. LEWIS,
HANNAH BURKE,
KATHERINE O'NEIL,
MRS. LOMBARD,
RUPERT J. STIER,
JEREMIAH HIGGINS,
EDWARD J. PHILLIPS,
MARY E. KEARNS,
WILLIAM SEUGRUE,
JOHN F. O'LEARY,
ANNIE W. MINIFERN,
STEPHEN BUDIMILICH,
MARY MAHONEY,
ANNA SHURKEY,
ANNIE E. JACOBY,
CATHERINE HART,
SOPHIA OPPIGER,
MRS. R. T. ADAMS,
CLARA M. COLEMAN,
JAMES M. FULLER,
CHARLES HOWLAND, JR.,
CHARLES HOWLAND, SR.,
MARY FORGNONE,
MARY RAFTERY,
MISS M. BODDIE,
THOMAS J. CONDON,
ANTHONY RODACKA,
CHARLOTTE RODACKA,
DAVID COLEMAN,
HANNAH KENNELLY,
MRS. M. F. CAHILL,
MRS. CHAS. A. GORMALY,
NELSON PETER SANDQUIST,
WILLIAM DAVIS DUKE,
MARY IOGE.

NORA POWELL,
CHARLES DANAHOE,
F. W. DUNES,
MRS. JOHN TIMMONS,
JULIA PEIFFER,
MARY HALPIN,
ANNA M. DOODY,
ANNE HINES,
MARGARET V. O'NEILL,
PHILIP COYLE,
PATRICK CRONIN,
JAMES P. COOKLIO,
JOHN H. BRENTON,
MARY HACKETT,
MARY F. HOGAN,
MARGARET L. CURRAN,
RITA O'BRIEN,
MR. O'BRIEN,
KATE OLIVA,
LUCILLE OLIVA,
EUGENE DESORMEAU,
MARY MOORE,
BERNARD HERBES,
JAMES J. FOX,
BRIDGET SEXTON,
JOHN O. ERICKSON,
JOSEPH HUGHES,
MICHAEL DOOLEY,
MARY A. FAULKNER,

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

Who Will Die Tonight?

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

I hereby give and bequeath to **PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED**, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of
(\$) for the purpose of the Society as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of **PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED**, taking his receipt therefor within months after my demise.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this day of , 19

Signed Witness

Witness

••• Painless Giving •••

A GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish. Address: **PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.**

Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a Bank. It will be sent you by return mail!

Please write or print Name and Address very plain.

For Christ's Cause: 3 Suggestions

1. Readers of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comfort they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and

maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars. At this time their needs are urgent.

2. Not only do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300 per year is required for the

support of a student. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000, the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

3. It has been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To

MISSION NEEDS

STUDENT BURSES

YOUR LAST WILL

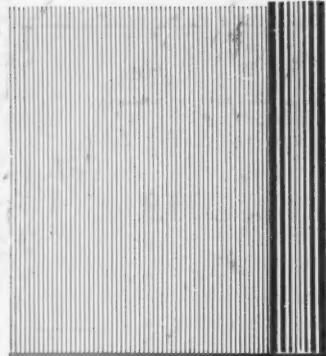
give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest to you that this special provision be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

This clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever remembrance you may care to make for their benefit.

YOUR COOPERATION SOLICITED!

Address: Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J.



WHERE PUT? YOUR MONEY?

Get a life income

Help Christ's cause

You can't take it
with you!

Will you hoard or
spend it?

Give it away or make
a Will?

Why not buy Life
Annuities?



For Further In-
formation Write to

**PASSIONIST
MISSIONS, Inc.**
Care of The Sign,
UNION CITY,
NEW JERSEY

What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

What are its purposes?

Its purpose, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the educa-

6%
TO
9%

What is the amount paid to the Annuitant?

The sum ranges from six to nine per cent interest on the amount of the gift given.

What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.

Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

tion of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the Faith through home and foreign missions.

What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

1. PERMANENCE: An Annuity Bond never requires reinvestment.
2. ABUNDANT YIELD: The rate of interest is the highest consistent with absolute safety.
3. SECURITY: Annuity Bonds are secured by the moral as well as financial backing of the Passionist Order.
4. FREEDOM FROM WORRY: Annuitants are relieved from the care of property in their old age; are saved from the temptation to invest their savings unwisely; and have the ease of mind obtained by the banishment of anxiety.
5. ECONOMY: There are no commissions, lawyers' fees or waste in legal contests.
6. STEADY INCOME: The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
7. CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST: An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

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